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NOVEMBER 29, 1952 • FIFTEEN CENTS

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MARY A BECK
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De Soto Division, Chrysler Corporation

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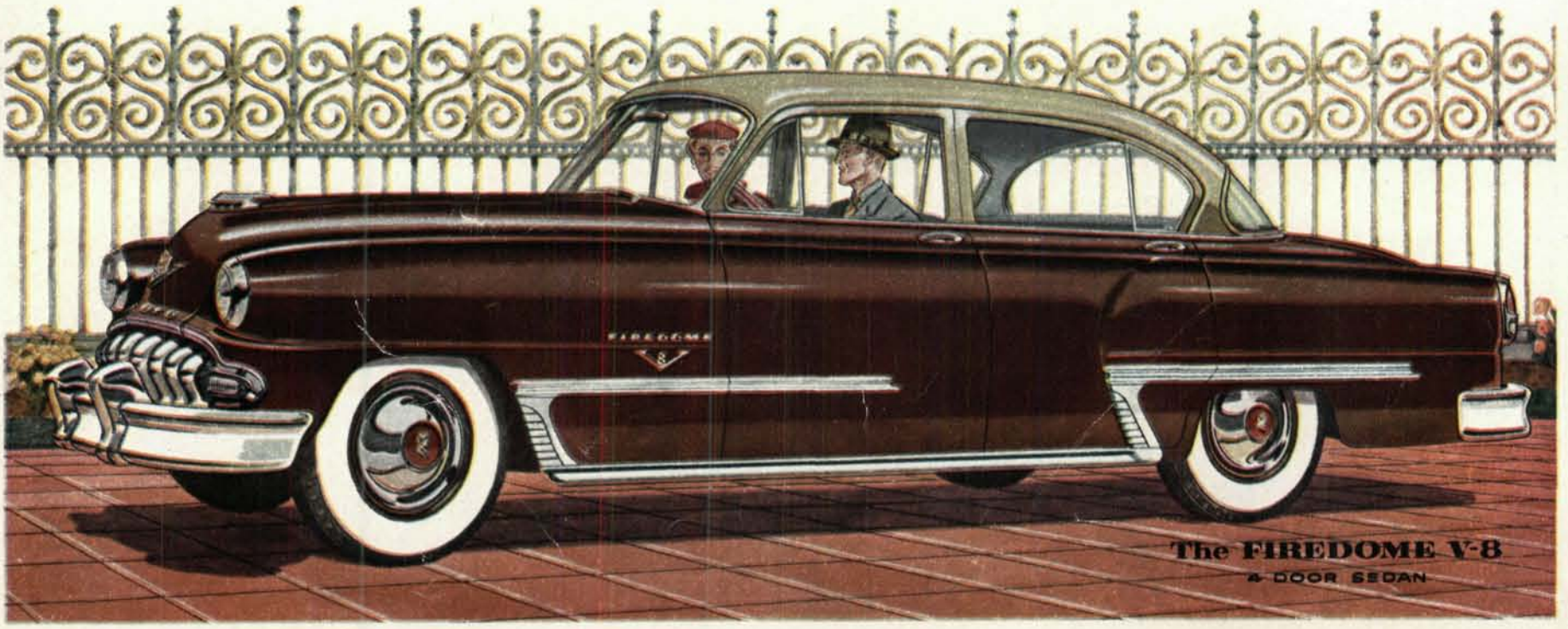

The FIREDOME V-8
4 DOOR SEDAN

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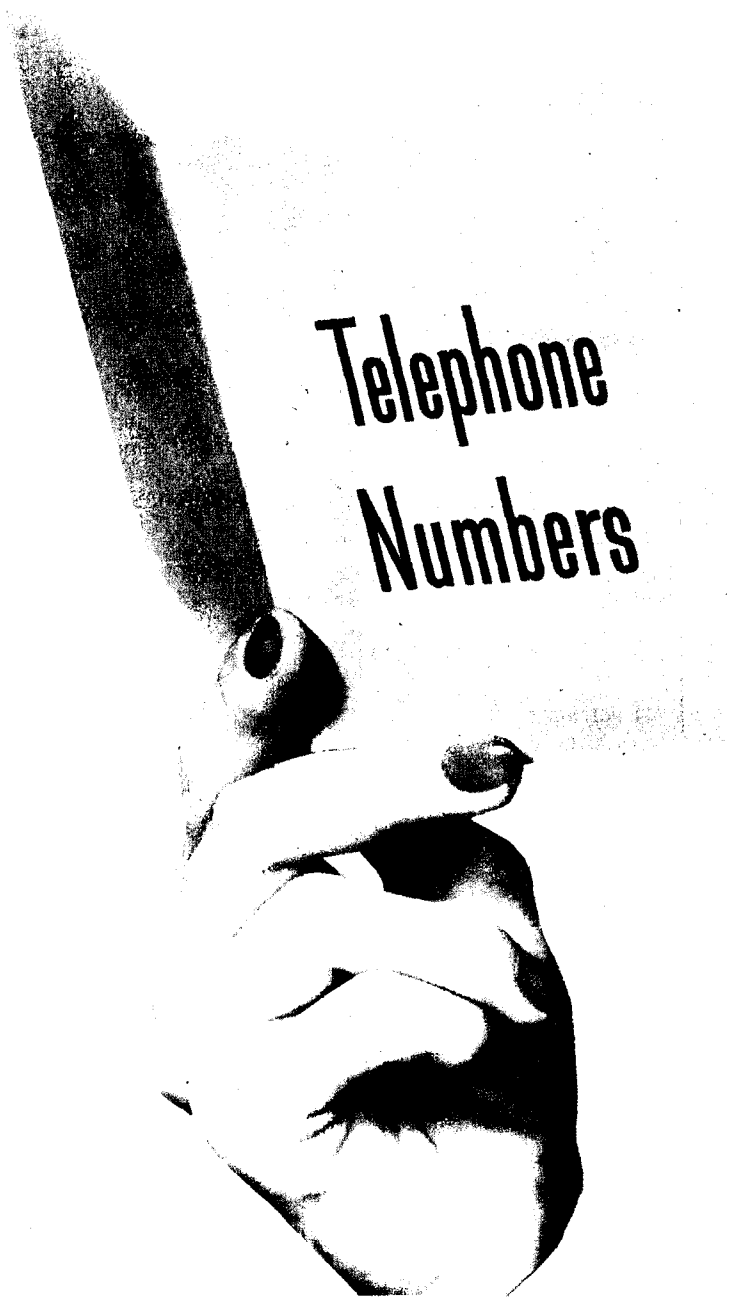
When you're calling out-of-town

Telephone Numbers



Helpful Hint. *Write down the local and out-of-town numbers you already know. If there's a new number you don't have — or an old one you've forgotten—be sure to add it to the list when the operator gives it to you.*

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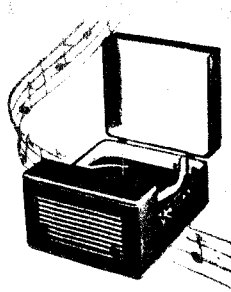

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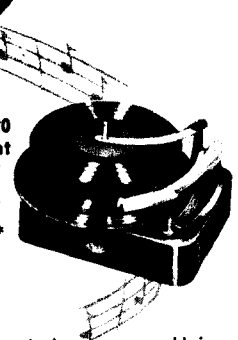

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November 29, 1952

ARTICLES

One Family's Ordeal.....KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER 17
Bette Goes Broadway.....COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA 20
Why Not Rent a Guest Towel?.....SYLVIA F. PORTER 24
Invitation to Gripe..... 34
Local TV Makes Good..... 36
The New New Orleans.....WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR. 42
This Way to the Trouble Gate—Football's Biggest Headache...TOM MEANY 70
Where We're Losing to the Reds—The Budget Battle.....GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT 72

FICTION

Miss Phinney's Temptation.....DWIGHT HUTCHISON 22
Dorose Comes Out.....MARGARET CHASE 28
The Bell Rat.....E. C. KEIFFER 38
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)
Man of Violence.....OWEN CAMERON 46
The Web Caught the Spider.....CHARLES B. CHILD 54

●

48 States of Mind.....WALTER DAVENPORT 10
Pilgrim's Progress.....BOB BARNES 12
Bananas in the Typewriter.....ROLAND A. BROWNE 14
Do Not Disturb.....REAMER KELLER 77
Editorials..... 78
Cover.....STAN EKMAN

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

"For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful." It's a happy custom to have the young man of the family say grace before the Thanksgiving (or any other) dinner. But adults ask a great deal if they expect him to concentrate completely on what he's saying when an aromatic turkey, richly stuffed, is only inches away from his twitching nose.

Week's Mail

The New Bible

EDITOR: Permit me to thank you for the excellent article by Herbert Yahraes, A New Bible for the 20th Century (Oct. 4th).

Mr. Yahraes knows his subject, treats it in a human and scholarly manner, and with just enough of humor to add the necessary spice. So often such subjects are dealt with in a condescending manner.

F. W. BACKEMEYER, D.D., Gary, Ind.

. . . We wish to commend you on the excellence of the article A New Bible for the 20th Century, and on the fact that you gave it the first place in your magazine, as well as notice on the cover.

Your recognition of the importance of this event is praiseworthy.

RAY G. SWIGART,
EDITH B. SWIGART, Alma, Mich.

. . . May I thank you for the splendid article by Herbert Yahraes. Ministers and religious workers of all sorts as well as the general public will find splendid information in this article, and their desire to study and read the new Bible itself will be greatly increased thereby.

THE REV. W. RALPH WARD, JR.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . Revising the Bible is perhaps a praiseworthy undertaking. However, it can be overdone. The revised version of the Lord's Prayer has changed the wording without making any improvement. "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," the old version, is just as clear and better phrasing than "Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth," the new version.

It seems to me that three selections in the Bible should be left unchanged: the 23d Psalm, the Lord's Prayer and 13th Corinthians. I think they are English at its best.

JOHN W. HOLDEN, Somerville, Mass.

. . . I enjoyed thoroughly the article by Mr. Yahraes. Very colorfully written it stirs the imagination and is certainly informative. As a religious educator, I have bought two copies so as to be able to display both sides of the page in any future exhibits.

VIRGINIA EVANS, New York, N.Y.

. . . Herbert Yahraes article on the new Bible was well received. However, his historical reference is given only a few lines and is incomplete. He could have mentioned that the King James version was taken from the Catholic version. As a matter of cold history there was nothing but a Catholic Bible for the first 1,500 years of the Christian Era.

As soon as the first Bible was printed (1452) the Catholic Church spread the book as far as it could. Before Martin

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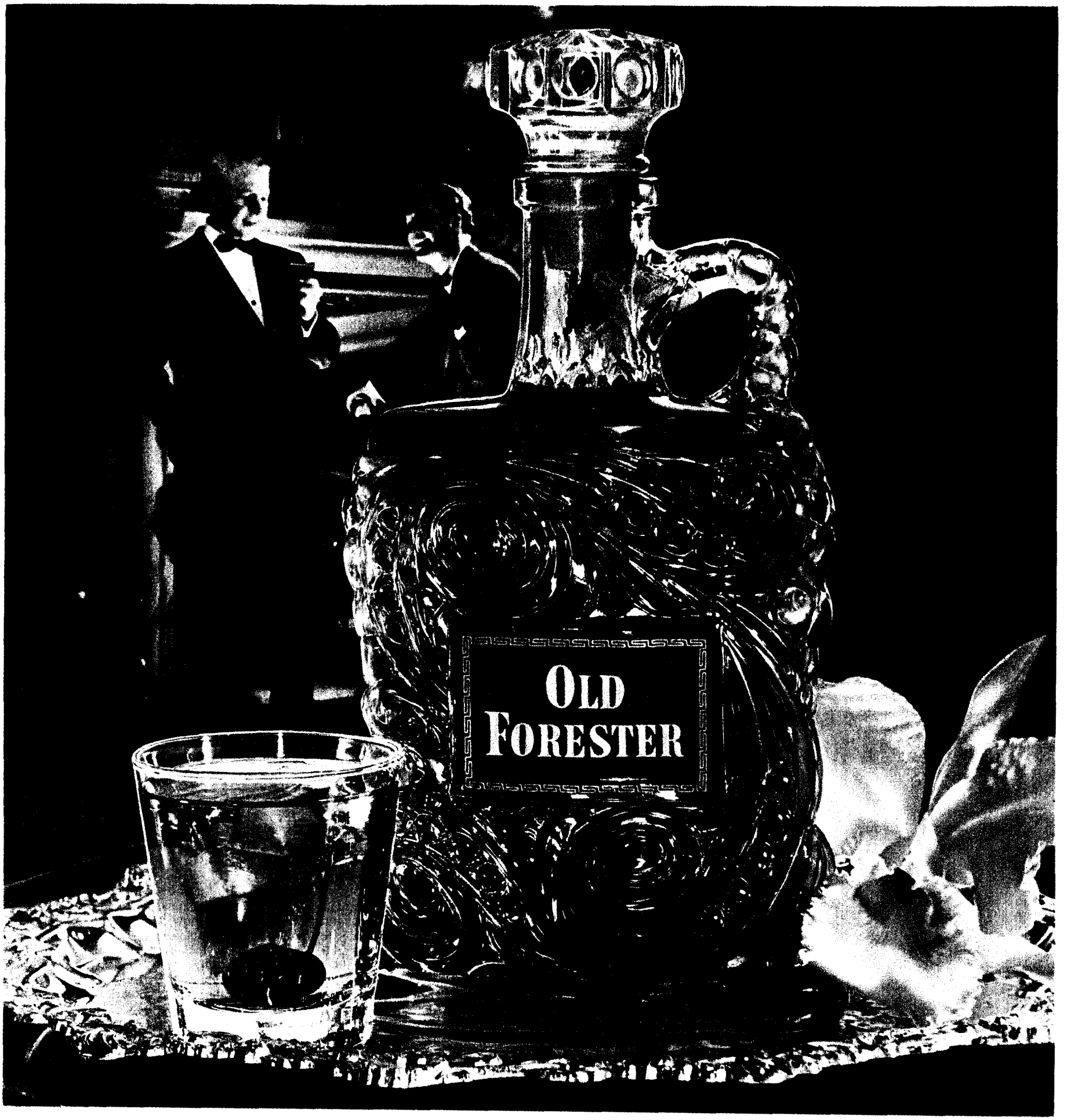

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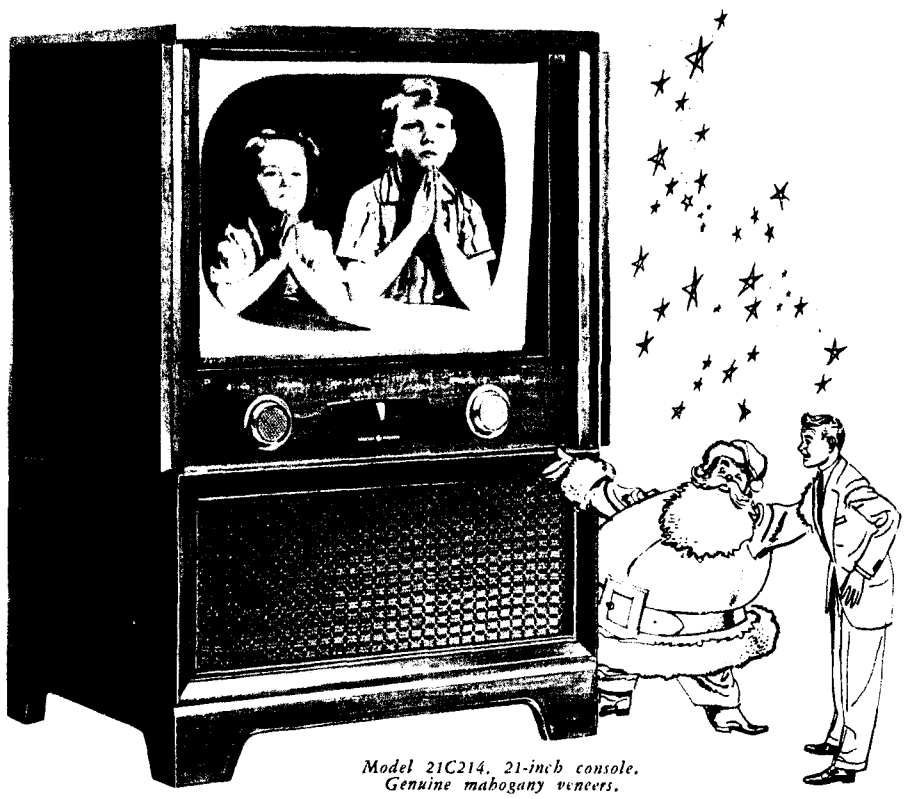

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Week's Mail CONTINUED

Luther appeared on the scene, approved Catholic versions had been printed in High and Low German, Latin, Hebrew, Italian, French, Flemish, Bohemian and even Russian.

FRANCIS A. REED, M.D., Miami Beach, Fla.

. . . Your interesting article on the new translation of the Bible refers briefly to the fact that the verse markings go back to a fifteenth-century printer. It might be of interest to note a story regarding these markings which purports to explain the odd points at which the divisions sometimes occur.

A Paris printer, Robert Stephans, made the verse markings about the year 1551. He was accustomed to make frequent journeys by horseback to Lyons, and in making these trips he carried his Bible in front of him, resting on the saddle horn, and made his markings. As long as the horse cantered evenly, the markings were intentional, but occasionally the horse would break his even stride, and the pen descended at odd points. But these verse divisions remained and descended to us.

THE REV. PAUL E. HEALY, Paterson, N.J.

. . . I was most interested in A New Bible for the 20th Century, and feel that Mr. Yahraes did an excellent research job in preparing it. I was, however, sorry to see that no mention was made of the Knox translation of the Bible for Catholic use, published by us.

Not only is Msgr. Ronald Knox's translation accepted in Catholic circles, but nonsectarian publications have spoken of it in the warmest terms. The English Times Literary Supplement said of it, "For the general reader no other modern version approaches within even measurable distance of Msgr. Knox's."

PATRICIA MACGILL, Sheed & Ward, Inc., New York, N.Y.

. . . I should call to your attention, in reference to the new translations of the Bible, the extraordinary translation of the complete Bible into modern English, shortly after the turn of the century, by Ferrar Fenton, a distinguished English scholar.

It is astonishing that no one ever seems to mention this work, which I believe is far superior to anything so far extant, with the possible exception of Moffat's beautiful translation.

Contrary to most translators, Ferrar Fenton tells us that in order to prepare himself for the task, he read nothing but Aramaic, Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syriac, Latin and Greek for years, eschewing all English translations in the meantime, in order to think only in terms of these languages, until they became as familiar as his own native English.

LIONEL SINCLAIR, Rhinebeck, N.Y.

Fuller Explanation

EDITOR: I was very much interested in Football Funnies (Oct. 4th), especially the one about the Notre Dame-Mount Union game in 1919. However, the statement that the Irish were ahead by a substantial margin when Mount Union scored its first touchdown by a forward pass was erroneous.

In fact that touchdown, with the extra point after the touchdown, tied the score at 7 to 7, and that was the score at the end of the first period.

I know this to be a fact because I threw that pass.

JOHN CHOLLEY, Canton, Ohio

. . . We at Ursinus College were greatly flattered by your including Ursinus' buttonwood "end zone" tree in your *Football Funnies*. However, the author must have overlooked the stately ginko tree which provides shade on the 50-yard line for weary quarterbacks.

BUGS VAGONER, Collegeville, Pa.

Why, Annie!

EDITOR: After reading your article on Angelic Annie (Sept. 27th), I must say I was very pleased and do agree that Ann Blyth is one of the sweetest stars in Hollywood.

But in answer to your comment that "Ann has never allowed distribution of photos showing her in leg-art poses," I have enclosed a picture that I have in my locker of Miss Blyth in a bathing suit. And I must say she looks very nice.

JIM CONLON, U.S. Navy, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii

The Service Vote

EDITOR: I greatly agree with you about the disgrace of such a large number of armed forces personnel not being able to vote due to certain old-fashioned and slightly stupid laws of various states.

As a member of the Regular Navy from the great "Republic of Texas," I was just an onlooker, as you so aptly stated, on November 4th.

If the various states having such laws fail to do something constructive to alter this disgraceful, un-American and very undemocratic condition prior to the next election year, I sincerely hope and trust that the new Congress will take the necessary steps to insure that all

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At the beginning and at the end of the six-months period each smoker was given a thorough examination, including X-ray pictures, by the medical specialist and his assistants. The examination covered the sinuses as well as the nose, ears and throat.

The medical specialist, after a thorough examination of every member of the group, stated: "It is my opinion that the ears, nose, throat and accessory organs of all participating subjects examined by me were not adversely affected in the six-months period by smoking the cigarettes provided."

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Week's Mail CONTINUED

otherwise eligible service personnel receive the right and privilege to vote.

WM. RALPH DAVIDSON,
New London, Conn.

Expert Comment

EDITOR: Poor Mike Garrett! He will never succeed in getting an even hemline on Alice Wallace's dress (Cover, Oct. 4th issue) if she doesn't remove her hand from her hip. Of course Mr. Dimitri, the photographer, being a man, cannot be expected to know all the little things about sewing.

MRS. R. W. METZGER, Lima, Ohio

Sunday Punch

EDITOR: Sea Power's Sunday Punch (Oct. 4th) is a model of clear, forceful exposition on a subject that our people had better become acquainted with. Otherwise we have the choice of inadequate defense measures on the one hand, or spending ourselves into bankruptcy on the other. The situation is as simple and as desperate as that.

In presenting this vitally important message, you have performed a public service for which I, as one citizen, offer my thanks.

ADMIRAL J. W. REEVES, JR.,
U.S. Navy (Ret'd), Coronado, Cal.

. . . I found Sea Power's Sunday Punch highly instructive and equally interesting. It is often difficult for the layman to understand the concept of sea power, and I thought you might like to know that your article has occasioned a number of discussions in the Bay area.

HARRIET AINSWORTH, Orinda, Cal.

. . . As one keenly interested in the problems of national defense and in the part that the aircraft carrier will play in case of attack on us, I want to commend Collier's for Assistant Navy Secretary John Floberg's piece about the atomic-energy-powered supercarrier.

It is the kind of story that will give the public an appreciation of the forward looking and forward planning that the Navy is doing.

GEORGE C. TENNEY,
San Francisco, Cal.

. . . May I congratulate you for publishing Sea Power's Sunday Punch? I thought the article excellent, the kind of well-organized and well-presented information that the editors of a widely circulated, highly regarded weekly owe the interest and intelligence of their readers.

CON O. T. BALL, Nashville, Tenn.

. . . Accompanying Sea Power's Sunday Punch there is a chart, together with a table of 53 items which we import and which are necessary in both peace and war. We call your attention to the item of talc which shows that 100 per cent of our total supply is imported.

While the story itself is interesting, if the percentages of imports are as far off on other items as they are on talc, then the American public is greatly misinformed by this story.

The latest figures that we have received from the United States Department of the Interior, Bureau of Mines, shows that in 1950 this country produced 620,750 short tons of all grades of talc while they imported only 23,387 tons. This is a total of 3.77 per cent imported as against the 100 per cent shown in the chart and table. Moreover, our country exported 20,644 tons, so that we exported almost as much as we imported.

Apparently the author of this article was misinformed somewhere down the line and may possibly have been referring to a small item of 333 tons of crude, cut and sawed talc, which is a special grade imported for one defense use.

E. J. ELLSWORTH, Sierra Talc & Clay Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . If I read the table right, it states that 100 per cent of our sugar is imported.

There is, of course, a large beet-sugar industry in our country. The growing of sugar beets is a major agricultural activity with many Midwestern and Far Western farmers, particularly in California.

JOHN HASLINGS, Berkeley, Cal.

The 100 per cent figure on sugar importation is wrong—a typographical error in the material which the Navy Department, Collier's source of information, sent to the chartmaker. Other 100 per cent figures which were questioned are unfortunately misleading, since space limitations in the chart forced us to condense the materials in question into one word. Thus the single word talc should have read talc (steatite block or lava); cordage referred to cordage (manila and sisal). The Navy Department also explains that where there is a negligible domestic production of the specific items in question, it used the 100 per cent import figure.

In Praise of Poodles

EDITOR: Since you have published a letter (Week's Mail, Oct. 4th), which has libeled the entire poodle fancy, it is only just that you print this letter which rightly defends the poodle.

The poodle has always been considered one of the most intelligent of breeds of dogs, if not *the* most intelligent. The breed was originated in Germany, where it was used as a first-rate hunting dog. It was the star performer among traveling players throughout Europe for centuries. The poodle reached the peak of popularity in France, giving forth to the name so commonly used, but improperly, French poodle. The poodle, as it is known to us today, was developed in England and the United States.

The poodle is, indeed, a dog of almost unique versatility. It is a thing of beauty whether romping with children, seen in fashion magazines, or appearing in the show ring.

D. DAVID CRISSINGER, Marion, Ohio

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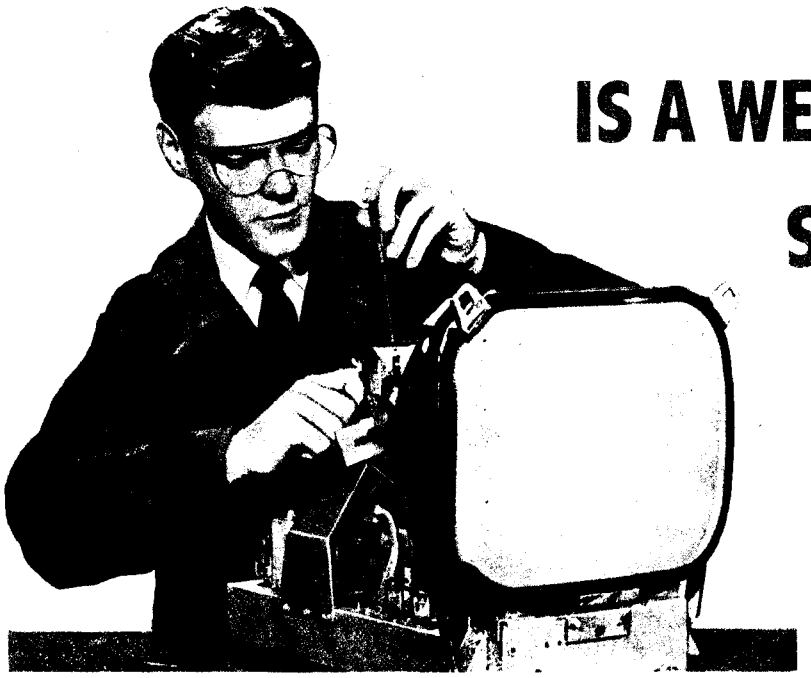

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HE'LL BE THERE PROMPTLY
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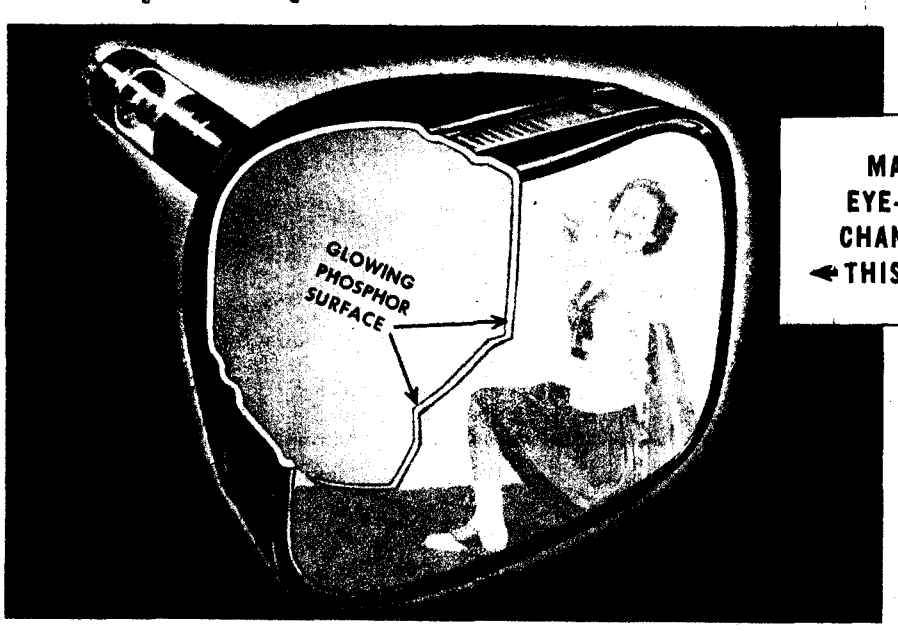
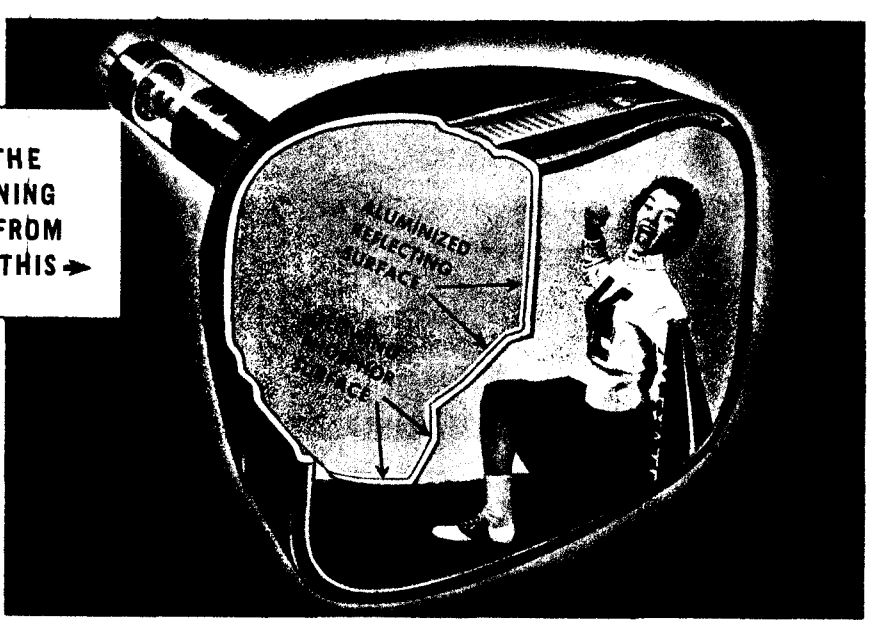
BEFORE YOU KNOW IT...
You're watching a TV picture that's far clearer and sharper than the day you bought your set! No more hazy, washed-out pictures that strain your eyes. Your local serviceman is prepared to make your TV picture *Better Than New* in a matter of hours. *General Electric Co., Tube Dept., Schenectady 5, N.Y.*



MAKE THE EYE-OPENING CHANGE FROM ◄ THIS TO THIS ►



A NON-ALUMINIZED TUBE gives you greyed-down blacks, murky whites. That's because much of the light shines back into the interior of the tube. The wasted light degrades the picture. Contrast is weak. Definition poor. Viewing is hard on the eyes.

THE G-E ALUMINIZED TUBE increases picture brightness up to 100%. A reflecting aluminized film behind the phosphor screen mirrors all the light toward you. Result: blacker blacks, whiter whites. Sharp, easy-on-the-eyes contrast. Excellent definition.

You can put your confidence in— **GENERAL ELECTRIC**

166-1A6

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

STOPS BAD BREATH

AND

STOPS TOOTH DECAY!

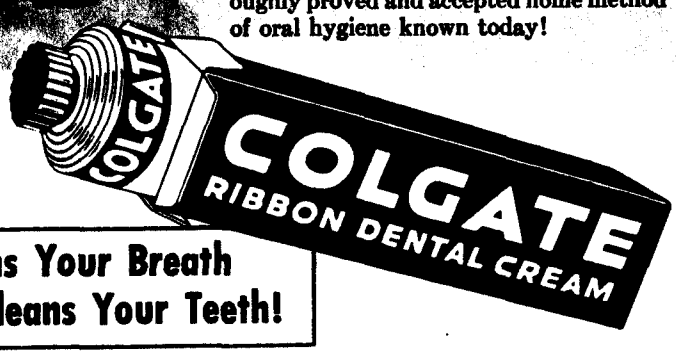
The Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay! And Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER!

Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating makes your mouth feel cleaner *longer*—gives you a clean, fresh mouth *all day long!* Scientific tests have *proved* in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate Dental Cream *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. And no other toothpaste cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!

AND THE COLGATE WAY HELPS STOP DECAY!

Colgate's has proved conclusively that brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay *best!* In fact, brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! The Colgate way is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!



It Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

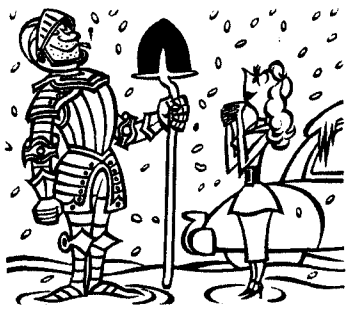
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Query from high-school campus in Elkhart, Indiana. You answer it. "If the comic books are abolished, what are they going to blame juvenile delinquency on?" Well, for one thing, there'll always be parents.

★ ★ ★

Latest meeting of the recently organized Order of Southern Gentlemen, Inc., agreed by the overwhelming vote of 13 to 3 that a true gentleman will always remove his hat while talking by phone to a lady. Meeting was held in



Atlanta. The OSG was organized to encourage gentlemen to surrender their seats on streetcars and busses to ladies. We'll be glad to report from time to time on the chivalrous progress of the OSG. Meantime, we give them the words of a Boston lady whose car last winter got bogged down in a snowdrift. A passing truck driver dug her out. "Thank you," she said. "It's nice to know the age of shovelry is not dead."

★ ★ ★

We step aside for a moment to tut-tut the magazine Newsweek. It told us recently that in September it became the first weekly publication to have a reporter at the North Pole—reporter being Dick Davis. Newsweek doubtless had forgotten that Collier's own Bill Davidson was at the North Pole with Colonel Bernt Balchen in September, 1949—three years before Mr. Davis. Not only has Mr. Davidson a certificate to prove he was there but wrote a three-part story of cold facts—Rescue Below Zero—which old 48 read sympathetically as he sat in a warm and comfortable tavern.

★ ★ ★

Mayors of American cities from coast to coast have been wondering how Mayor Howard Brintlinger of Barrington, Illinois, does it. In Barrington, council meetings are apt to open with snarls and glowers just as in Boston, New York, Chicago or any other city. Out of such meetings mayors collect deplorable headaches. But not in Barrington any more. Miss Elizabeth Fontaine, of New York City, has discovered Mayor Brintlinger's secret of turning possible council riots into love feasts. Simple too. He opens the meetings with apple pies baked by Mrs. Brintlinger, and his councilmen wolf them. The secret is in Mrs. Brintlinger's canned apples. And here's her recipe: peel and slice the apples as for pie. Pack tightly in quart jars. Pour in cold water and just before sealing drop *two aspirin tablets* into each jar.

★ ★ ★

Motoring through Ohio, Mr. Alexander Claflin Loeb jammed on his brakes so hard he almost soared through the windshield. A sign on a coffeepot was responsible: "Businessmen's Breakfast—Ten Cents." A moment later he was on his way again. The breakfast: cup of coffee and a cigarette.

★ ★ ★

Only social note of any importance this week comes from Harlingen, Texas. A farewell party was given for Mrs. Creel Pickel by Mrs. James Olive. No mention of anybody from Celery, Florida, being present.

★ ★ ★

Our government is about to publish a book warranted to soothe all of us who are fed up with these weak, piping times of peace. It's the history of the machine gun and, in the words of one of the Army's best blurbists, it's the story of "a lethal scourge invented by the human mind." And that isn't all, says he: "This handsome book should prove a source of many pleasant hours to those interested . . . (in bringing) these guns right into the living room."

★ ★ ★

If Mr. Larry Spahn, of Portland, has his way, the Oregon legislature is going to adopt a bill requiring that all shoe salesmen shall be licensed. Mr. Spahn, founder of the Shoe Fitters of Amer-

IRWIN CAPLAN

ica, would require the guy who sells you shoes to be certified by a state board after a fitting course of from three to six months. Thus he'd free America from "bunions, corns, calluses, arch troubles, pains in the back and shoulders and many other foot faults." Mr. Spahn stands for the truth of that ancient and almost forgotten shoeshop slogan: "'Tis a feat to fit the foot."

★ ★ ★

So far as Mrs. Sidney Mittler, of Long Island City, New York, could see, the drivers of the busses between New Brunswick, New Jersey, and Camp Kilmer, where her husband was stationed, carry no tape measures. Nevertheless, the sign posted in the bus read: "Children over thirty-six inches required to pay full fare." ▲▲▲

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KNEE-DEEP IN CLOVER

I'VE KNOWN Charlie Morton for a good many years. We got out of college about the same time and worked together over at the old *Herald* until Charlie got a job as salesman for one of the big companies in town and I went into the life insurance business.

I spoke to Charlie about his insurance from time to time, and after he and Martha Ward got married I talked about it often.

But Charlie had it all figured out, back in those days. He'd make a killing in business, lay away a whole lot of money in a hurry, and that would be that. So he just laughed at me and said, "My boy, by the time I go we'll be knee-deep in clover. Martha won't have a thing to worry about—not a thing!"

I spoke to him about his life insurance when his son Jimmy was born, again after little Sarah arrived and several times after that. But Charlie just kept laughing it off. After that, all I did was to ask him sometimes when we met downtown or at the club, "How's the clover patch coming along?"

And Charlie would say, "Fine, just fine!"

The other day he called me for lunch. During the first part of lunch we talked about things in general. Then Charlie turned to me and said, "Do you realize that Martha and I will be married fifteen years next week?" I shook my head and said it sure didn't seem that long.

"No," he said, "it sure doesn't." He dropped a lump of sugar into his coffee, watched it dissolve and then said, "You remember the 'big killing' I was always going to make? Well, I never made it —and with taxes and prices the way they are now, it doesn't look as if I ever will."

He smiled a little ruefully and said, "In short, the clover patch isn't very lush and green at all, and—well, I guess maybe I've been a little more stubborn about my life insurance than I've had any right to be. So it looks as if you've made a sale, after all."

"I'm glad you changed your mind, Charlie," I said, "because even though the premiums will be a little higher now, at least you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that everything is under control."

Charlie laughed and said, "Better late than never, I guess."

That was a couple of days ago. Today, *late* and *never* mean one and the same thing for Charlie Morton.

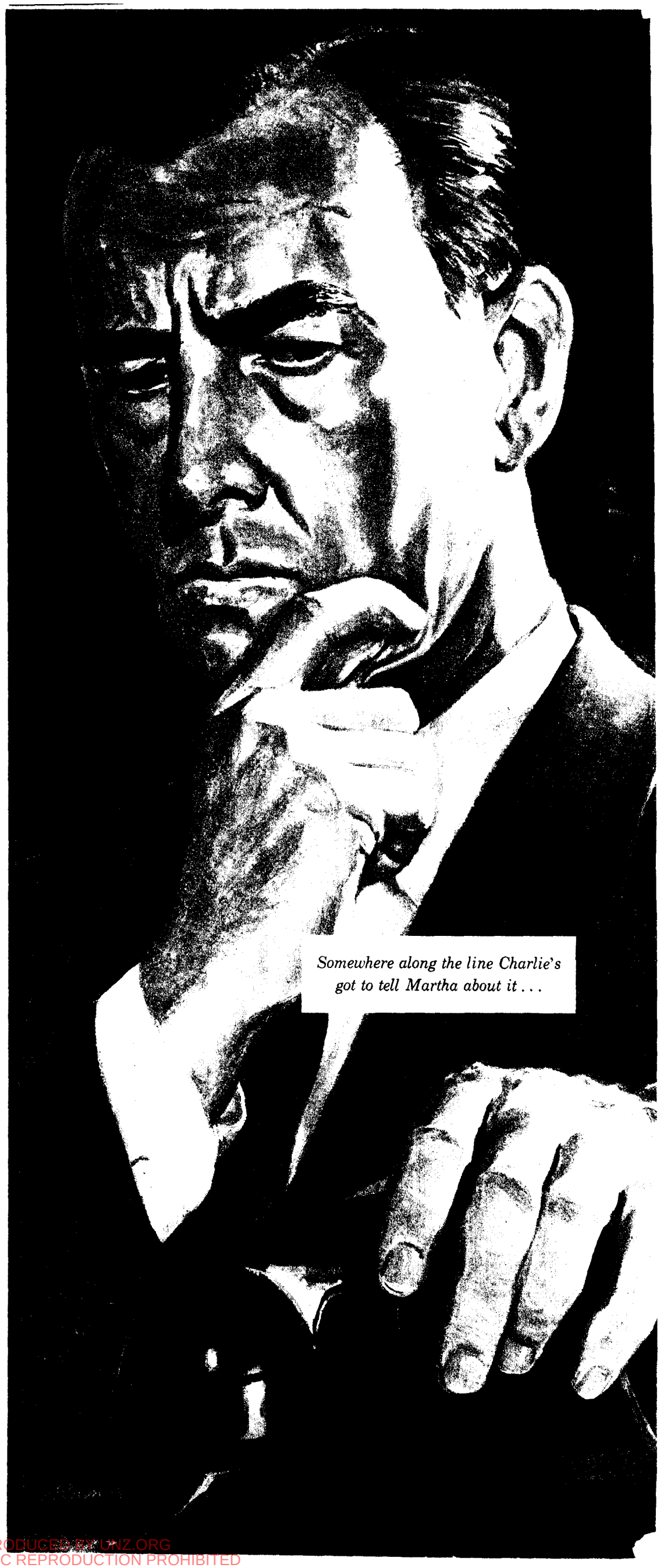
It seems there's just enough wrong with Charlie's heart not to have bothered him, but to make it impossible for him to get any life insurance. The doctor said it was something that had probably developed during the past two or three years—which certainly doesn't make me feel any better about it.

I've been sitting here looking at the telephone on my desk, knowing that sooner or later I'll have to pick it up and make an appointment to see Charlie. It's not only having to tell Charlie that's tough. It's knowing that somewhere along the line Charlie's got to tell Martha about it . . . knowing that somehow he's got to find a way to make it up to her and the two kids.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

THE NEW YORK LIFE AGENT
IN YOUR COMMUNITY
IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW



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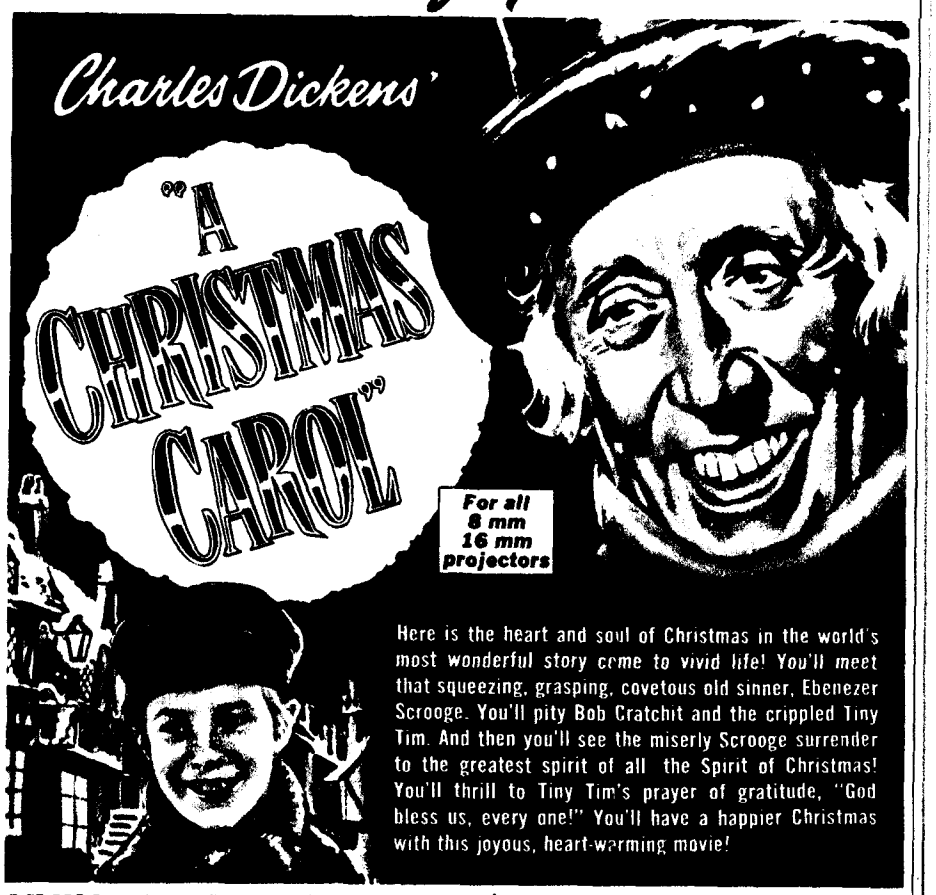
Do you own a movie projector? Or does some friend or relative of yours own one? Then —

Own or give for Christmas Castle Films' joyous classic



Here is the heart and soul of Christmas in the world's most wonderful story come to vivid life! You'll meet that squeezing, grasping, covetous old sinner, Ebenezer Scrooge. You'll pity Bob Cratchit and the crippled Tiny Tim. And then you'll see the miserly Scrooge surrender to the greatest spirit of all the Spirit of Christmas! You'll thrill to Tiny Tim's prayer of gratitude, "God bless us, every one!" You'll have a happier Christmas with this joyous, heart-warming movie!

LIVING, LASTING GIFTS FOR ALL PROJECTOR OWNERS

Own or Give annual film records prized by collectors since 1938

The only authentic movie record of the entire year! See on your own screen thrilling, on-the-spot scenes of the dramatic, the spectacular, the sensational, filmed as it happened! See history-in-the-making throughout 1952.

ALL THIS IN ONE FILM

KOJE RED MUTINY! — SAGA OF S.S. ENTERPRISE!
ELIZABETH RULES ENGLAND! — MAY DAY VIOLENCE!
G.I.'s ATOM BOMBED! — DISASTER STRIKES U.S.!
WORLD WATCHES U.S. ELECTIONS!
(subject to change)

Thrill to the living record of the year's greatest gridiron battles on your own screen! See the spectacular plays that rocked the stands! See the miracle passes, the flashing runs, the drama and excitement of the big college games! See football history made!

ALL THESE GAMES IN ONE FILM

OHIO STATE—NORTHWESTERN — COLUMBIA—ARMY
SO. METHODIST—TEXAS U. — U.C.L.A.—WISCONSIN
PRINCETON—CORNELL — NOTRE DAME—NAVY
PENNSYLVANIA—GEORGIA — TENN.—N. CAROLINA
(subject to change)

A movie the kids adore! Own or give "HOWDY DOODY'S CHRISTMAS"

An ideal Christmas gift for any youngster!

SEE MOVIES WITHOUT A PROJECTOR
WITH THE 8MM
MELTON MOVIE VIEWER
Viewer and 2 exciting home movies, only **$6.95**
Many special Viewer movies available, only **$1.00** each
ORDER NOW FOR CHRISTMAS!

FREE! *Send for Castle Films' new catalog of thrilling movies you can own.*

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"NEWS PARADE of the YEAR 1952"					
"FOOTBALL PARADE of the YEAR 1952"					
"HOWDY DOODY'S CHRISTMAS"					

Melton Viewer with 2 special viewer movies shown, only $6.95 ☐
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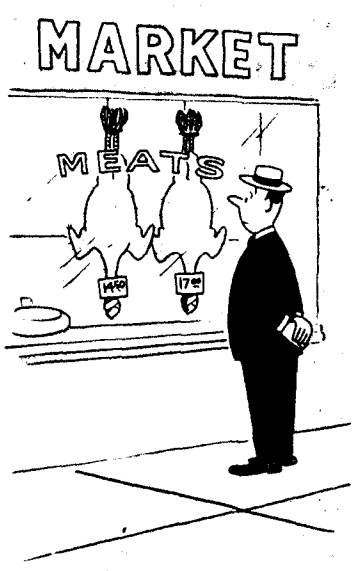
1445 Park Ave., N.Y. 29, N.Y.

Pilgrim's Progress

By BOB BARNES



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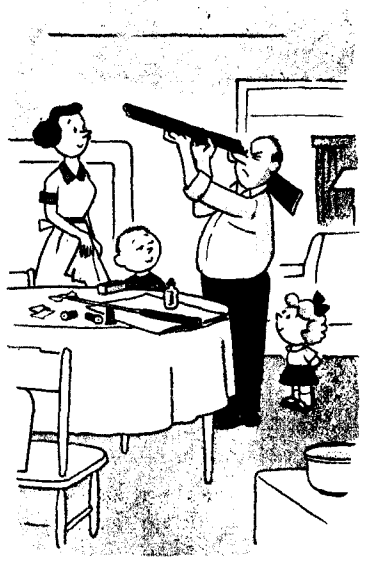

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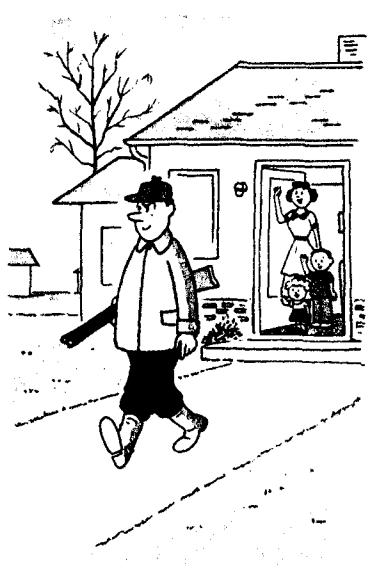

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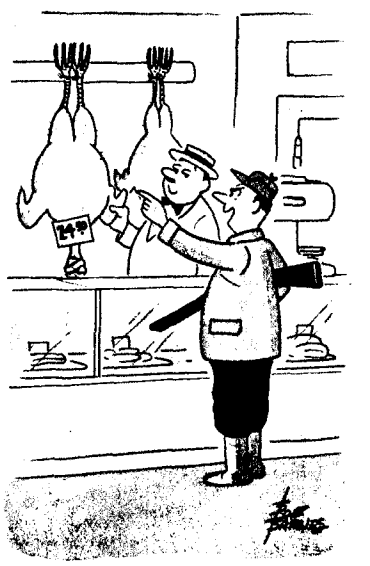

6

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make this her merriest Christmas!

AMERICAN TOURISTER

HI-TAPER LUGGAGE

Lovely luggage for that lovely lady on your gift list! American Tourister Hi-Taper, the one and only luggage with the streamlined tapered shape. She'll love the fashion-correct slimness. She'll adore the light, easy-to-carry trimness. Yes, she shall have smartness wherever she goes . . . for countless Christmases to come!

Only American Tourister Hi-Taper has *ALL* these Quality Features

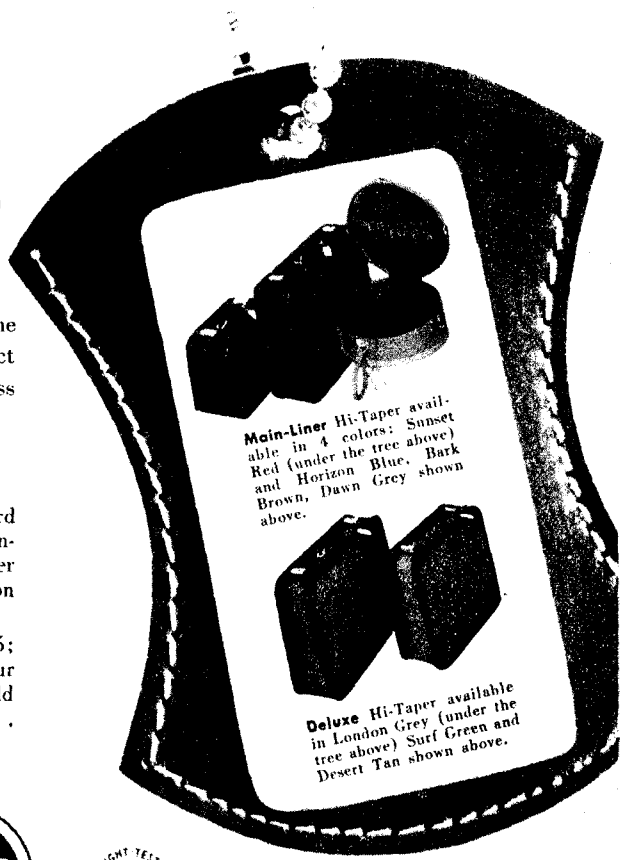
Stronger — Exclusive one-piece THERMOLD construction of molded 3-ply basswood reinforced with an extra ply welded in the corners.

Lighter — American Tourister exclusive construction makes Hi-Taper light as luggage can be without sacrificing strength.

Scuff-Proof — Exclusive PERMANITE coverings shun weather stains, won't scratch even with a knife. PERMA-EDGE bindings.

Plus all these "extras": easy-to-hold Palmguard handles . . . luxurious linings . . . matching identification tags . . . removable water-proof zipper cosmetic pocket . . . patented fingertip-action Compact locks.

Main-Liner Hi-Taper prices start as low as 14.95; **DeLuxe Hi-Taper** prices start at 16.95. Each in your choice of twelve popular sizes — you can add matching Hi-Taper pieces any time, any year . . . it's open stock!


Main-Liner Hi-Taper available in 4 colors: Sunset Red (under the tree above) and Horizon Blue, Bark Brown, Dawn Grey shown above.
Deluxe Hi-Taper available in London Grey (under the tree above) Surf Green and Desert Tan shown above.

Featured at better department stores and luggage shops. Write for dealer's name to Department C.2.

AMERICAN TOURISTER LUGGAGE

FLIGHT TESTED AMERICAN AIRLINES

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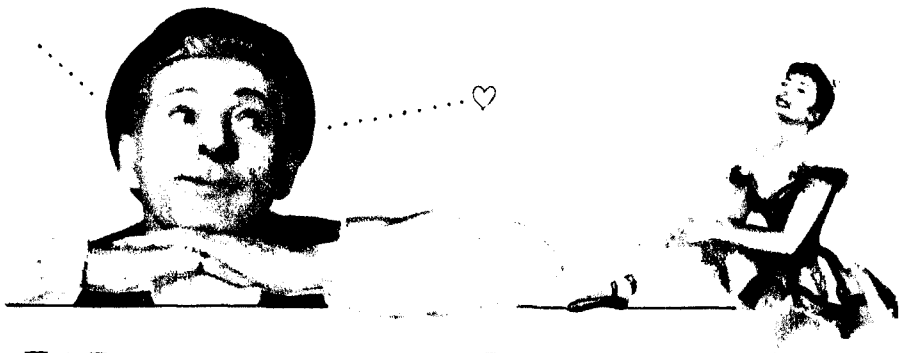
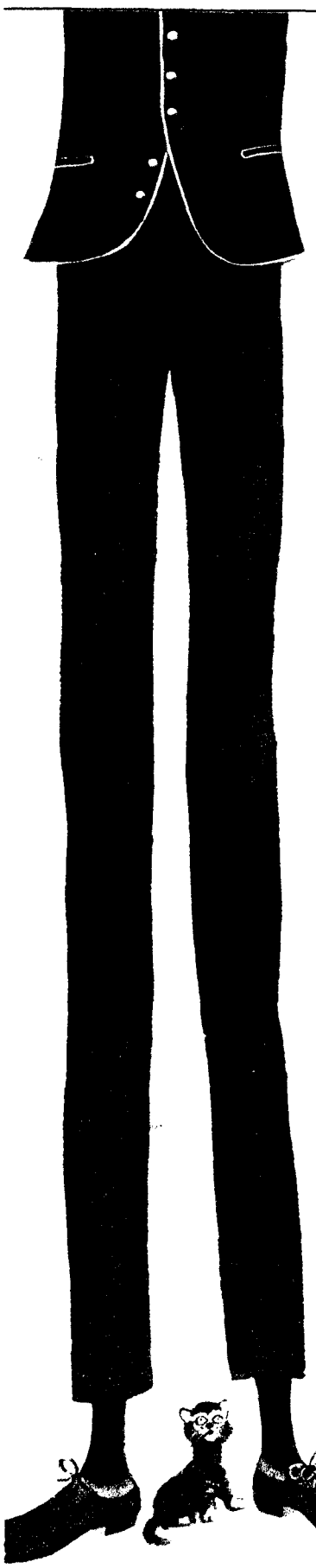


When you're in love you're nine feet tall...



You'll hear this lilting song sung in Samuel Goldwyn's new musical wonderfilm, and suddenly—*you'll* feel nine feet tall! For that's what this enchanting story, this love story, this tender story does to you—as no other film has ever done before. For into his multi-million dollar musical production *"Hans Christian Andersen"*, Samuel Goldwyn has poured all the emotions of which the human heart is capable and, as each comes into full play, you'll feel yourself glow, grow—till *you, too,* seem nine feet tall!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
PRESENTS

Hans Christian Andersen

—and the dancer

starring
DANNY KAYE
and introducing
FARLEY GRANGER • JEANMAIRE

Directed by CHARLES VIDOR • Screenplay by MOSS HART
Words and Music by FRANK LOESSER
Choreography by ROLAND PETIT
Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.

COLOR BY **Technicolor**

Bananas in the Typewriter

By ROLAND A. BROWNE

INDICATIONS of emotional instability bordering on mass neurosis are becoming distressingly evident in this country. Such a social phenomenon as ideological confusions, and not now, Michael, is but the public counterpart of such individual indications of deterioration as the increase in the divorce rate, the upsurge of juvenile delinquency, stop it, Michael, and the shocking prevalence of alcoholism and drug addiction. Even to the layman, it is clear that Daddy is typing, Michael, some underlying factor must be operating in our civilization which may bring about our ultimate downfall.

After careful consideration of this problem, I believe, Daddy is busy, Michael, that this general tendency toward an emotional instability so out of keeping with the sturdy clarity of purpose and clear-cut ethical sense of our forefathers may be traced to a breakdown in the essentially authoritarian nature of the parent-child relationship. Yes, I see it, Michael, it's a beautiful banana. Why don't you go see what Mama is doing? In the frankly patriarchal family of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when the traditional pattern of American life was established, there was no question of the authority of parents over their children, and no anxiety about "repressing" them through the administration of necessary punishment. mvhYT nfy rhk-88eyn ghytn please don't, Michael.

Well, all right, you can sit next to Daddy and watch. In our anxiety to be good parents, to observe the dictates of pediatricians and child psychologists, cjjthfu395ov DADDY SAID, Michael, we have blindly followed along dangerous ways. The suspicion comes inevitably to the parental mind that, Daddy doesn't want any banana right now, Michael, the psychologists and other experts know very little more about how to raise children than those they seek to advise. Observe, for example, how they have come round-robin on the question of, go and ask Mama, feeding babies on a rigid schedule, toilet training and the use of certain medicines, notably paregoric. Is it not possible that you can't find Mama? You can't wait? Run quick-quick and get it, and Daddy will help you.

Our present-day method of withholding punishment, of reasoning with our children, and of restraining the natural parental instinct to what? You can't find the light switch? What? Well, if you cry like that, Daddy can't understand what Michael says. No, Daddy isn't mad. Get some clean ones out of your drawer and Daddy will help you, to give physical expression to our annoyance and irritation tends inevitably to produce a deep-seated feeling of anxiety and frustration in the parents which is reflected in now we'll take these wet ones off, and Michael can put on the nice dry ones, a corresponding anxiety and frustration on the part of the child.

What I am trying to say—and it seems perfectly clear to me, though it is proving inexplicably difficult to express—is that I guess you can have another banana, don't bother Daddy, everything would be ghti58g,e;KJ 2kdur6 STOP THAT THIS MINUTE, would be much simpler and the children would get along better and grow up to be normal, psychologically stable parents if you don't stop that this minute, Michael, Daddy will be very angry, now just stop that howling, psychologically stable parents of normal, psychologically stable children get down off Daddy's desk this minute! Not the *whole* banana, Michael, you'll choke, what did Daddy tell you? Well, spit it out, then, spit it out. NOT IN DADDY'S TYPEWRITER! Well, maybe you couldn't help it, don't cry, see, we'll dig it out of the keys with Daddy's handkerchief. Yes, I guess you can sit up on the desk and watch, if you're good. What I mean is, that when a normally good, patient father gets pushed just a shade further than his temper can stand it is time to watch out for the ink, Michael, for him to yield to his natural impulses and leave it alone, Michael, you'll spill it, and administer Daddy said leave it alo WATCH OUT! DAMNATION! and administer a good sound spanking. ▲▲▲

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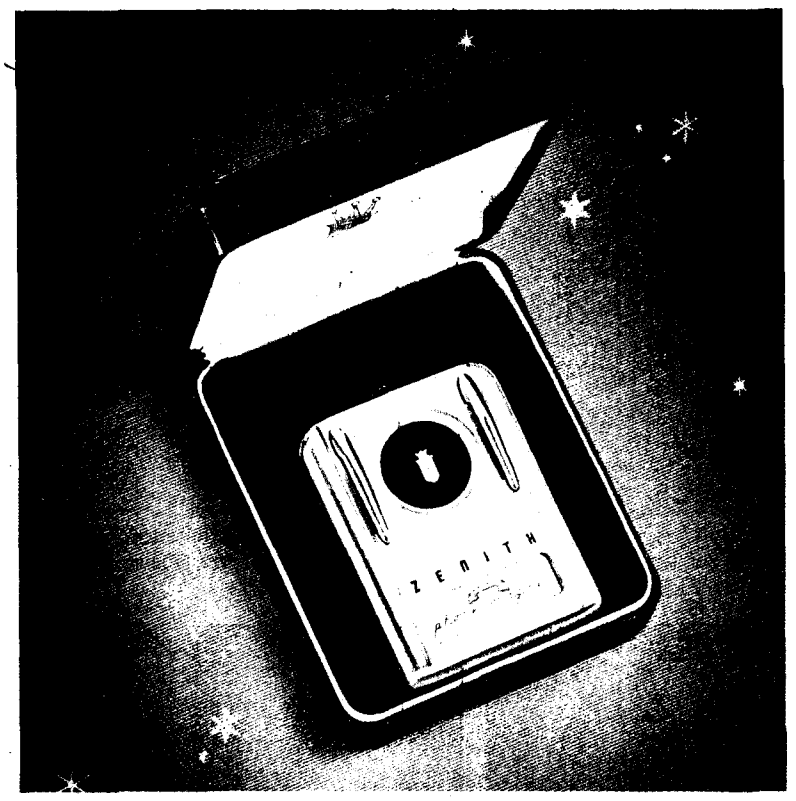

THE EXTRA-SMALL ZENITH "ROYAL"

...for moderate to rather severe hearing impairment. Fingertip tone and volume controls, exclusive heat and moisture-resistant microphone, handy Reserve Battery Switch, plus the new Phone Magnet for clearer telephone conversations because it cuts out all other sounds. Only $75.

THE EXTRA-POWERFUL ZENITH "SUPER-ROYAL"

...for severe hearing impairment. You get all the famous hear-better features of the Zenith "Royal" plus full, 45-volt power permitting good hearing reception where many other aids fail. No separate battery pack, no dangling battery cords. There is just one handsome, compact case. Only $75.

THE EXTRA-THRIFTY ZENITH "REGENT"

...for "borderline" to rather severe hearing impairment. Includes all the features of the Zenith "Royal" (except the Reserve Battery Switch) plus the Power Selector Switch for greater operating economy (as low as ⅓ cent per hour). You never pay for more power than you need. Only $75.

These three great

ZENITH HEARING AIDS

are worn by millionaires, teachers, jurists, engineers and thousands of others who can afford any type of hearing aid at any price. An ideal Christmas gift– only seventy-five dollars.

The above 1953 Zenith "Royal" and "Super-Royal" models are available with new, beautifully designed External Microphone at slight extra cost.

TEN-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. SEE YOUR LOCAL ZENITH DEALER.

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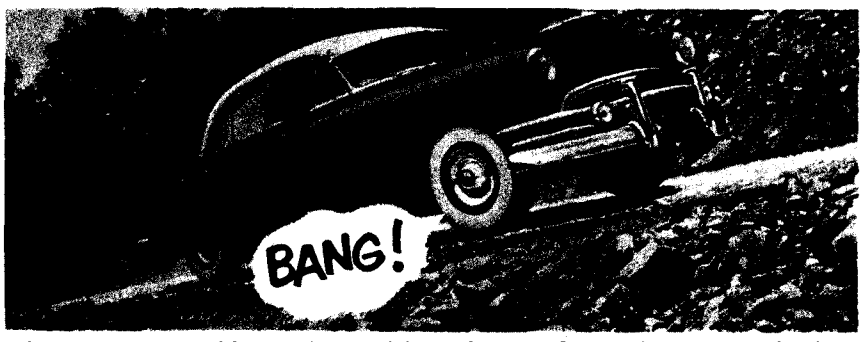
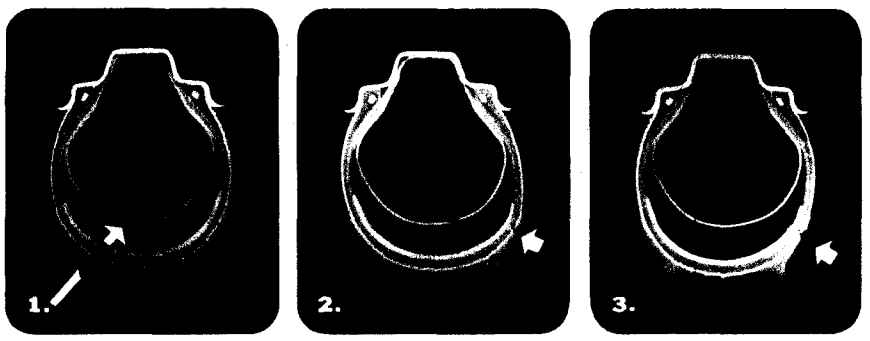
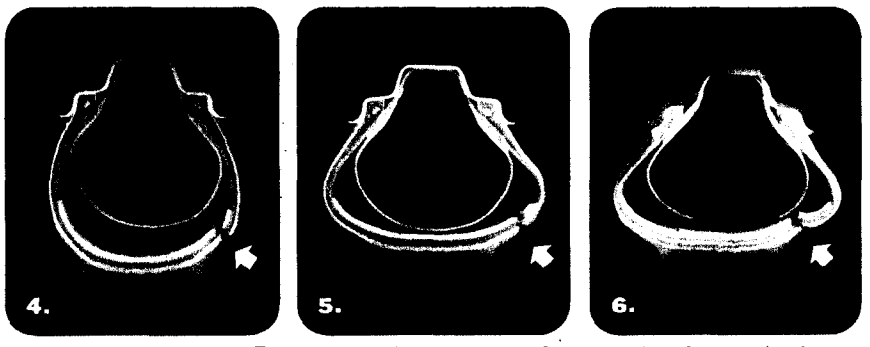
X-Rays show how New LifeGuard Safety Tubes give you SAFETY IN ALL BLOWOUTS... SEAL THEIR OWN PUNCTURES!



Any tire, new or old, can blow out! And when you *have* a blowout... only the LifeGuard double air-chamber principle shown in these X-rays can fully *protect* you against dangerous loss of control!

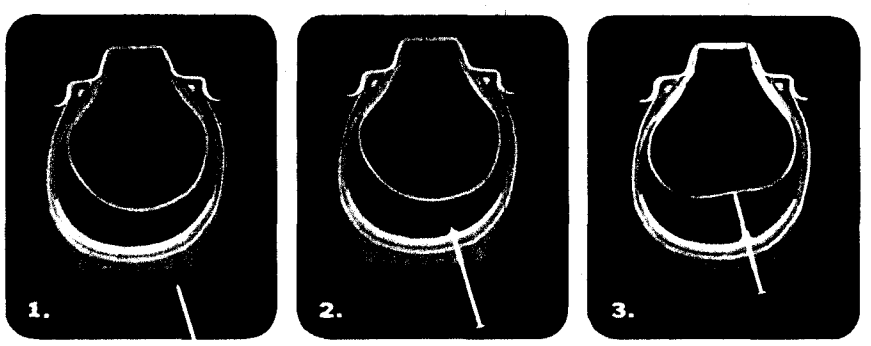


1. LifeGuard Safety Tube protects you with its tough 2-ply cord fabric inner chamber. Watch it in X-rays! **2.** Blowout break is starting, but air will rush out of *outer* chamber only. **3.** In 17 years, we know of no case of failure of this LifeGuard principle in a blowout. Now watch . . .

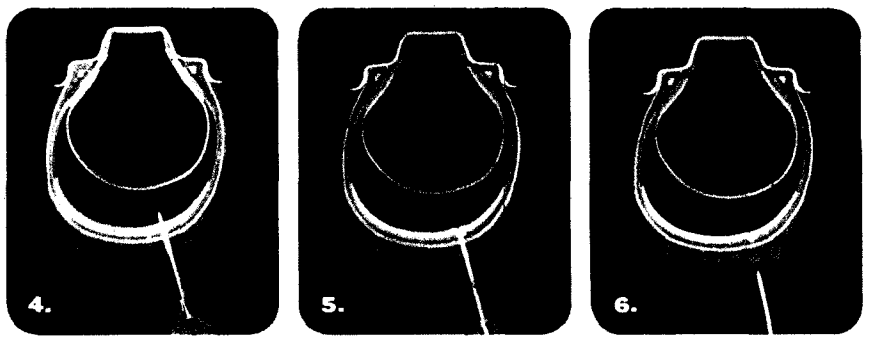


4. Break is complete. Puncture-sealant *alone* in the case of such a large blowout obviously could not prevent a dangerous drop to the rim! **5.** See how inner chamber still holds a lifesaving reserve of air that has prevented countless accidents. **6.** LifeGuard lets you come to a safe, controlled, straight-line stop.

Puncture coming up! But don't worry, you won't have the dirty job of changing a tire when you're riding on New LifeGuards. These X-rays show how New LifeGuards mend their own punctures.



1. Notice the layer of gum-rubber on the inside of the New LifeGuard Safety Tube? Now watch. **2.** Nail pierces tire! Sealant seals puncture, prevents loss of air pressure. **3.** The 2-ply cord inner chamber floats freely, offers no resistance to the puncturing object.



4. Now we pull the nail out. Air pressure forces the puncture-sealant against the nail. **5.** Now you can see the puncture-sealant already flowing into the hole. And now . . . **6.** With the nail *entirely* out, you see that the New LifeGuard Safety Tube has completely mended its own puncture.

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Fifteen of the sixteen Thiels after the midsummer nightmare of polio. Only Lawrence, who is still in the hospital, is missing. Top row, left to right: Robert, Fritz, Tom, Harry, Jerry, Donald, Ronald (Butch) and Joe, the father. Bottom row, left to right: Clara, the mother; Marcella; Joan, a nurse who cared for family; Ina Mae; Arlene; Jean; Catherine

DONALD ULTANG

When 11 of 14 Children Were Hit with Polio

By KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

First it was Catherine. Then little Jean, Jerry and Butch. Another and another. Here is the story of the tragic 27 days when polio stalked Joe Thiel's Iowa farm

LAST summer was a bad one on the farm of Joe and Clara Thiel. Never had the corn grown higher on their 280 rented acres near Mapleton, Iowa. But in July, when you could almost hear the corn growing, trouble came. Eleven of the Thiels' 14 children were stricken with infantile paralysis. Two of them were crippled, perhaps for life.

Joe Thiel, at forty-seven, is tall and lean, a man with gray-white hair and bright blue eyes who looks as if he had made his living the hard way. Some years after he and Clara had been married in their native Nebraska drought had dusted and fried him out of his birthright and taught him the meaning of trouble.

So Joe and Clara, nine years ago, headed east to Iowa where Clara's sister lived. They settled on the Mapleton farm and took a "grain lease," which means that, in return for their rent, they share the corn they raise fifty-fifty with the landlord.

One crop has never failed the Thiels, whether in Iowa or Nebraska. When they migrated, they had 11 children; three more were born subsequently. The oldest is Joan, now 22 and a registered nurse, who was to be a godsend last summer; next is Donald, 21, a private, first class, in the U.S. Army; next Bob, 20; Tom, 18; Arlene, 17; Catherine, 16; Lawrence, 14; Jerry, 13; Ina Mae, 12; Francis, called Fritz, 10; Harold (Harry), 9; Marcella, 6; Jean, 4; and, finally, Ronald, called Butch, 3. "I miss a baby on my lap now," says Clara.

Of this brood of 14, only three escaped the polio—Joan; Donald, the soldier who was home on furlough from Fort Riley, Kansas, when the epidemic struck; and Arlene. Of the 11 others, nine have recovered; Bob and Lawrence are crippled.

Up to last summer, life was good for the Thiels. Their farm, with its gray-white, solid, square house

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Lawrence, 14, wanted to be a football player—until the disease struck. Now he's being fitted with braces

The attack was capricious, without pattern. One chil

and red barns has grossed maybe $10,000 in its good years. They own two fairly new, inexpensive cars. And they eat bountifully of the plain, solid fare Clara cooks. They wish they could afford their own place, though, with a bathroom instead of just running water in the kitchen.

Fourteen kids take a lot of room. Last summer, however, Joan was working in Sioux City, 40 miles away; Donald was at Army camp; Bob was a carpenter's helper with a bridge-construction gang some distance away at Wall Lake; and Tom was sleeping most nights at a neighbor's where he helped farm. When they all did come home at the same time, the Thiels managed pretty well. Donald and Bob slept together, as they had since childhood. Lawrence and Jerry also shared a bed, Fritz and Harry another, and Ina Mae and Jean another. The others slept alone.

In the Years Before Polio Struck

All their lives the Thiels have been happy and hard working. Five or six of the children had had measles, four or five chicken pox. That was about all. Last summer, when the rain came at the time that it should have, and when the sun was hot and the corn grew, they had never been better off, or happier. The devastating spring floods of the Missouri, which raised havoc near Sioux City, had not affected their farm.

Later on, the Thiels were to wonder, as did many others in the face of scientific skepticism, if the flood had anything to do with the polio that struck their part of Iowa like the plague. They were to wonder, too, about their well water, which had tested pure nine years ago, and about the flies the cattle and hogs brought, and about the DDT which they used to drive the flies away. They were to wonder why Lawrence and Jerry, who shared one bed, both got polio; why Donald, who shared another bed with Bob, did not get it while Bob did. They were to wonder if working too hard had anything to do with it; Catherine, who was working long, hard hours in the sun, got polio, but Arlene, working by her side, did not. And why did Lawrence get paralyzed and Jerry not?

The Thiels, like scientists, would like a lot of answers they haven't been able to find.

As long ago as last January there were scattered polio cases in and around Sioux City; by July an epidemic of alarming proportions was sweeping the region on both sides of the Missouri. At its peak there were almost 400 cases of poliomyelitis for each 100,000 population in the area. Twenty cases out of 100,000 makes an epidemic, public-health experts say. There was no known way to stop its course. The authorities could only issue the usual warnings about keeping clean, avoiding crowds and swimming places, and getting more rest than usual.

Clara Thiel kept the children away from the Mapleton swimming pool and made all of them, over loud protest, wash themselves thoroughly before every meal. "They were real clean before they ate," she recalls.

When the disease began to spread from Sioux City's Woodbury County into Monona County, where Mapleton is, Joe Thiel had one feeling of security. Two summers ago, on a sudden impulse while visiting his bank, he had taken out the kind of polio insurance that pays up to $5,000 for each child under eighteen. He was to be mighty glad for that, although this did not help with Bob's case nor with Tom's less drastic bout. But in the case of these two sons over eighteen the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis was to help, as it does whenever help is needed.

As the epidemic reached its height, the whole family was working hard. Joe, having got his own fields under control, was working for wages on a neighbor's farm. Clara was, as usual, busy cooking for her large brood and tending her flock of pullets. Joan was busy at her nursing tasks in the delivery ward at St. Joseph Mercy Hospital in Sioux City and deep in plans to be married to Richard Smith, a cabinetmaker. Donald, whenever he could get home from Army camp in Kansas, was helping out with farm chores. Both Bob, the carpenter's helper, and Tom, the boy working for a neighbor, managed to be home every week end.

Arlene and Catherine, next to Joan the oldest Thiel girls, were also working hard, getting up at 4:00 A.M., packing their lunch and riding with other teen-agers in a truck to work all day in the hot sun detasseling corn for a commercial hybrid corngrower. It was fun but it was hard work. Often the girls did not get home until eight P.M.; they would eat and fall exhausted into bed.

Husky, broad-shouldered Lawrence and Jerry were helping run the Thiel farm, feeding the 80 hogs, milking the cows, driving the tractors, haying and tending the beef cattle their dad raises for the Sioux City market. The pint-sized Thiels, from Ina Mae to impish Butch, were helping mother.

About the time the polio hit the Thiels, a contingent of scientists had arrived in Sioux City to conduct a mass inoculation of children in Iowa's Woodbury and Nebraska's Dakota Counties, which together form the Sioux City area. Directed by Dr. William McD. Hammon, professor of epi-

Dr. Arthur McGill, the Thiels' family doctor, worked furiously to check rampaging polio

demiology at the University of Pittsburgh's Graduate School of Public Health, they were seeking to determine whether gamma globulin, a blood derivative found successful in stopping paralysis among animals, would work as well for human beings. Moving north from Houston, Texas, where similar tests were being made, and east from Utah, where they had been conducted a year before, the experimenters with gamma globulin asked for and got the co-operation of Sioux City parents.

But the Thiel children were not included because Mapleton is across the county line. Eventually, however, both Lawrence and Arlene were to receive the shots from a Mapleton doctor. Arlene never contracted polio; Lawrence not only was stricken, but paralyzed in both legs. "Maybe if they'd gotten the shots sooner it would have helped Lawrence," says Mrs. Thiel.

Sioux City's inoculations were given in an atmosphere of near panic. St. Vincent's and St. Joseph Mercy Hospitals were overflowing with stricken children, and older people as well.

On the sixth floor at St. Joseph Mercy they ran out of "carts" with which to wheel their little patients to the treatment rooms. Joan Thiel and her sister nurses worked without rest. Desperate for nursing aid, the city sought and got help from the United States Navy. Down from the Great Lakes Naval Station came a lifesaving unit of hospital aides, strong men expert in physiotherapy.

A Hot Day—But One Girl Felt Cold

On Tuesday, July 22d, the silent, unseen microorganism began to spread pain and paralysis in the Thiel home. The corn tasseling was about over but Catherine and Arlene were scheduled to work that hot day. Catherine will never forget it. The next day was her birthday and a sweet-sixteen party had been planned. When she got up at dawn she did not feel well. Arlene went alone to the cornfields. That forenoon Clara and Catherine drove to Mapleton to get meat from the freezer locker. "I felt okay then, but I felt cold," Catherine says. "It was a hot day, but I felt very cold."

Mrs. Thiel brought her home. Catherine's head was splitting; her temperature was 104 degrees; she felt awful. She went to bed, to turn and toss and be cross and irritable and very jumpy.

The next day, Wednesday, Clara and Pfc Donald, home on furlough, drove Catherine three miles to Danbury village to visit Dr. Arthur McGill, who had been the family doctor since they moved to Iowa. "I guess I delivered the last two or three Thiel kids," he says.

Dr. McGill, like Joe and Clara, is from Nebraska. He grew up on a stock farm and yearned to study medicine, but couldn't afford to realize this frustrated ambition until he was in his early forties. A tall, rugged-looking country practitioner now fifty-seven, the doctor had been through lesser polio epidemics for five years. "Each year it seems to hit a little differently," he says. He looked at Catherine Thiel and was alarmed, but didn't say outright that she had polio; he didn't want to scare her. He injected a mixture of penicillin and dihydrostreptomycin and sent her home to bed, ordering ice packs to ease her throbbing head. On Friday she felt better. She loafed around and read comics until suppertime. Saturday night she was baby-sitting for a neighbor.

Meanwhile the house filled up for the week end until all the Thiels were there, all 16, including Joe and Clara. As always with such home-comings a happy spirit infused the family.

On Saturday Jean, the youngest girl, felt feverish. She was crouched downstairs, afraid to move. Catherine carried her to bed.

It was soon after that Jerry began feeling sick. Joan had not liked what she had heard about Catherine's and Jean's upsets. Now when Jerry begged off from the chores and said, "My neck doesn't feel good. It hurts. It's stiff," and went to bed without much supper, she was worried but said nothing.

Monday, while Joe Thiel was away working, Joan and her mother planned to drive Donald, the soldier, to Nebraska, where he was to get a ride to camp. Neither really wanted to go, with Jerry and Jean the way they were; but they did, leaving the younger children in charge of Catherine and Arlene. "If they get worse," was their parting word, "call Dr. McGill."

As they returned over the flat concrete roads from Nebraska, Joan said quietly to her mother, "It looks like Jerry has polio." When they entered

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DONALD ULTANG

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the farmhouse, Fritz, Harry and little Butch were in bed. All were feverish, all had headaches. "Oh, make this house stop going around, Mother," Butch cried out when he saw her.

Arlene and Catherine were distraught. After their mother and sister had gone that morning, Jerry had taken a turn for the worse; they had called Dr. McGill, who had come out and looked Jerry over. Late that afternoon the three smaller boys had been stricken. "It was kind of like a nightmare," Clara recalls.

Joan took off her things and went to work, fixing ice bags and soothing the youngsters. She had never nursed anyone in her own family before; no one there had ever needed her.

Then Joe Thiel, tired and sweaty from the fields, came home. "We just went ahead and did what had to be done," he says. The next day Dr. McGill came out again. Marcella, the six-year-old beauty of the family, had begun to ache. When they had time to stop and think that night, the Thiels knew that the epidemic had caught up with them on their isolated farm.

On Friday morning the disease had reached out for shy, dark Ina Mae. She went to bed crying. "We kept putting cold packs on their heads," Clara Thiel relates. "That's all we knew to do. To keep them out of some pain. To keep them from jumping out of bed."

When Tom Came Home for a Week End

Friday night Tom came home again from his farm job. He looked around and saw a household sick and frightened and unhappy. He didn't feel so well himself. But he dragged around over the week end, doing what he could for the kids and the stock. On Monday he went back to work. That evening he phoned. Joe Thiel went and got him in the car the next morning.

"We must 'a' got some sleep," says Joe. "We couldn't of stood it."

Meanwhile the younger ones had begun to recover. But not Jerry. He did not get better; he got worse. On the same day that Tom got sick, Dr. McGill came and took one look at Jerry and called St. Joseph Mercy Hospital. Then he added up the score. Only two of the Thiel children living at home had not been affected: Arlene and Lawrence. Dr. McGill had no gamma globulin to administer. But in Mapleton, Dr. Paul G. Ingham, another general practitioner, did. On the chance that the two children did not already have polio in the incubation stage, Dr. McGill called him and arranged for Arlene and Lawrence to be shot the next day with the blood fraction in which, as Dr. Hammon's tests ultimately proved, there lay a good chance of temporary protection against paralysis.

That night, Monday, Joe and Clara drove Jerry to the hospital in Sioux City, to become another patient among hundreds. "I used to think they took you to the hospital only to die," Jerry muses.

On Tuesday, August 5th, two weeks from the day Catherine was taken sick, Mrs. Thiel drove Arlene and Lawrence into Mapleton to get injections of gamma globulin from Dr. Ingham.

The next day, Wednesday, nothing happened to anybody.

On Thursday, two days after he was injected, young Lawrence's number came up. The dark-haired boy with the great shoulders and large hands was out behind the tractor helping mow. "I came in at eleven for dinner. I never ate much. I didn't feel like working any more. I lay down."

That night there were hamburgers on the table, his favorite meal. He nibbled one. "I knew something was wrong with Lawrence," says Clara. " 'What's the matter, Lawrence?' I asked. 'Well, I'm tired,' he said. He was really feeling rough."

So Joe and Clara drove the boy over to Dr. McGill. "Dr. McGill looked me over. He hit my knees, and my legs didn't swing enough. He bent down my head. I couldn't touch my chin to my chest." That night Joe and Clara drove Lawrence to St. Joseph's. "We kept going," Joe says.

The next day, Friday, Tom was still home. He wasn't feeling bad and took over Lawrence's chores. Bob was due home for the week end any moment. "When Bob walked in the door," says Clara, "I said, like I always say, 'Well, son, how are you?' This time Bob, he said, 'Mom, I'm sick.' "

Bob says, "I had an awful headache. I had a sore throat. But I ate some supper. Not much. After supper I drove with my sister to see Dr. McGill. He checked me over. I had all the symptoms the other boys had. He called the hospital and got me a bed."

This time Clara felt too exhausted to go to St. Joe's. Joe Thiel and a neighbor drove Bob to the hospital that night. That made it Jerry and Lawrence and Bob who were at the hospital. That night the Thiels read in the Sioux City Journal about another farm family, in Nebraska, with lots of kids, all sick, and two dead. That made them fearful. Anything could happen now.

Joe and Clara were worn and bewildered. Joan stayed at her hospital job in Sioux City, postponed her wedding to Dick Smith. Then, although the hospital told her she was needed in delivery, she talked her way into a transfer to polio, where her three brothers were. "As long as Joan was working in her brothers' ward," recalls Clara, "we felt we could keep track of everything."

It was not until Jerry got out of the hospital that anyone knew he had gone there expecting to die. Stoically he had taken his hot-pack treatments and the immersions that polio victims get in "the horse tank down in the basement." Then he lay in his bed, depressed, without hope.

Near him Lawrence was suffering. His headache was unbearable. Unlike anyone else in his family, he endured jabbing pains in his abdomen. But he had walked into the hospital, climbed into bed himself. When, after four days, the pain subsided, Lawrence, the would-be football star, could not feel his legs any more. They were there, but they did not move worth talking about. He didn't even like to think about it.

One Brother Who Waited for Death

The hospital sent Bob home the Sunday following the Friday of his arrival. That was August 10th. His fever was down, his headache gone. His mother and father came and got him. He said good-by to Lawrence, who had lost his legs, and to Jerry, who was waiting to die. He felt guilty, he was so lucky. He wasn't so lucky.

Bob lolled around the farm at Mapleton for a week. "I didn't feel bad. I didn't feel so hot. I went to town, saw some friends. Didn't feel like any kind of work." Then, on Friday, a week after his first attack, it happened. Bob tells it this way:

"When I got up Friday I felt a sore spot on my left shoulder. Hurt real bad. That sore spot spread all over my shoulder, down the left side of my face, down my left arm, down my left side. The whole side of me was bad."

Again Joe Thiel drove his son to the doctor; again he drove him over the curving road to Sioux City and St. Joseph Mercy. Back there Bob suffered intense pain for three days. Monday night, August 18th, was the last bad night. "On Tuesday morning the pain was gone. So was my left arm. It was all gone. I don't remember whether it went before the pain stopped or after. I don't remember much. All I know, my left arm was gone."

On September 7th, the hospital sent young Jerry home. He had been in the hospital more than four weeks. His father and mother drove him home. The corn was ripening and looking very good.

At the hospital they are now teaching Bob how to handle the brace on his left arm. They are having him work at peeling an orange with that left hand and squeezing a ball, to keep the muscles from deteriorating.

A week or two ago the local draft board gave him a 4F rating. That's one weight off his shoulder, the draft. But he would rather have the weight of the brace off his shoulder.

They are fitting Lawrence with special shoes and braces and crutches. "Lawrence is not going to be a football player," says Joe.

On September 8th, Joan became Mrs. Richard Smith and, when she reported at the hospital, asked to be transferred back to delivery.

Joe Thiel never saw the corn grow so good in his life. But it was a bad summer on the Thiel farm; the worst Joe ever saw. ▲▲▲

The girls of the family, all of whom escaped paralysis, work in the kitchen with their mother. Joan (second from left), a nurse, cared for stricken kin

The Thiel boys, except for Lawrence, gather with their father in the yard. Bob (second from right) is undergoing therapy to restore use of left arm

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Leading man Hiram Sherman serenades Miss Davis Saroyan-style, uses parasol for flute in witty burlesque of the playwright's technique

BETTE GOES

Miss Davis escapes tear-drenched drama for comedy in the forthcoming Broadway revue Two's Company

BETTE DAVIS rang down the first-act curtain in a wispy gray wig and hillbilly's patchwork gown. The raucous ballad she sang, about a Purple Rose, had Detroit first-nighters applauding delightedly. By show's end she had danced, sung in her weird alto and clowned through some half-dozen blackout numbers in the topical revue Two's Company. The movies' leading interpreter of suffering womanhood had done an about-face, and now a new and engaging comedienne was abroad in the land.

After 22 years of comparatively comfortable Hollywood stardom (her last stage play was in 1930), Miss Davis, a shapely, attractive woman of forty-four, is well aware that there are easier ways to make a living. Even the backstage cat knows the rigors of readying a show for Broadway. But like many top performers, Bette feels her career needs an occasional shot in the arm.

From the earliest rehearsal at New York's Alvin Theater two months ago she threw herself into the proceedings with astonishing vigor. Accustomed to the sunrise schedules of films, she explained, "I can't get used to the idea that they aren't going to shoot this thing at dawn."

The days rolled by and Miss Davis became the hub of a feverish operation. Producers James Russo and Michael Ellis, assisted by a hardy handful of theater professionals, tailored words, music and production to fit her talents, those of her leading man, Hiram (Chubby) Sherman, and featured dancer Nora Kaye.

As the company pulled itself together for its tour of Detroit, Pittsburgh and Boston prior to the Broadway opening set for December 4th, the tempo and blood pressures increased in true theater fashion.

"I always thought a revue would be easier than a book show, but now I'm not convinced," said lyricist Ogden Nash. "The last two days will probably be pure horror." They were. "The arrangement for the overture is always late," predicted composer Vernon Duke. "And it will be this time." It was.

Amidst the hurly-burly of day-and-night rehearsal calls, Miss Davis ran through her opening song and dance, Good Little Girls (go to heaven, smart little girls go to Bergdorf, etc.), and an urban parody entitled Loathsome Party, rehearsed her semiblue lament, Just Like a Man, shimmied and flipped her feather boa to the conga rhythms of Roll Along Sadie—and worried about a missing wig.

But the wig arrived, the overture went off without a hitch, and Miss Davis, facing her first live audience in two decades, proved with her flair for broad comedy that it's sheer folly to type-cast a trouper. ▲▲▲

In song-and dance parody Roll Along Sadie, Bette Davis cuts loose in hip-swinging, gum-chewing take-off on tropic siren Sadie Thompson

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

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Clutching jug of corn, Bette shows comedy flair as leader of TV hillbilly troupe which improvises wild mountain ditty, Purple Rose

Bette plays cloddish tenement bride in a skit entitled Jealousy, gets backbreaking bear hug from overzealous spouse Nathaniel Frey

BROADWAY

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

In haglike garb, Miss Davis crouches before the footlights, brings down first-act curtain of Two's Company singing rowdy hillbilly ballad

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To make them happy and hence good, she bent herself to inventing a superlative skunk cry, a penetrating wee-ee-ee

Miss Phinney's Temptation

By DWIGHT HUTCHISON

Was she being an old fool—pretending the children were hers, pretending they loved her?

PHINNEY'S cock-a-doodle-doo—perhaps her most lifelike imitation—came out just as she stopped beside a traffic policeman. His eyes popped at the freakish old girl crowing in his face. She laughed and shot the old car forward. Who cared? She never minded making herself ridiculous. The Lord made her funny-looking; she took the cue and made good use of the gift.

The boys had gotten restless after three hours of driving. She had sung all the deep, booming hymns she knew and given repeated renderings of the more appropriate Over the River and Through the Woods to Grandmother's House We Go. Then Jonno started kicking the dashboard. Jamie kicked with both feet, and as Jonno began to bang it with his fist, Phinney searched her mind for a new song.

"We want to go home," the boys said. "Our mother said to be sure to come home before dark."

She was chilled to the bone herself, her enormous feet two ice floes. Why couldn't the boys' grandmother live in Philadelphia or Baltimore instead of raw, shivery New England? Come, come, Phinney. No complaints.

Jonno tried crying, screwing up his face to make it look like the real thing. Jamie improved on the performance. It was then that Phinney suddenly remembered the song from her childhood. Eureka! Just the ticket.

She opened her mouth and let out with gusto, rocking slightly to put the rhythm over:

"My grandfather had a very fine farm,
A very fine farm had he;
With a bowwow here and a bowwow there,
With here a bow, there a wow,
Here and there a bowwow.
So come along, boys, to the merry, green fields,
To the merry, green fields away."

They ate that up, her bowwow being no shirking, spoken bowwow, but a deep-throated bark that made the boys shiver with pleasure. After that came lambs, lions, chickadees, mosquitoes and the triumphant rooster. Phinney had a real talent for animal noises. She had a talent for everything connected with baby sitting, but she wasn't ready to pin a ribbon on herself yet.

When she went into this profession, she had set her sights high. But she still fell asleep occasionally when parents stayed out after one. You'd be shot in the Army for that, Phinney, she'd tell herself, slapping her face with cold water. Occasionally new parents hesitated, thinking their children might be frightened by this strange-looking creature. They soon found out, however. Children liked her—miracle of miracles.

She made a mistake now—she included a pig in her repertoire. Jonno and Jamie would have nothing else after that. Two yellow heads turned up; four round, blue eyes stared, as the pig snort went echoing through her nasal passages, making the end of her nose vibrate like a hummingbird's wings.

"With here a *(snort)*, there a *(snort)*." Her sinuses burned like live coals.

"Just a minute, just a *(Continued on page 64)*

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

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Why Not RENT a Guest

You can, you know, along with countless other items. Renting has become big business and one of the most significant economic trends in the nation today

IN THIS high-cost-of-living era, millions of Americans from coast to coast are eagerly seeking ways to stretch their dollars so their intake covers their outgo. And millions are finding that one way they can economize—comfortably and happily—is through renting what they need or want. Never before has renting been such big Big Business in America. It's one of the nation's most exciting social and economic trends today.

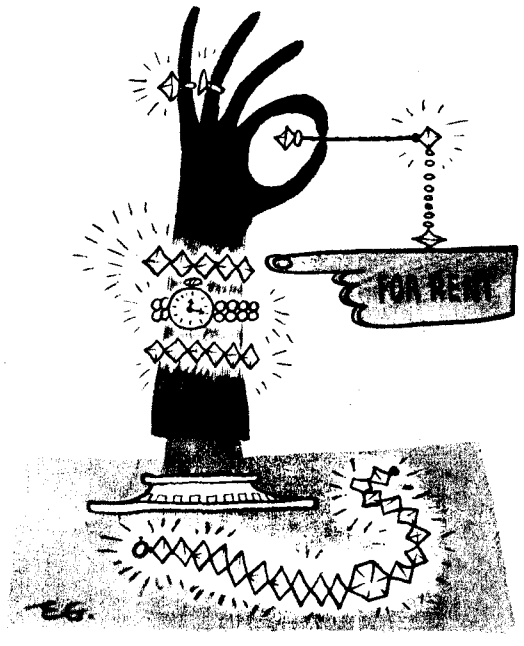
Never before has the list of things you can rent ranged so far and wide. You can rent just about everything you can think of, from autos to zircons, a merry-go-round or a vacuum cleaner, a featherweight guest towel or a multi-ton truck. Never before have you, Mr. Businessman, and you, Mrs. Housewife, clamored so loudly and persistently for renting privileges, thus spurring firms in the field to forecast the future of renting in superlatives.

A neighbor of ours who worked from his home this past summer rented a new typewriter and adding machine for the July-August period. "The typewriter cost me $10 for the two months, the adding machine $15," he explained. "I have plenty of equipment in my office so I don't need to buy these machines. Instead of investing well over $100 in stuff I'd use for only a little while, I spent a few dollars for the convenience and service. It was common sense and economical. I'll do it again next year."

While he was experimenting with renting a couple of office machines for his personal use, a major aircraft corporation was making plans to lease more than $800,000 worth of the identical equipment—typewriters, adding machines, desks, file cabinets, the whole works. And many major industrial concerns are now studying the idea.

Another friend drove out to our house the other day in a new car. When we complimented him on his purchase, he said, "Oh, I don't own it! I've rented the car for six months at $100 a month. Personally, I'm sold on the idea. I don't have to worry about the cost of insurance. The firm I'm renting from pays the charges. I don't have to fuss about repairs. If anything goes wrong, the company will fix it or replace the car. I'm not burdened with the problem of resale. When I'm through, I'll just turn back the car and next year I'll rent another brand-new one. All I have is my garage expense while I'm renting and the costs of whatever gas and oil I use."

In bygone days, only a home was rented. Now furnishings can be rented separately, too



While he was glorying in the convenience of his arrangement, U.S. Steel Corporation was completing a deal to lease 1,500 automobiles for its agents and salesmen. And U.S. Steel was tardy. Radio Corporation of America, DuPont, Johnson & Johnson, Minneapolis-Honeywell, Jones & Laughlin Steel—all these corporation giants, and many others, have abandoned all or part of their fleets in favor of renting deals.

You've always known about renting apartments, houses and offices, of course. Millions of us live in rented quarters today; most businessmen operate out of rented offices.

But did you know that you can rent precious paintings—original masterpieces known the world over—to put into your apartment or house or office or showroom? As an illustration, there's the New York Circulating Library of Paintings with 2,400 paintings which you can rent for as little as $5 a month each, insurance included. Represented in the selection are such artists as Utrillo, Degas, Sargent and Covarrubias. The library gets eager requests for specific works from art lovers in all the 48 states. Many decorators and housewives send letters describing particular rooms and asking for paintings that might fit in with their decorating scheme. In the seven years the library has been in existence, its business has soared 300 per cent and it's booming better than ever today.

One lawyer rents two paintings every three months. In his tiny office, he places one across from his desk where he can look at it daily and one behind his desk for his client to enjoy. When he tires of this arrangement, he switches pictures. When he is tired of both, he rents a new set.

A famous 84-year-old decorator has rented paintings for five years. When it was suggested that he buy paintings instead, he said he couldn't possibly afford what he liked and that in this way he could indulge himself in his old age.

You have always known about renting books. But did you know that you can rent a fur coat from any one of dozens of firms scattered throughout the country to make yourself particularly beautiful on special occasions? As a normal female with a normal affection for mink, I'm fascinated by the idea of being able to wear my dream coat on *the* eve-

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Towel?

By SYLVIA F. PORTER

ning. I can do so—mink will cost me $25 to $35 a night; a cheaper fur will be mine-for-a-night for $10 to $15.

"The calls for rentals of furs are increasing fantastically," one fur-renting firm says. "There's a terrific move on the part of women everywhere to rent fur jackets, capes and stoles," adds a second in the field. The renters come from every income class. Career girls rent fur coats for the vacation trip of the year; society matrons rent fancy furs for fancy parties. "With furs costing what they do, the field for renting is unlimited," enthuses a third furrier. "We're filling a big want," insists a fourth.

Diaper Service Is Well Established

And of course you know you can rent diapers for your newborn. This business has been in existence for almost 20 years. Today it stretches from coast to coast, and clients in every bracket use the same services, pay the same charges.

But did you know you can rent just about everything else for your baby, too—a carriage ($10 a month), a crib ($12 a month), a high chair ($5 a month), a play pen ($5 a month), and so on? It's a fairly new twist in renting, but it's in an undeniable upswing. The biggest demands come from vacationing parents who want to rent for a couple of weeks only and from grandparents, aunts and uncles who suddenly find themselves entertaining their crawling relatives. In Austin, Texas, there's a couple with nine children who fell into the business when they advertised some baby furniture for sale. They had no buyers, but they did get inquiries about renting. That started them off; now about the only item they don't rent is the baby itself.

Or did you know you can rent rugs? Not only carpet runners for church weddings but also special rugs for special events and for any length of time? The prices range from about $15 up, including trucking charges.

The housewife down the street may be renting her linens these days—sheets, pillowcases, towels, tablecloths. It's a million-dollar business, growing more popular by the day as more and more discover the rental charges work out to about the same as laundering costs. And there's no initial investment in linens, no loss from wear or tear.

The young husband across the road may be renting a sanding and polishing machine to redo the floors in his house. Because of the stiff costs of man power and materials in America today, "Do It Yourself!" is becoming the slogan of countless families throughout the country. And "Do It Yourself!" often involves renting the equipment with which to do it—particularly equipment that will be used only now and then.

And that large family around the corner may be renting a luggage trailer for its trek to the mountains or seashore this year. Papa and Mama and the kids will load all the stuff into the trailer, attach it to the family car—and off they'll go. There'll be no tearful arguments about what can be and what can't be taken along, for there'll be plenty of room for everything. And there'll be no fear of suitcases going astray or trunks being delayed. The family and the luggage will start and arrive together.

Perhaps there's a wedding coming up in your family soon and you would like to throw a real party for 50 or 60 friends and relatives. You can rent everything except the friends, the relatives and the champagne.

Want to serve punch? Rent an exquisite cut-glass punch bowl, holding up to three gallons, for $2 an evening; and rent as many cups as you need for five cents each.

Want to serve champagne? Rent a big champagne tub. The cost will be only $2.50 and you'll be able to chill as many bottles of the precious stuff as you can afford to buy.

Want to avoid those awful scrambles for hats and coats that so frequently mar a party's end? Rent an attractive hat-and-coat rack that will take care of 30 to 40 coats and as many hats for as little as $2.50.

Want to keep your refreshments hot? Rent an electric oven or heater for $3.50 and you'll satisfy your most critical guest.

Want to make sure your champagne drinkers drive home safely? While ordering the punch bowl and champagne tub, ask for a coffee urn too. You'll get a silver urn for $4 that will hold 50 to 85 cups. That should sober up the group.

Want to give your piano-playing friends a chance to perform? Rent a piano for the occasion. You can get one for as little as $6 (plus $25 delivery charge) and you'll have it long after the party is over, for rentals are on a monthly basis.

Rugs for the household now can be rented, as well as a plush carpet runner for a wedding

Want to have a permanent record of the toasts to the bride and groom? Rent a tape-recording machine and you'll probably have not only a permanent record but also a hilarious memento. Tape recorders have become increasingly popular since World War II. Students often carry machines to classrooms to record vital lectures so they'll be able to cram more intelligently for final exams. Businessmen frequently rent machines to record all that goes on at important office conferences. A famous Broadway and Hollywood actor who is also an avid poetry enthusiast rents a machine whenever he finds a volume of verse that appeals to him. He locks himself in his room, records the poetry and then, at his whim, he plays back his own reading of the lines.

And—a final touch—would you like to brighten your party costume with some extra-special jewelry? Why not rent it? The jewelry you see on the leading ladies in Broadway productions is often rented. Many of the debutantes who attend such affairs as the Tiara Ball in New York rent their glittering jewelry for the evening. Why shouldn't you do the same thing? The cost is 5 to 15 per cent of the selling price and you can get impressively decorative pieces for $5. "At this price, you can afford to change your jewelry wardrobe once a month," argues a woman executive in this provocative field.

The chances are if you're not a resident of a fairly large city, you'll not find jewelry for rent in your area. But you should have little trouble renting the other articles already listed here. Practically every city in the U.S. now has a dealer who rents pianos and if a local caterer doesn't have the party items you want, most big-city firms will ship anywhere in the country and back.

Renting of equipment isn't new. The rent-a-car idea, for example, dates back to the early twenties, almost to the first mass production of the automobile itself. Today there are car-rental agencies even in the smallest towns. Typewriters have been available for rent almost since the first workable typewriter was invented 85 years ago, and today there are at least 15,000 dealers throughout the nation who offer typewriters on a rental basis. One of my earliest memories is of my mother making me a party dress on a rented sewing machine, and we lived then in a village miles away from New York.

Renting of equipment isn't difficult either. It's actually as close to you as your classified telephone directory. Just look under the individual alphabetical listing. And many of the industries have national associations or central-information bureaus. If you live in a small town where facilities are limited, you can write to these associations or information bureaus for guidance.

Seeking Causes of the Renting Vogue

But until World War II, renting was limited to a relatively few industries and was the occasional rather than the usual procedure. Now the trend toward renting as a regular custom is so pronounced in so many spheres that it demands attention and analysis as an economic and social force. Why is renting so popular? What are the reasons behind the move, what is the meaning?

The two primary explanations are strictly in the dollars-and-cents category. Bluntly: when you rent, you don't have to tie up your capital the way you do when you buy; and second, you often can also save money on the deal. With many individuals and corporations finding themselves hard up for cash, and with nearly everything we need or want costing a record amount today, these reasons are mighty powerful, indeed.

Our friend who rented a new car for six months is laying out $600. His only other expenses are his garage rent for those months and the gas and oil he uses. If he bought that car, his initial expense would be about $2,500—or more. Then he'd have the insurance cost; he would be responsible for any repairs or damage; he would have garage expense throughout the year—even during months he might use the car only a few times, and he would have the worry about resale in the future. "I always owned my car before, but I haven't that kind of money now," he told us. For his requirements, renting made complete sense.

The head of one company now renting a fleet of 500 cars for seasonal use explains that if the firm had bought the fleet, it would have had to plunk down $1,000,000 on the spot. "That's tough capital to raise and a huge amount of money to tie up," he says simply. Renting the cars six months a year costs the company $300,000, payable monthly. On the amounts that corporations can save by renting instead of buying their passenger cars and trucks, the estimates vary widely. Ac-

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One temporary solution to the housing shortage—renting trailers to transients

One actor rents a recording machine when he discovers verse that he wants to read and save

cording to John W. Rollins, president of the Rollins Fleet Leasing Company of Delaware, most companies can save 20 to 25 per cent a year by leasing cars to be driven by their salesmen, and some companies can save as much as 40 per cent.

According to Walter L. Jacobs, president of the pioneering Hertz Driv-Ur-Self System, "A most significant economy is the elimination of the hidden costs of fleet operation. All the costs are known in advance and all extra bookkeeping is eliminated," says Jacobs. "Often a company has to have a full-time executive in charge of operating trucks. When the trucks are leased, the responsibility is shifted to experienced truck people. And there's no need for surplus trucks and surplus equipment. For seasonal businesses, renting is an obvious economy move."

Progress of Car Leasing Reviewed

The surge toward leasing of cars and trucks by businessmen is nothing short of phenomenal. It's calculated that five years ago only 2 per cent of U.S. corporations used leased cars; today the figure is placed at 20 per cent. Leasing firms owned only about 1,500 trucks two decades ago; now they own at least 75,000. At the end of World War II, the number of fleet-leasing companies was infinitesimal; today, the total is estimated at 1,000. And new agencies are still springing up all over the nation. Distributors with hundreds of types of trucks to meet the needs of hundreds of different industries are tapping every area, from Maine to California.

A third reason for the spread of renting plans may be summarized in one word: taxes. The corporation which rents its equipment or automobiles exclusively for business purposes can deduct the entire rental cost—100 per cent—on its tax return as a business expense. If it bought the equipment, it would be entitled to take off only a certain amount every year for wear and tear. "With taxes as heavy as they are, this is the crucial factor to us," admitted one executive I queried.

There are other attractions too. When you rent, you usually get a new, or late-model, machine. Further, most renting firms not only will pay for the insurance but also will agree to repair or replace the equipment if necessary.

At the annual convention of the National Office Machine Dealers Association recently, dealers emphasized the "new model, no repair worries" feature as a top point in favor of renting. One typewriter dealer revealed he has 1,500 machines on rental today against 400 four years ago. Another placed his rental business at $2,000 a month now, double the total of two years ago.

Of course, the boom in rentals is not all sweetness and light for all concerned! There are plenty of limitations, risks, disturbing questions. For instance, any businessman thinking of entering the renting field—especially the renting of such major items as cars and trucks—must start with a substantial cash nest egg. It takes a huge amount of money to finance a fleet of new cars. And few Americans could even dream of renting out precious paintings. The New York Circulating Library of Paintings was formerly a private collection put together over a period of 45 years. The present manager of the library inherited the collection from her wealthy father.

There are tremendous risks too. Many in the car-leasing field shudder when they think of what could happen if the used-car market collapses. So far since World War II, resale of used cars has been a cinch. But it might not always be so, and should the used-car market turn sour, some renting firms are certain to be badly hurt. Also, in many fields there's considerable debate over the extent to which renting will cut into direct selling of the items involved. "We don't want any part of renting," grumbles an appliance dealer. "Why should we help slash our own throats?"

And objective economists and sociologists are uneasy about the basic meaning of the trend. "There's something drastically wrong with our price structure when both businessmen and housewives find goods so expensive they can't afford to buy and are forced to rent," muses a nationally known economist. He thinks it's another signal that our economy is getting out of balance. "This is a dangerous departure from America's fundamental traditions of private ownership and our basic concepts of security," adds a reputable sociologist. He argues that only with ownership comes the needed sense of security and he agrees it's a sign we're off balance.

But these obstacles and objections aren't bothering the millions who are discovering the advantages of renting, or those who are profiting from the trend and who see nothing but more gains ahead. Perhaps the excitement and anticipations are summed up best by the builder who told me he expects to make a fortune renting trailers to transients in temporarily overcrowded areas throughout the country.

"Why . . . why . . ." he sputtered as I rose to leave his office, "renting trailers is the greatest thing since steam!" ▲▲▲

There's even a renting service for fine art. Charge for a painting is $5 a month and up

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DOROSE COMES OUT

By MARGARET CHASE

One of the kids stole Mr. Logg's gallstones, and Pa took a swing at a gate-crasher. Otherwise my sister's debut was a great success

MY SISTER Dorose made her debut on her eighteenth birthday, last spring. It was lavish, but harrowing. Pa gave her a round, gold lady's watch that he bought over in St. Louis. I gave her a hand-painted picture of a Diesel going over the bridge at Columbia with the river in flood. From the eligible bachelors she received candy, a bottle of human gallstones, one proposal of marriage and two hints. What city girl in exclusive café society gets more than that?

Dorose has always been lucky. The rest of us Timrods are freckled towheads, but she is pretty; thin, with light red hair and sweet brown eyes so flecked with gold they are almost yellow.

She sewed me a dress for her coming-out party —pink taffeta with no sleeves. Pa was shocked at no sleeves. He's strict with us. Dorose had bought white taffeta to make her own dress, but couldn't get it finished, so wore her Sunday yellow.

We live out of town in a big wooden house with eleven rooms and a wide porch, and we have a bathroom indoors although we are beyond city water. It's a great deal of trouble and expense to have an indoor bathroom, but my father is a railroad engineer! He makes plenty of money.

The reason Dorose came out is because Pa wanted to make her forget Grady Stor. Pa has kept urging her to get interested in some railroad man that is worthy of our family's position. Grady used to come to the house to take Dorose to the movies. But one night Grady and Pa had a big argument. Grady said it was a darn' shame to keep a beautiful girl like that cooped up in the country doing a middle-aged woman's work. That's ridiculous. It's pretty soft. Pa told Grady never to darken his door again. And Grady was offended and flang out forever.

Dorose got to quit high school the end of her second year, when she was sixteen, same age I am now, because our mother died. The family is Pa, Dorose, me—I'm Flory—Ada and Jackie, eight and nine years old, and Boom, the baby. He's four. Dorose still practices the piano, although no one makes her. Pa brings home the Kansas City and Roswell and Moberly papers, and she reads every word of them, so she is up on things, just like Pa.

The debut was planned the week before her birthday. Pa and Dorose and I were sitting around the dining-room table after the supper dishes were done. Dorose was mending a barn door in Jackie's pants. "Pa," she said, "I've got to get the kids' clothes fixed up; Easter vacation is about over. Next week Flory will be doing algebra and Caesar again, and Ada and Jackie will be back in school, too. No one home but me and Boom."

"Wish I was you," I said. "You'll be eighteen next Saturday, old enough to get married and be your own boss."

"Don't rush her, Flory," Pa said. His face looked sad, and deep creases showed in his cheeks. "It ain't lively enough here for Dorose, but it ain't my fault. I was so bewildered what to do, with three little ones, when Mama went."

"Don't worry about it, Pa," Dorose said kindly.

"It's too bad for a young girl to be so much alone. I wish now I had built nearer town, so you'd have neighbors. When the Jump Down house burned down, I thought sure someone else would build out this way, but they didn't."

"The kids must come in. It's almost dark," my sister said. "I'll go out and yell for them."

"Stay where you are," Pa ordered her. He was scared she might meet Grady Stor secretly. "Flory can go."

"I'd like some fresh air," Dorose insisted, and her eyes filled up.

PA LOOKED at her uneasy. He's a gentle father and doesn't like to see his kids cry. Still, Grady isn't a railroad man, and you got to keep up your standards. A girl as pretty as Dorose could get a division superintendent.

"Don't feel sorry for yourself. You know what I've been reading in the papers? There's a fine way fixed up for a young girl to have a great time. They make their debut. I've noticed lots of debutantes' pictures in the big-city papers. You can come out, and you get to meet the friends of your father."

"Any time I feel the need, I can look out the kitchen window at the tracks and see your friends going by looking out of the cab of their engine. What's a debut really like, do you suppose?"

"I never saw one, but I read about plenty. A girl gets to be eighteen, her father gives a dinner party for her, and she has on a new dress and carries bought flowers. That's after she has finished cooking the dinner, I guess. After a swell feed, they play music and talk. A debut makes it known the girl is grown-up, and it's as good as graduating from high."

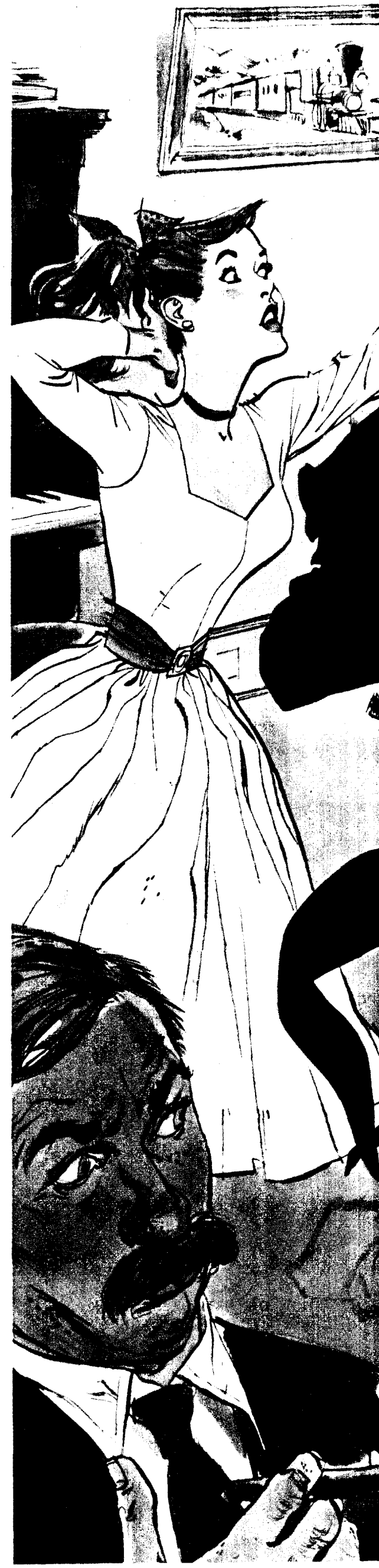
"You mean a debutante is the equal of a college man?"

"She's the equal of anybody. I wouldn't be doing my duty as a father if I let you go with Grady Stor when I know two good, single railroad men. Cuthbert Boody, he's a fireman, and Mr. Logg, he's a brakeman that saves his money. We'll ask them two, besides Mr. and Mrs. Attwood, and Mr. and Mrs. Weatherhogg for their high social standing."

Mr. Attwood is a rich conductor, and Mr. Weatherhogg is a freight agent.

"Mr. Logg has a big mustache and his first

"You darn' reporter!" Pa threw a punch at him, but Grady didn't hit back, though he could easily beat Pa. Dorose sobbed and said, "I shall leave and never speak to you again, Pa"



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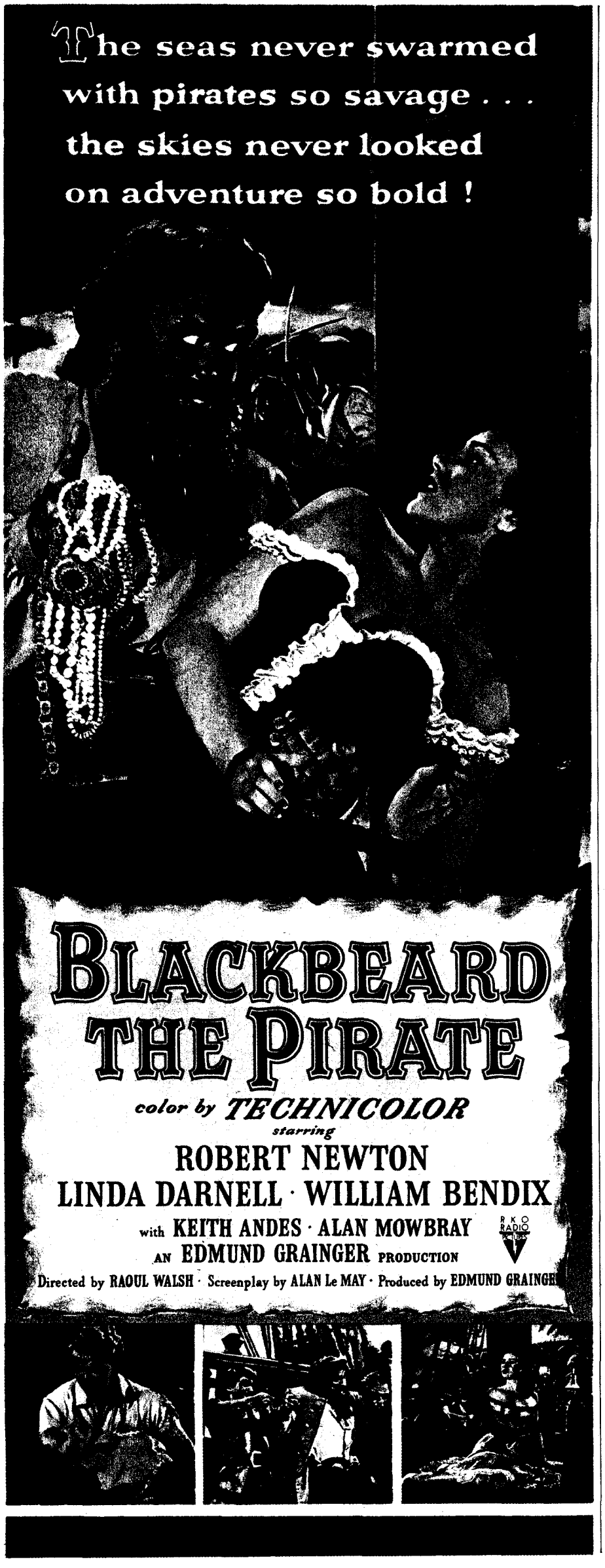
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LINDA DARNELL · WILLIAM BENDIX
with KEITH ANDES · ALAN MOWBRAY
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dime," Dorose observed. "I don't know if Cuthbert Boody can speak words. He just guffaws if I say hello. Maybe he thinks I look funny."

"He talks to me," I put in. "I like Cuthbert."

"Well, that Grady Stor ain't so wonderful neither, with those dark-rimmed glasses," Pa said. "Wears his hair too short cut. I don't like it because he's always hanging around the police station in town."

"He is seeking crime news to telephone to the big-city papers," Dorose explained, her lip trembling. "He gets paid for what they print. He is a reporter. That's not wrong."

"What future is there in it?"

"Pa, you're a railroad snob!"

"I try to be nice to everybody. I got friends that are humble men. But there ain't a single railroad man in Grady's family!"

"His father was only a lawyer," I said. "Grady didn't even go to one of the big state universities. Went to some place called Northwestern Chicago, I think."

"I like parties. It'll be fun to make the girls swell dresses and cook a fine dinner and be as good as a high-school graduate."

"Flory!" Pa yelled suddenly. "When are you going to get them kids?"

"Do I have to? Where are they?"

"Probably at the Jump Down house," Pa said, "hunting in the rubbish for new specimens for Jackie's museum."

Dorose ran to the front door. "I'll go myself. Be right back."

RIGHT after she went, the telephone rang. Pa beat me to it. "Who do you want? Dorose? No, she can't come to the phone. And don't call her again." Pa hung up, and I slipped quietly outdoors so as not to hear him fume. I went past the garden plot, past our two big trees, and down the dusty road. I caught up with Dorose walking slowly along calling, "Jackie! Ada! Boom!"

"Aha!" I said. "Are you dawdling along waiting for Grady to appear in his crummy old car? I'm going to the Jump Down house."

"It isn't so crummy." She kept on walking with her eyes searching the horizon. I didn't tell her Grady had called up. I turned and crossed the tracks to the Jump Down house. We used to have neighbors that lived there, but after a bad fire they moved to town. The grass grew up high and weedy. The stairs had rotted away, and the useless front door was ten feet from the ground, which was why Jackie had named it the Jump Down house. The kids often played there, because there isn't any other place to play near us, just farm land both sides of the tracks.

A PAPER pellet from a slingshot stung my cheek. "Boom!" yelled my little brother. Then a stream of water chilled my stomach. That would be Ada's water pistol.

"Cut that out! Come home!" I yelled, racing through the weeds and burrs. I caught Boom, and he set up an outcry that brought Jackie running. He doesn't let anyone pitch into Boom.

"Turn him loose, Flory. I was fixing up my museum like the museum in the town library. Come and look."

We crawled into the empty, scorched shell of the house through the piled rubbish in back. Jackie had arranged his museum on the lid of an old cookstove, washed pretty clean: petrified wood, Chinese cash, Confederate money, a pair of shoelaces that had belonged to Billy the Kid and such treasures.

"That's a nice place for it. You cleaned up the stove fine. Where did you get the wash water to do it?"

"I tied a rag on a clothes pole and stuck it in the cistern. There's two-three inches of water."

"Pretty stinky, wasn't it?" I looked into the pump room, where the old iron sink was slimy, and the pump a rusty ruin.

"Watch yourself! You'll fall into the cistern—boom!" yelled Boom. The cover for the cistern was propped against the wall. I saw the oily shine of water far below.

"Thought Pa nailed that shut."

"I un-nailed it. Wouldn't the cistern be a swell place to hide? I wonder—"

"No, you can't play down there! Kids can get drowned!"

"In two inches of water?" Jackie stirred the black substance with a broken bamboo fish pole. "They got a

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COLLIER'S — MAX PORTER

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mummy in the museum in town. I'd like to pull an arm off a mysterious corpse that got drownded in here. Wow! I'd use it for a mummy."

I hauled Jackie outdoors, and the two little followers tagged after. We met Dorose still mooning along the road.

"Hey, sister!" Jackie called. "Who do you think came into the Jump Down house while we were putting labels on my museum? Grady Stor. He was sure took aback to see us. Darn' near fell into the cistern."

"Oh, no!" Dorose looked pale.

"I says, 'Grady old boy, can I drive your car?' And he says, 'Maybe someday, but right now, how far can you run for a dime apiece?' "

Ada added, "I told him, 'A dime isn't so much. I got six bits in my bureau. You can't run us out of here. You beat it yourself. You ain't my boss.' "

"Have you pried that cistern cover off again?" Dorose asked angrily. "March right back and nail it shut."

"I am sincerely sorry you are leaving the parish. You have been excellent source material for many a sermon"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES E. MARTIN

Ada twisted out of her grasp. "You can't tell me what to do. You're not my boss. I'm going home." She ran off. Dorose went back to the Jump Down house and nailed the cover back on with a chunk of wood for a hammer.

DOROSE worked like sixty for her debut, washing windows and doing up curtains and making dresses. On the very last afternoon, Pa said I had to have sleeves in my dress. I rode my bike three miles to town to buy some lace and was pedaling back home when I saw Grady propping up the bank with two other fellows.

He threw away his cigarette and took off his big hat and called, "Hey, Flory!" I waited on my bike, one foot on the curb, and the other men propped their backs on the brick wall of the bank and listened.

"How is Dorose?" He was red as a geranium.

"Mighty busy." I told him how Pa was spoiling her by giving her a formal debut.

"What would she like from me? I'd give her a diamond ring if your father would let her keep it."

"She doesn't admire diamonds. Sorry you aren't invited."

"Stop snooting me. I wonder if I could come to the back door and help her wash the dishes. She's a clever kid and a good cook too, taking a prize at the county fair last year for her prune bread. I wrote it up for the city papers, but they didn't use much."

"Haw! You're a bachelor, and your folks are dead. You would like very much to marry Dorose and move into our spare room. Then she could cook for seven people instead of six. That's what my father says."

"I would not. Let your old man hire a housekeeper and keep *her* in the spare room. If I had Dorose I'd treat her like a queen; I'd make the meals and do the dishes and scrub the floors for her. She would sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam."

The goof. She'd hate that.

I GOT home, and she put in the sleeves. It was a hot spring day, sunny but threatening, like August. We had asked the guests for six o'clock, and at quarter of six Dorose was having a bath, and I was taking out my curlers, when we heard the door knocker.

Jackie and Ada and Boom and Pa, all dressed up in their Sunday suits, dashed to the door and let in Cuthbert Boody, who carried a large package wrapped in drugstore paper. Then came Mr. Logg with his thick mustache, and Pa bellowed up the stairs for us to come down or he'd be mad.

So I hurried down, and found the kids tussling with Cuthbert, but he succeeded in hanging on to his present until he saw me in my pink dress and Dorose in her old yellow. Then he dropped it and let out his usual guffaw. She opened the package and it was simply wonderful—five pounds of drugstore candy—and I had to biff the kids to make them let go of the box. Mr. Logg with his thick mustache was looking on narrow-eyed. He has a fine bank account. Finally he took a little bottle out of his vest pocket and gave it to Dorose for her birthday, and Jackie begged for that, too. It contained eighteen gallstones that a doctor in Kansas City took out of his gall bladder.

"Look how sharp they are. Like knives," Mr. Logg said. "I'd give them to no one but my future wi—"

"Thanks heaps," Dorose said hastily, as if she didn't want to be his future wi—. Hint of marriage, number one. She was too polite to give them to Jackie for his museum, although she looked a little sick. She put them on the piano.

Then the Attwoods came with carnations, and then sweet old Mrs. Weatherhogg and her husband. After Mr. Weatherhogg gave thanks for the food, Dorose and I waited on table. The dinner was good. Afterward the party fell flat. It was only twenty to seven and would be light for two hours yet, and they certainly couldn't go home from a debut before dark.

Cuthbert Boody said, "Let's dance." And Pa said, "Not in my house. Dancing is only hugging to music." Old Mr. Weatherhogg said, "What's wrong with hugging to music?" And Mr. Logg said, "In the Bible it says David danced before the Lord, Mr. Timrod." (Mr.

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Timrod is my father's name.) And Pa said, "Yes, he did, but who with? Answer that. Who with?" Which left the two bachelors without a leg to stand on.

So the men played records while the women did the dishes. Mrs. Attwood and Mrs. Weatherhogg helped us, and there were millions, and Dorose was embarrassed because we ran out of dish towels and she had to tear up a clean, old sheet. I went to swipe a piece of candy off the piano, but the candy had disappeared, also the gallstones and the two little boys. So I imagined the museum had one more item.

WE WERE hanging up wet pieces of sheet when the door knocker banged. Dorose and I went into the hall from the kitchen as Pa and Cuthbert came in from the parlor. Grady Stor entered. We couldn't help laughing because he looked so comical in a funny suit of black clothes. Coat cut away in front with long tails behind and ribbon on the edge of the pants, a white shirt that bulged out and a small white tie. Under one arm was a huge camera and under the other a package that contained camera plates, as it turned out.

Pa scowled. "Were you invited to this debut?"

"No. I'm a gate-crasher. Gate-crashers come to every debut that amounts to anything."

"That's so," Cuthbert said. "Any debut that don't attract gate-crashers is punk. And all dressed up in a full-dress suit!"

Cuthbert is kind of nice. He put out his hand, and Pa stepped back and let Grady in.

"Mr. Timrod," he said, "I'd like to take a picture of the debutante for the big-city papers. Would you like to see an announcement of your daughter's debut in the Roswell and Moberly and Kansas City papers? I'm local correspondent."

"How much does it cost?"

"To you, nothing. Camera belongs to a photographer friend of mine that I often work with. I will send my material to the society-page editors.

"Free?" Mr. Logg said. "How about taking my picture too?"

"Good," Cuthbert said, elbowing Mr. Logg away. "Maybe in a few months I could use one of them pictures of Dorose to go with a wedding announcement of her and me." He laughed like crazy. Marriage hint number two. Dorose was doing all right with the bachelors.

So Pa let him take pictures of Dorose, holding the Attwoods' carnations. Then Grady took pictures of all the railroad men, having a great many plates to use up, and it gave us something to do at the debut, and everybody relaxed. Mrs. Attwood and Mrs. Weatherhogg talked about their missionary boxes, and the men argued about politics. No one even noticed that the rain was coming down in bucketfuls.

It might have remained a peaceful evening, but Grady put his hand on Dorose's shoulder. She looked up at him and stopped playing the piano.

It was a dead giveaway. I had to turn my eyes away. Just that look, eyes meeting, no word said, and you could see how they felt about each other. My father moved in.

"That's enough gate-crashing. You better leave, Stor."

"Pa!" Dorose cried out. "Don't throw him out again! I can't stand it. We were married a month ago."

"Oh, no!" Pa's voice was a cry of pain, a real heartbroken sound. "How could you sneak away like that and deceive me?"

"I didn't want to leave home while the kids are so young. But you wouldn't let Grady even visit. So we got married on the q.t. Oh, now why did I have to go and tell you?"

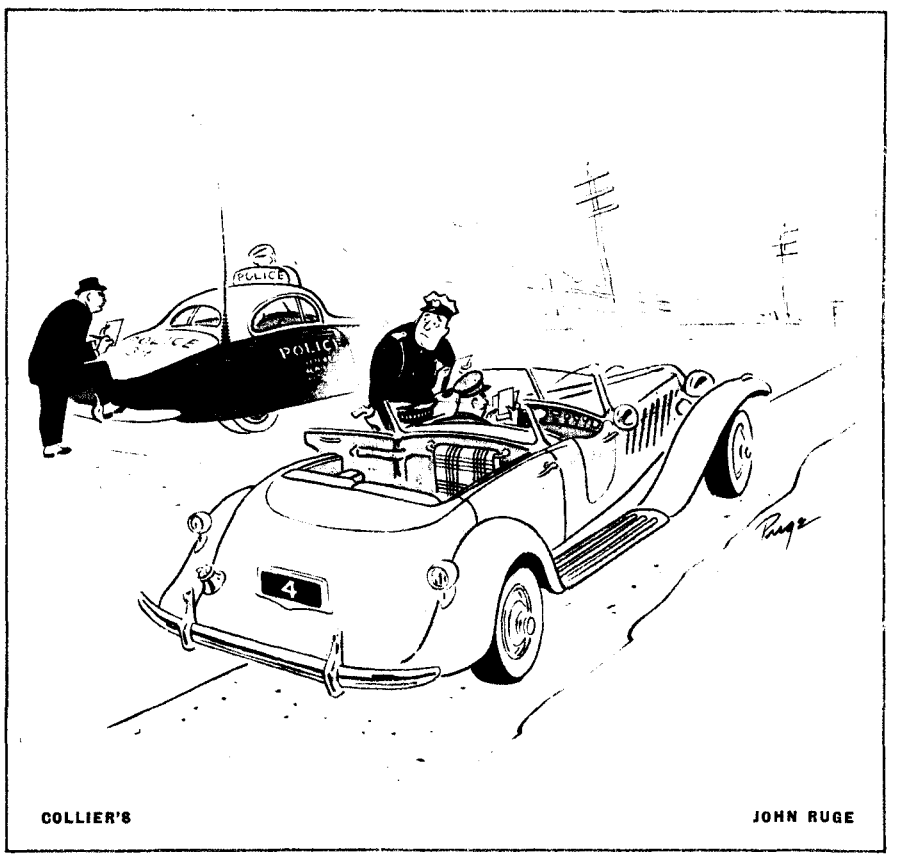
"What kind of an ungrateful child have I brung up? You can get out, both of you!"

"Mr. Timrod, you are a blame fool!" Grady roared. "Come on, sweetheart!"

"You darn' reporter!" Pa threw a punch at him, but Grady didn't hit back, though he could easily beat Pa. Dorose gave a big sob.

"I shall leave," she said, "and I shall never speak to you again as long as I live, Pa."

We were all fascinated, but I felt guilty, as if I was peeking through a keyhole. I had to either hide my eyes



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

or chip into the fighting. So I chipped in. "You awful girl, Dorose, how could you deceive us all like that?"

Mrs. Weatherhogg chipped in. "You shut up, Flory, you jealous little white-headed skinny thing!" And Cuthbert roared, "Mrs. Weatherhogg, you keep your two cents out of this; Flory is pretty!"

Mrs. Attwood sings out, "It's none of your business, Cuthbert." And then all the men put in their two cents too, airing their views freely. Everybody seemed to feel like fighting someone. We had all been polite as long as we could stand it.

GRADY and Dorose walked out of the door together, and the thunder rolled. Pa sat down in a rocker and said nothing, just kept his hand over his eyes, and the long lines showed in his cheeks. It was a real ghastly debut. I've heard since that that kind is well known.

Mr. Logg snarled. "Might as well go home if she's married. Gimme my gallstones!"

Cuthbert yelled, "You and your gallstones! You damn' tightwad! Do you hear me yelling for my candy back?"

Ada said softly, "Dorose always was lucky. I wish I was married."

I pretended I didn't hear Mr. Logg, because the missing gallstones were certainly in Jackie's museum by now. I said to Ada, "You skip upstairs and shut the windows; it's pouring in. I'll shut them here and in the basement. Pop just sits there, doesn't seem to know if he's afoot or on horseback."

"I won't shut windows," said Ada. "You're not my boss."

I could see that with Dorose gone, and me being the eldest, I was not going to have any bed of roses.

WHEN I had shut all the windows, I shook Pa's shoulder and said, "Where are the boys, Pa? If they are still playing outside, they're getting mighty wet."

He twisted his sad face around and looked up at me. "Not in the basement? Upstairs? No? They went out, didn't they? Where does Jackie keep his fool museum now?"

"In the Jump Down house. They must have gone there to put the gallstones in his museum. Oh, Pa, if they are alive they would have come home by now. Jackie is always prying the lid off the cistern. It must have filled up fast with this cloudburst."

Pa came out of his rocking chair in one jump. "Don't talk like a fool, Flory. Let's find those children."

"Oh, Pa!" Ada cried out. "If Boom fell into the cistern, Jackie would jump in after him. I just had a vision. Brave little Jackie in water up to his neck. He is saying, 'I will hold you up as long as I am alive, Boom. When I am drowned, stand on my body and shout for Dorose to come.' "

"Oh, my God!" Pa shouted. He grabbed his lantern, and I took a flashlight, and we ran out into the rain, across the yard, through the garden, across the tracks to the Jump Down house. Mr. Attwood and Mr. Weatherhogg got their cars and took the rest of the debut party around by the road.

We couldn't find the kids in the house. We shouted and shined the lights in every cluttered corner. No Jackie, no Boom. The cover of the cistern was leaning against the wall again. The men shined their lights into the dark water. It was grim to see Cuthbert and Mr. Logg poking the black shining water with old cracked clothes poles. Nothing but leaves and muck and pieces of wood.

Pa said, "I'm going down! My boys!" He jumped into the dark water. I began to scream. I thought I was praying, but I was just gabbling, "Oh, Dorose, come quick."

"What's the matter here?" It was Dorose's dear voice. "Stop that noise, Flory. Who—who is in the cistern?"

I was crying and holding on to Cuthbert. "Jackie and Boom," Cuthbert said mournfully. "Mr. Timrod is diving for their bodies."

"Pa!" Dorose shrieked. "Come up, Pa. The boys are not down there. They are asleep in Grady's car. Oh, poor Pa!"

The men all knelt down and grabbed Pa's hands and shoulders, and they hauled him out, black and soaking wet, his hair and face streaked with mud. Dorose ran and hugged Pa tight. She kept saying, "The boys are safe, Pa. They were playing in the back of Grady's car when you told Grady to get out of the house and we drove away in a big rage. We didn't know they were there. They kept quiet until we stopped to figure out where we could go. When Grady kissed me, they began to giggle."

"I can't handle them kids without you, Dorose." Pa laughed a shaky laugh, kind of crying. "You said you wasn't going to speak to me again as long as you lived."

"I didn't mean it. I was awful scared when we drove home with the boys, and you were all gone. Took us a while to find out that the entire debut party had moved to the Jump Down house." Dorose turned to the guests. "It wasn't polite for me to fling out like that. Excuse me."

"Don't apologize," said Cuthbert, who is bright enough when he don't get to laughing like a loon. "I've heard it's standard operating procedure in high café society in the city—the whole party troops out to a new place. This here debut is absolutely conventional."

Pa was glad about that. "But Dorose, why didn't your new husband come in with you?"

"You threw him out twice. Oh, Pa, the kids need me. What should we do?"

"First of all, I'm going out to ask Grady in. Reporter or not, there's some good in everybody." He near choked, but he said it.

ACTUALLY they figured it out all right, after the company went home and just the family was left—also Grady. Grady and Dorose would build a little house on the Jump Down site, near enough so she could watch the kids. Pa would hire a housekeeper. We would all visit back and forth. The little ones would hardly know which was their real home.

The water continued to rise. The rivers reached the flood stage. All the other tracks were washed out but ours, and our men had soft jobs bringing in everybody else's trains on our lines, and made a lot of money. Grady wrote a series for a city paper about railroad heroes in floodtime and illustrated it with all those photographs of Mr. Attwood and Mr. Weatherhogg and Pa. They were flattered. Pa got ten copies.

Then Grady began to write a column of personals once a month for a railroad magazine, so Pa considers him a kind of half-baked railroad man. One of us.

Dorose's photograph was in four city papers. It said under it, "The beautiful Miss Timrod made her debut at her father's country mansion on her eighteenth birthday. It is expected that her marriage will be announced shortly."

It was. ▲▲▲

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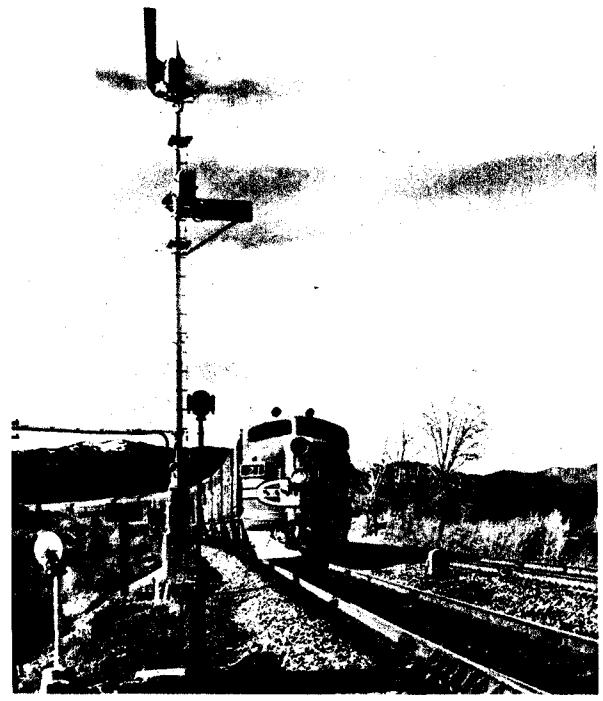

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Painting of Flute Dancer by a Pueblo Indian

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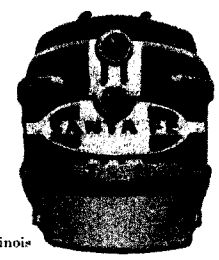

R. T. Anderson, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe System Lines, Chicago 4, Illinois

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John Campbell, of Philadelphia, tells the city's complaint department about falling chimneys on his street

Invitation to Gripe

In Philadelphia's City Hall they don't dodge the complaints of the citizens. Everybody with a problem can holler—and get official action within 24 hours

ANYONE who lives in a large American city knows the awful frustration of being caught in a maze of officialdom with a complaint. It's different in Philadelphia. The citizens there don't go begging for aid—the city actually invites them to complain. Ever since last March, two months after Joseph S. Clark, Jr., became mayor, Philadelphians have had a municipal department specifically designed to handle their gripes.

The department wasn't exclusively Joe Clark's idea. It was provided for in a new city charter adopted in April, 1951, when Clark, as city controller, helped put it across. But when Clark, running on a Democratic reform platform, took over City Hall, one of the first things he did was to open the Mayor's Office for Information and Complaints. It was more than a politician's gesture. He and his staff really believe that a citizen ought to be able to open his mouth and holler with a reasonable expectation that his pleas will be heard. They didn't keep the office a secret. They saw to it that Philadelphia's newspapers immediately carried complete stories about the revolutionary solution to one of urban living's most annoying problems—how to get City Hall to listen to items of concern to individual citizens. Soon after, 400,000 taxpayers got invitations-to-complain with their sewer-rent and water bills.

Before a month was out Clark made his debut on a continuing television show called Tell It to the Mayor, and on a weekly radio show, Report to the People. On both programs, he and his staff not only discuss complaints but urge all Philadelphia's 2,000,000 people to come down to City Hall with their problems.

Clark's Director of Information and Complaints is a fifty-three-year-old attorney, Harry Sloberman, who has for more than 20 years been associated with Philadelphia's civic reform movements. Sloberman sits in Room 121 of Philadelphia's City Hall with not quite a handful of assistants, seeing to it that more than 700 problems a day—phoned, mailed and brought in personally—are started on their way to solutions within 24 hours.

What kinds of requests and complaints do Sloberman and his staff handle? Anything that the troubled urban mind can dream up. Within a half hour recently two men in the office spoke to citizens who protested about a traffic light obscured by the branches of a tree; wanted a vacant lot cleaned up; objected to the proposed replacement of gas street lamps with modern electric lights in a suburban area; wanted to know what could be done about trucks mounting and breaking up sidewalks on a narrow street; asked that loiterers be shooed out of a residential neighborhood; sought advice on where to go with a marital problem, and requested a bag of soil from Independence Square to complete a soil map of the United States. Every one of the requests was cleared up without further ado.

On June 16, 1952, Mrs. Louise Johnson, president of a community charity club, went down to Room 121 with the office's most memorable gripe to date. She described firetrap housing, irregular trash collections, dirty alleys and broken fences; uncontrolled gambling, prostitution and street brawls; primitive plumbing, falling plaster and hazardous roofs in her neighborhood. Within 14 days virtually every city department was working to clear up the slum area.

Philadelphia's plan is, so far, unique. In many towns it often seems that candidates run for office so they'll have a head start on the citizens after Election Day. But in Philadelphia, Clark and his men not only stopped running after they got in, they're holding still while the people tell them what to do next.

ARTHUR D. MORSE

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER

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QUIZ

Are You the One Out of 96

who can answer these 5 questions about oil?

(for answers see bottom of page)

1. What are the odds against bringing in an oil well in a promising area where oil has not been found before?
(a) 2 to 1 *(c) 6 to 1*
(b) 12 to 1 *(d) 8 to 1*

2. U. S. used greatest amount of oil in history in 1951. How much oil was found last year?
(a) as much as was used *(c) twice as much as was used*
(b) less than was used *(d) slightly more than was used*

3. Today U.S. oil companies refine 273 million gallons of oil every 24 hours. How does that compare with 1940?
(a) 83% increase *(c) 47% increase*
(b) about the same *(d) 13% increase*

4. How much does it cost to ship a gallon of gasoline from Texas to Maine?
(a) 5 cents *(c) 1 cent*
(b) 8 cents *(d) 6½ cents*

5. How does the quality and price (excluding taxes) of the gasoline you buy today compare with 1925 gasoline?
(a) 50% better, costs no more *(c) same quality, same price*
(b) 20% better, costs less *(d) 50% better, costs more*

The answers to these questions give some indication of the job U.S. oilmen are doing to bring you and your neighbors the finest oil products at the world's lowest prices.

In spite of constantly-growing demands, U.S. oilmen continue to meet all military and civilian needs. They are able to do this because they have constantly planned ahead, taken risks, and plowed back much of their profits into expansion.

America's demand for more and more oil can only be met under a system of free competition where privately-managed oil companies have a chance to stay in business by earning a profit while serving you.

Perhaps you, too, have some questions about the oil business. If so, write to Oil Industry Information Committee, American Petroleum Institute, Box 19, 50 West 50th St., New York 20, N. Y.

ANSWERS: 1. (d) 8–1; 2. (c) twice as much as was used; 3. (a) 83% increase; 4. (c) 1 cent; 5. (a) 50% better, costs no more.

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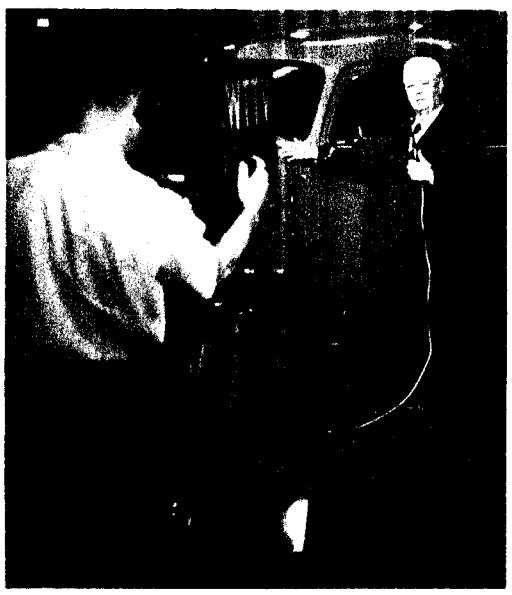
Fashion show uses local youngsters as models. Nervous, boy at left weeps

Indiana University students supply many WTTV drama programs, bringing productions like As You Like It to Bloomington viewers

Carol Mitchell, Miss Indiana of 1951, has own cartoon program on station



Like many businessmen, auto dealer Ellard Duane gives own commercial

Variety show also draws on university talent for dancers. Most of the local performers appear free, consider the station a civic enterprise

Farm co-op manager acts as announcer on program telling how to sell chicks

Sarkes Tarzian, WTTV's founder

LOCAL TV Makes Good

WTTV's formula for success: Let everybody get into the act

OUTSIDE our big cities, most of the United States is a television desert. But Bloomington, Indiana, a city of only 28,000, is a busy oasis in that desert. It is the outstanding example of what a small town can do to provide TV for itself—if it wants to badly enough.

Bloomington's rise to TV fame started in the mind of Sarkes Tarzian. In 1949, after five years during which he amassed a fortune as a manufacturer of electronics parts, Tarzian decided to start a television station. But Bloomington had no TV sets. It had no performers. Experts said it didn't even have enough people to make a television enterprise profitable. But Tarzian went ahead. He took over a drugstore for a studio. By hand, he and his technicians built their own camera and other equipment. Tarzian paid all the costs, but by television standards they were microscopic —$150,000. Then he recruited local talent, both to run the station and to appear on its programs. WTTV was on the air.

Bloomington went television-crazy. Antennas sprouted from almost every housetop. WTTV had no link with a national network, so all its programs were local—and everybody got into the act. The senior play at Bloomington High was staged as a television extravaganza. Bloomington is the home of Indiana University, and journalism students appeared to report local news. A cable was laid to the high school to telecast prep basketball games, bringing Indiana's favorite sport to Bloomington firesides.

Individuals also did their stints. To appear, all a person had to do was call the station. There were no auditions. And everybody—including the mayor, tap-dancing youngsters, Red Cross ladies and performing pets—went on. Most performers received no pay. The few who appeared on sponsored shows got a small fee. Although Tarzian owned WTTV, it was truly a civic endeavor.

WTTV grew. It built its own studio. Then Tarzian decided it was time to bring in national programs. He bought land, had relays erected and linked WTTV with national network facilities in Cincinnati. Its power was stepped up, and it now carries the name of WTTV and Bloomington to an estimated 2,000,000 viewers in 42 Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky counties.

WTTV has brought Faye Emerson and Milton Berle and Howdy Doody to the banks of the Wabash, and it has brightened the lives of those who see its programs. But 40 per cent of the station's air time is still filled by local talent. The town of Jasonville, Indiana, recently sent WTTV a scroll expressing its appreciation for what the station had done. Every one of Jasonville's 3,500 residents had signed the scroll. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

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Typically local, "U-Sell-It" show on WTTV allows Bloomington residents to offer personal items for sale. Susan Galyan tells audience good points of pony

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MORTON ROBERTS

He keeps a sharp eye on the customers, and if they have a frustrated look, he pounces

The BELL RAT

[illegible]

THERE'S an old character in our town who has a remedy for everything. His name is Mr. Noka, and his favorite saying is: "The old-fashioned way is the best way." Mr. Noka may once have had a trade. His business nowadays is giving advice.

Mr. Noka particularly relishes household problems, and perhaps that is why he spends most every fair day on the bench outside the hardware store on Main Street. I suspect that he keeps a sharp eye on the customers coming out of the store, and if they have a frustrated look, he pounces.

He pounced on my husband and me one day this winter. We'd been in the hardware store inquiring whether there was any new wonder rat killer on the market. It was our first year in the old millhouse we'd bought, and as soon as the weather turned chilly, a horde of rats had taken refuge under our roof. They'd ignored all ordinary traps and poison, and had terrorized the cat we'd got to hunt them. But the man in the hardware store could only suggest an exterminator.

"Git what you was after in there?" Mr. Noka inquired, as we came out.

"No," Bill said, and then he incautiously told him our problem.

"Bound to be a lot of rats in a house that was oncet a gristmill," Mr. Noka said. He was silent, and I started for the car, thinking he'd dismissed our dilemma as hopeless. But then he said, "Only thing to do is get a bell rat."

"Bell rat?" Bill said. "What's that?" And I turned and rejoined them.

"Never fails," Mr. Noka said. "I knew a party had your problem fifty years ago. Put a bell rat in his house and he's never seen another rat."

"How does it work?" Bill asked, well hooked.

"All you do," Mr. Noka said slowly, tapping his pipe on the arm of the bench, "is catch a field rat and wire a bell to its neck. Little bell like a cat's bell."

"And then what?" Bill asked excitedly.

"Don't be in such a hurry, young fella. I'm going to tell you," Mr. Noka said, and he gave a maddening little cackle. "Well, sir, then you let the bell rat go in your house. He finds the other rats right away—rats like comp'ny, you know—only the noise of that little bell scares them plumb out of their wits, and they run out of the house as fast as their legs will carry them, the bell rat after them, and they never come back."

"Well, I'll be damned," Bill said. "Isn't that amazing, Jean?"

I could only nod.

"I ought to tell you one thing," Mr. Noka said reluctantly. "There's one risk you run. Them rats might turn on the bell rat and kill it."

"Oh," Bill said. "You mean in the walls."

"Cor-*rect*," Mr. Noka said, solemnly.

But I could see that the small risk of having a dead rat in our walls wouldn't deter Bill, so I stepped back inside the hardware store and bought a little bell. When I came back with it, Mr. Noka smiled benignly and said, "Let me know how you come out."

We promised that we would, and hurried home to catch a rat.

BILL baited a trap with some particularly alluring tidbits, and the next day we found a splendid specimen in it—a plump, white-bellied rat that gnashed its teeth and gibbered with rage at us. Bill put on leather gloves, took the rat out of the trap and wired the bell to its neck. Then he threw a heavy wool scarf over it and carried it into the kitchen, where we were sure the rats had a hole.

"A very fierce specimen, wouldn't you say?" he asked me proudly. "Could lick its weight in crazed rats any day."

I made sure the yard door and all the kitchen windows were closed, Bill released our bell rat, and we backed hastily out of the kitchen, slamming the door behind us.

"Oh, Bill," I said, beginning to share his excitement over the prospect of a house that was all ours, "just think. No more drunken rat orgies in the rafters when we're trying to sleep. No more scrabbling and stamping and chittering in the walls. Thank goodness we ran into Mr. Noka."

We spent a tense day, waiting for our bell rat to meet the enemy and rout them. For a few hours we heard nothing—the resident rats always had been at their liveliest after midnight—then, in the living room, after lunch, we heard a faint tinkle. We followed it upstairs, then downstairs, then back up to the attic. It seemed to get louder and more authoritative, but to us it meant that our hero was invading one rathole after another, and we cheered him on. It wasn't long before we heard what we interpreted as the noise of many rat families packing up and leaving. There was squeaking and scrabbling and the sound of hurrying behind the walls and above the living-room ceiling. And, over it all, we heard the frenzied tinkling of the bell rat's bell.

WHILE I worked at the sink, before dinner that evening, I kept peeking out the window, hoping to see an exodus like that from Hamelin. It was getting dark by then, so I couldn't be sure, but I thought I saw a number of gray shapes sliding furtively out the cellar door.

By the time we were ready to go to bed, the house had been silent for several hours. We felt quite drunk with triumph, and Bill said, "You know, we ought to do something for Mr. Noka to show him how much we appreciate his help. I don't know what us helpless city types would do without real country people like him around. Think I'll ask him about clearing that old well."

"The old-fashioned way is the best way," I reminded him.

"It sure is," Bill said. He sat on the edge of the bed and took off his shoes, dropping one and then the other on the floor with a loud clunk. An instant later there was a strange sound in the wall, a series of cheeping, squeaking sounds—loud, peremptory, a chorus. Bill and I looked at each other in bewildered silence.

Bill had his head cocked like a dog's, listening to the strange little cries. Then the hasty patter of feet and the frenzied tinkling of the bell heralded the return of the bell rat. The squeaking grew louder and more insistent, and then, as the busy jangling of the bell continued, gradually faded into silence.

"I don't understand," I said slowly. "The bell rat was supposed to have gone with the other rats."

"I know," Bill said.

"Well, then, what's he doing here?" I asked.

"Not *he*, I'm afraid," Bill said distinctly. *"She."*

"What difference does *that* make?" I said.

"Have you ever heard a nestful of baby birds in a chimney?" Bill asked. "Cheep, cheep, squeak, squeak, gimme, gimme. Sounds very much like *this*. I believe we have here a recently delivered bell rat. A new little mother."

"Oh, no," I groaned. "You mean a whole new rat dynasty has just been founded in this house?"

"I'm afraid so," Bill said bitterly. "And the noise of that bell rat will be as soothing as a lullaby to those babies' ears. And to the ears of their children and grandchildren. 'It's nothing to be afraid of, kids,' Mother will say. 'It's just your old granny stomping around.' " After a few minutes, he said, "Rats are amazingly long-lived."

There didn't seem to be anything to add to that, and so we lay in the dark in silence, listening to the intermittent ting-a-ling of the bell and thinking our homicidal thoughts. . . .

Of course, we've seen Mr. Noka quite often this winter, sitting on his bench outside the hardware store, and quite often there'll be someone talking to him—or listening, rather, while Mr. Noka says expansively, "Well, sir, you do it like I tell you, and you'll never have a bit more trouble . . ." And we don't say a word; we just hurry on by. Because, after all, giving advice is Mr. Noka's business—and we know it's always well meant. ▲▲▲

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There's something really hot on the next two pages!

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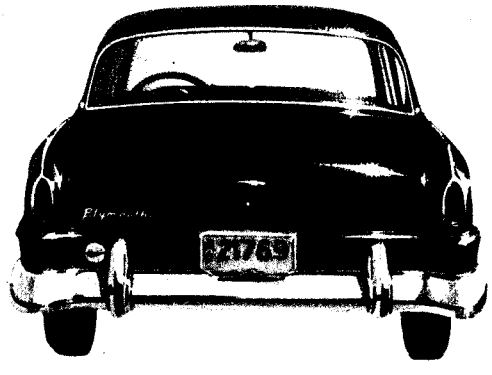
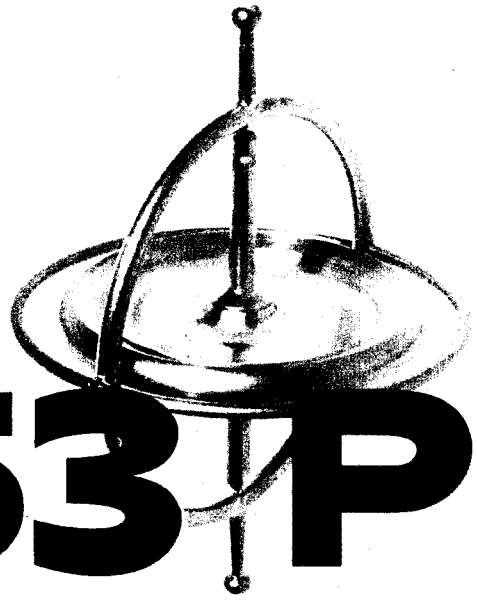


Announcing

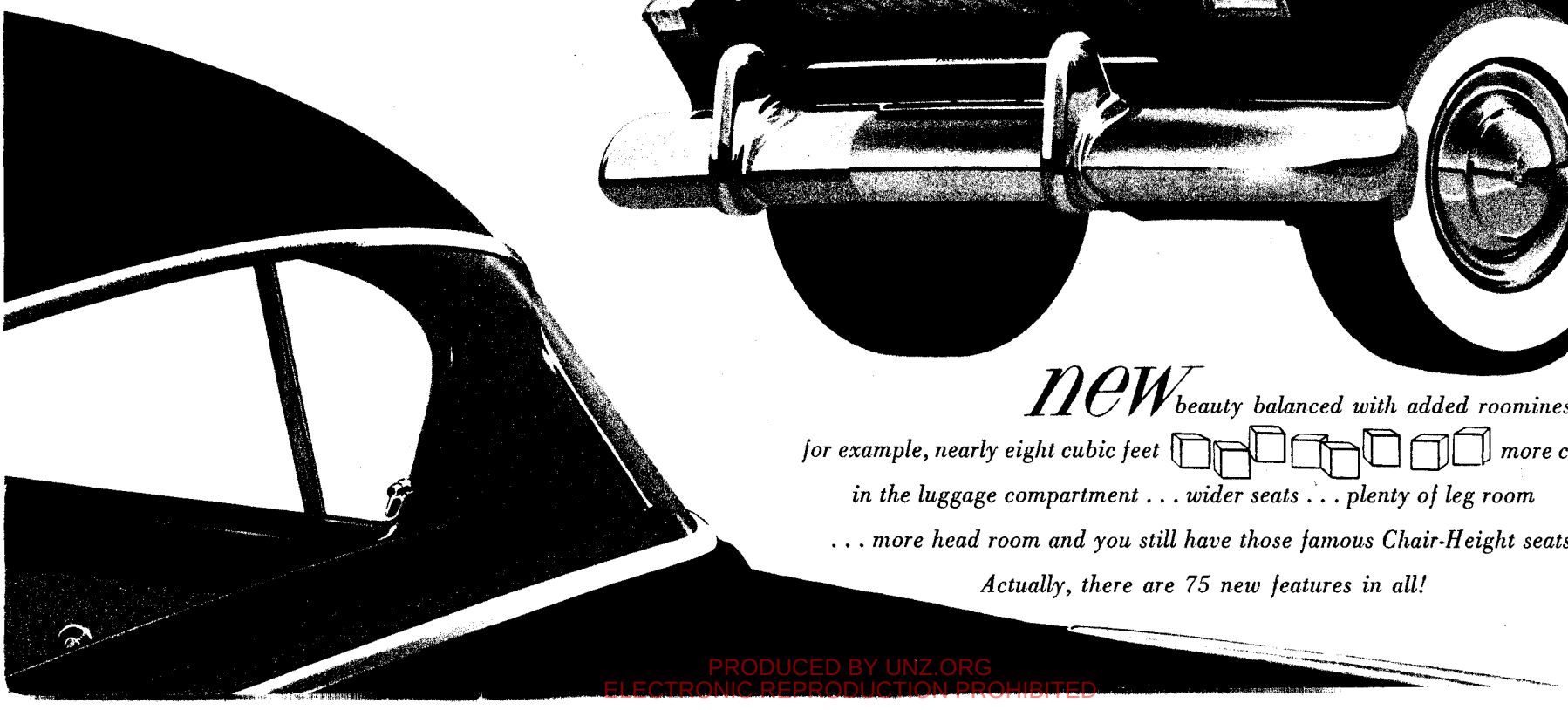
the first truly balanced car

in the low-priced field!



the beautiful

'53 Plymouth



new beauty balanced with added roominess;

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in the luggage compartment . . . wider seats . . . plenty of leg room

. . . more head room and you still have those famous Chair-Height seats.

Actually, there are 75 new features in all!

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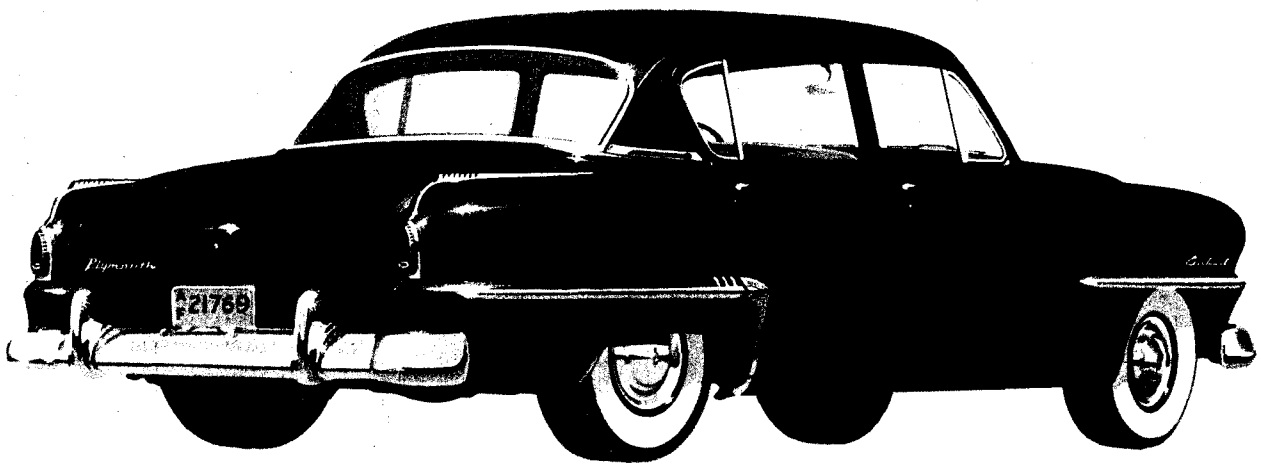
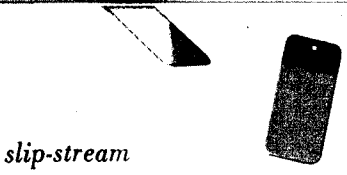
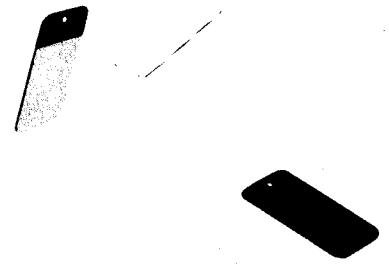
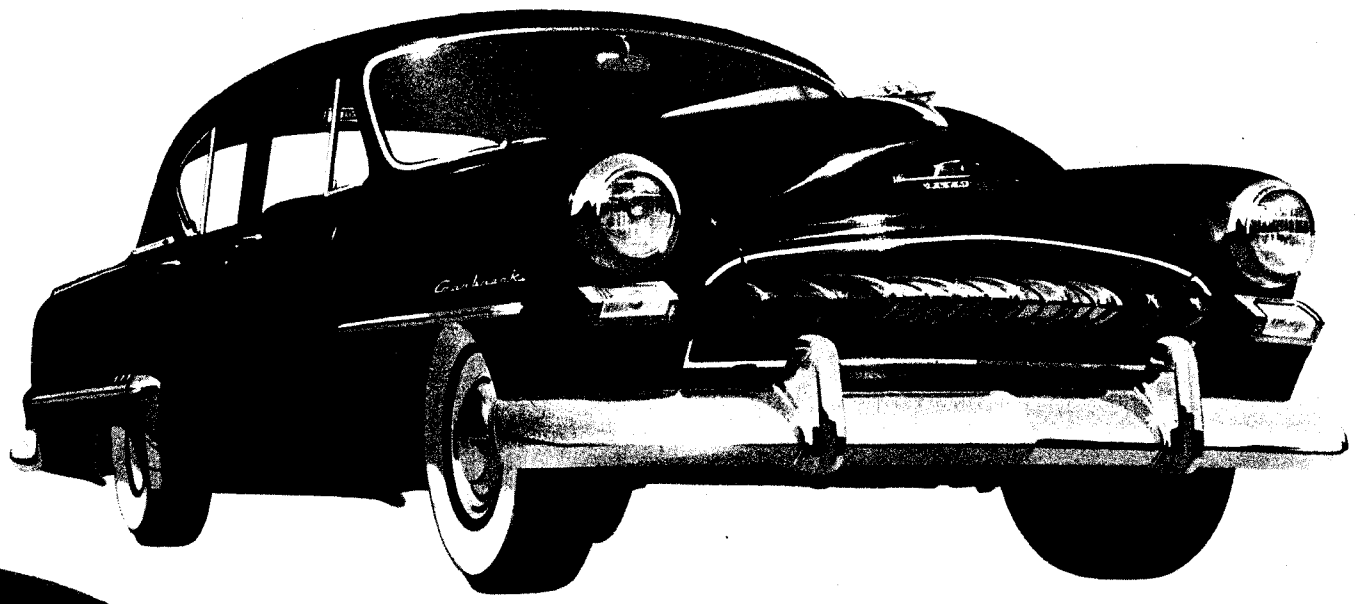
new *balanced beauty with an all-new design that combines slip-stream smoothness . . . chrome that's a tastefully integrated part of the design . . . and sparkling new exterior colors, including attractive two-tone combinations.*

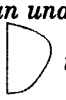


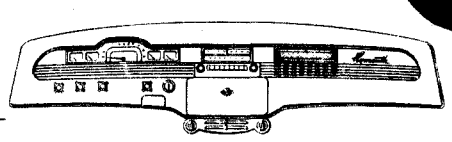




Now you can drive a car that's balanced against roll, pitch and jounce . . . to give you the smoothest ride and the easiest handling you've ever known! New *truly balanced* suspension in the 1953 Plymouth produces almost gyroscopic stability on all kinds of roads. All-new *truly balanced* design gives you beauty, safe vision, roominess and comfort in what we believe is the most efficient combination ever offered in the lowest-priced field!



new *beauty balanced with better, safer vision — close-in and all-around. There's a new one-piece windshield that's curved like this* *and not like this* *so you have an undistorted view of the road . . . a new quarter window*  *that lets rear-seat passengers look sideward without leaning forward . . . a larger rear window . . . 16% more glass area in all!*



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The New NEW ORLEANS

The gay lady at the mouth of the Mississippi has married a stevedore. She's regained her historic niche in world trade with the country's most efficient harbor operation

By WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR.

MISTRESS of the great, tawny Mississippi and the principal jewel on the Golden Coast of the Gulf of Mexico, the city of New Orleans has for more than a century titillated American hearts with haunting memories of the Old World. It is a city of charm and piety, of sin and antiquity, of love and laughter and surging life. But more than anything else, New Orleans today is a grand illusion: all America thinks of it as a gay, silly princess of a city. It may be, but it is also a stevedore, tough as a sledge hammer, raucous, busy, powerful and dynamic.

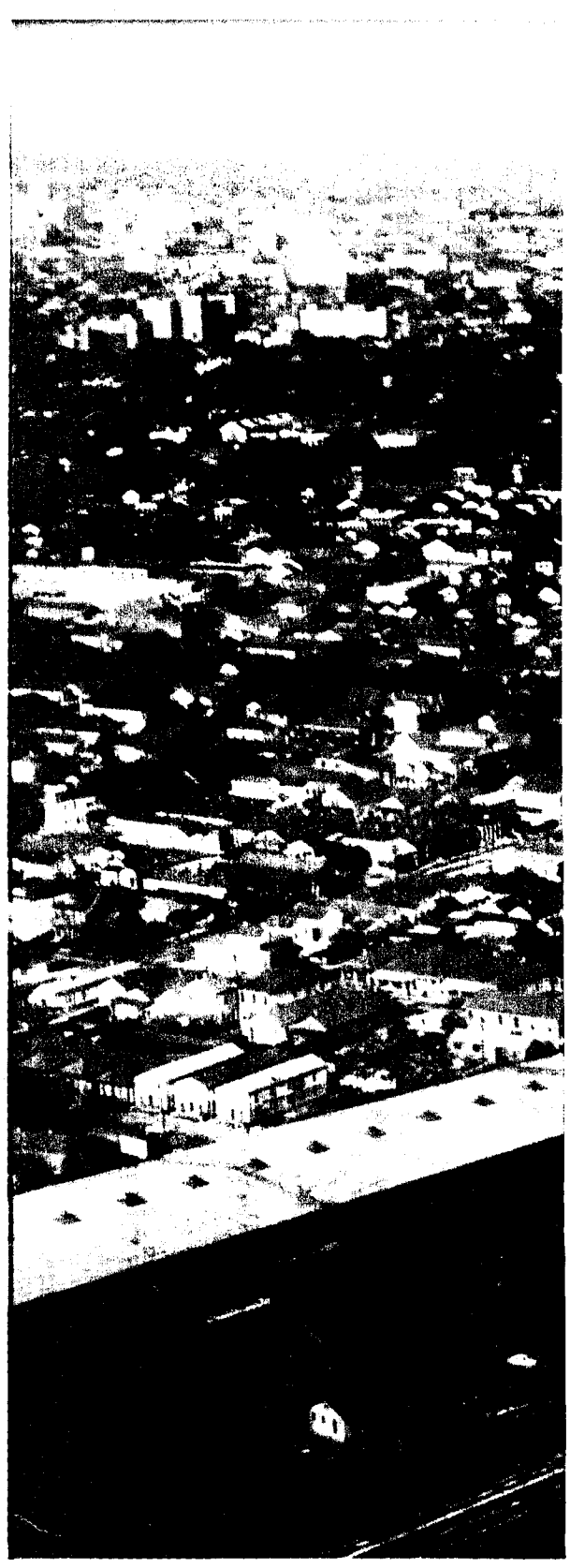
Within the last decade the port of New Orleans has pounded and pushed the city proper into the forefront of commerce in the U.S. Since the end of World War II, New Orleans has increased the business of her port by more than a billion dollars. In 1952 the Crescent City is the second port in dollar volume in the United States, and one of the few ports in the nation in the billion-dollar-a-year class. Last year, the port of New Orleans handled approximately $1,700,000,000 worth of cargo. Seventy cents of every dollar of the city's per capita income comes directly or indirectly from the port operation. The picture-post-card town has become an industrial metropolis.

New Orleans ranks first in the nation in importing sugar and molasses, and second in bananas and coffee. It leads the nation in the export of flour, and is second in farm machinery, corn, cotton, and vegetable oils and fats. Annually, more than 3,000 ships from all over the world steam through the great Mississippi River harbor and load and unload about 400 classes of commodities on the port's 89 wharves. New Orleans is not winning a new place in the sun—it's just getting its old place back again. A hundred years ago, the port of New Orleans, then already almost 150 years old, was the first port in the land. An incredible wealth in furs, grain, rum, molasses, whisky and rice came down the Mississippi and its tributaries. New Orleans' docks were piled with probably the greatest variety of shipping of any port in the world. Then came the Civil War. For 50 years the port struggled to get back into competition.

Today, Mid-Continent U.S.A., the biggest and richest valley in the world, is again funneling tremendous wealth through the gateway of New Orleans into world trade. The Mississippi and the rivers which pour into it form a network covering 1,244,000 square miles and touching 31 states from Minnesota to Louisiana. And all the river-roads lead to the big port on the Gulf.

They say you can't undersell the old Mississippi, and it's true. Products coming out of the vast land area in this system of rivers can generally be moved down to New Orleans by barge, by rail or even by air cheaper than they can be shipped to any other port. Ole Man River's competition keeps everybody's prices low.

The Mississippi Valley is a horn of plenty pouring its contents into the profitable avenues of

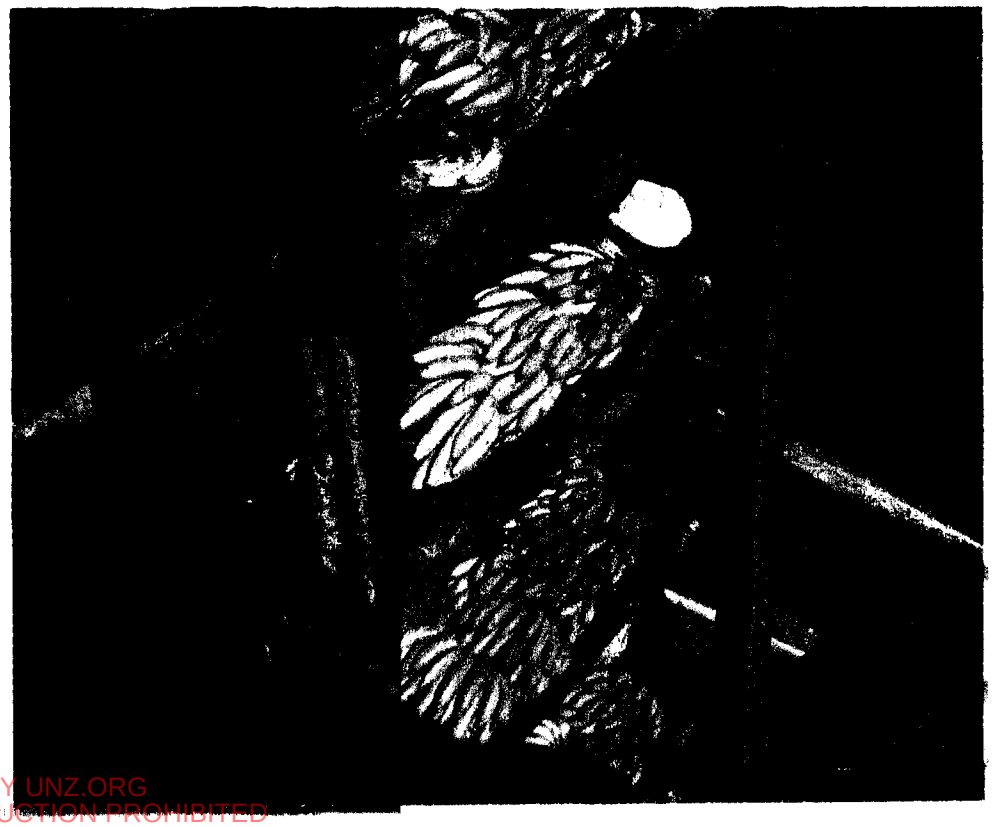


Each year some 3,000 vessels steam in and out o

Belgian Consul Charles Leonard meets A. E. Hegewisch (l.) and Charles Nutter (r.) at International House—great trade center

WILFRED L. D'AQUIN

Ready for unloading, unripe bananas are lifted by a conveyer from hold of docked ship. City's new $1,000,000 banana wharf was finished last month



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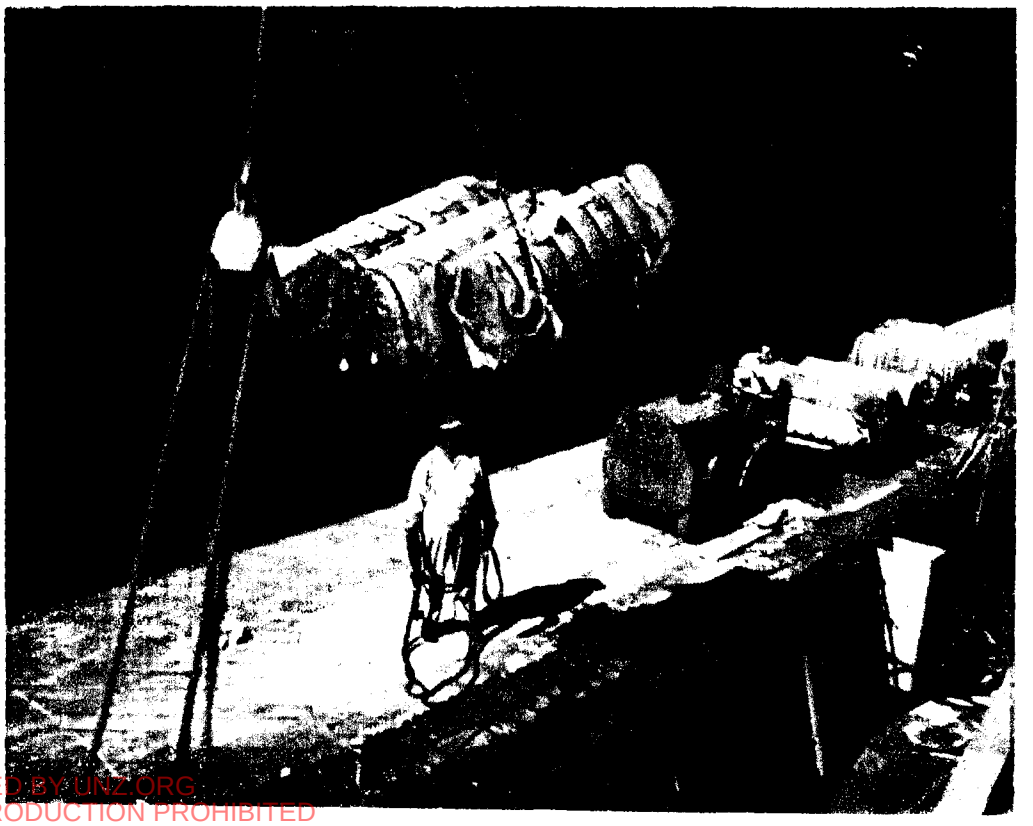
the great port of New Orleans loaded with wares. The port handles over a billion dollars' business annually, is second only to New York in volume

Cargo booms lower sacks of coffee at Poydras Street wharf. High degree of mechanization helps keep the handling costs per ton under other ports

Bales of cotton destined for South America swing up from a Dumaine Street wharf. New Orleans is second biggest exporter of cotton in the country



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New Orleans has a clean, honestly administered port. "There are no organized gangs

world trade. But the horn didn't begin to pour by itself. It was tipped over by the diligent efforts of an organization known as International House. The commerce-minded leaders of International House have shaken the crinolines, mint juleps and other traditional symbols of New Orleans out of the minds of the people of the Mississippi Valley and substituted the notion of world trade.

During the early years of World War II, a few private citizens, seeking to hold the port's commercial expansion after the stimulation of war was gone, banded together and collected $500,000 to further their plans. They founded International House. By 1945, International House (already familiar enough to be called simply IH) opened the doors of its new home in downtown New Orleans—a 10-story office building remodeled to provide buyers and sellers from all over the world with a luxurious club and an effective foreign trade center.

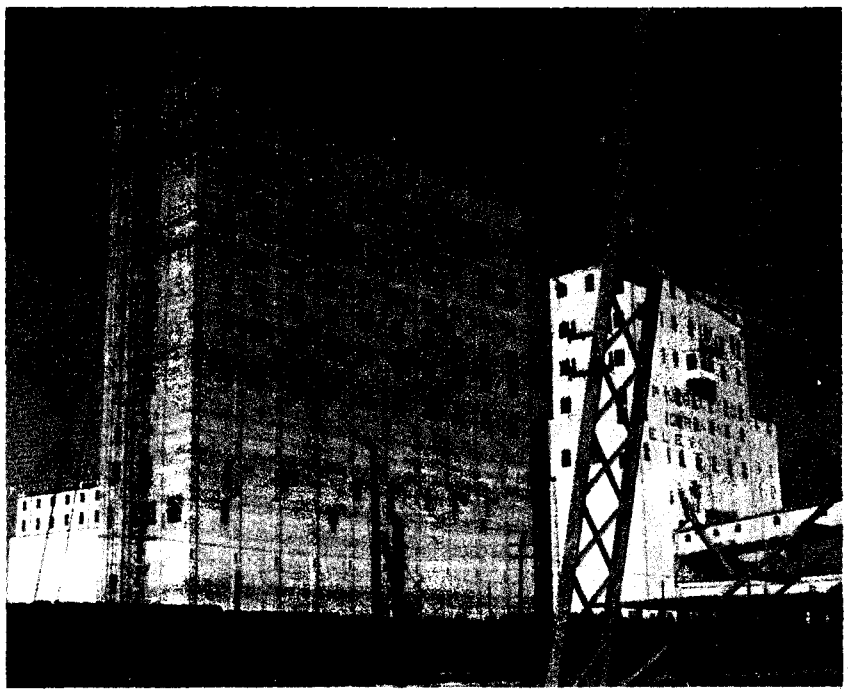
IH provides everything for the foreign trader from a Scotch and soda to an office equipped with a bilingual secretary, a typewriter and a desk with a list of prospective customers on it. It does the same and more for Americans. In seven years, working on a nonprofit basis, it has effected over 165,000 contacts between traders from the Mississippi Valley and the rest of the world.

Soon after International House was in operation, an International Trade Mart was established almost across the street to provide a central location for international businessmen to display and sell their wares.

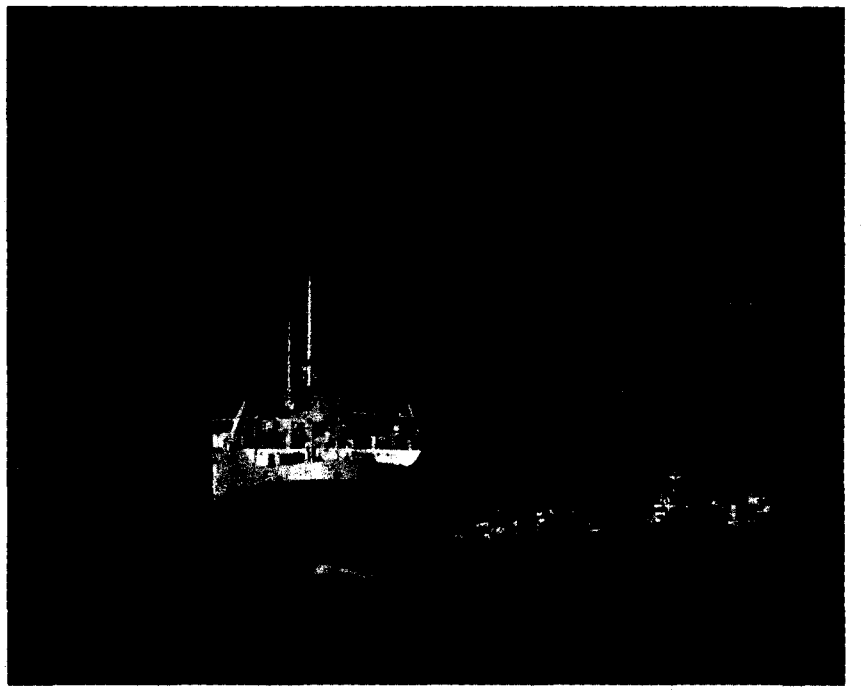
IH and the mart are largely responsible for the current upsurge in port commerce. Because of the two organizations, New Orleans has not only maintained the trade boom of World War II but more than doubled it. Yet, there is more to the success story than a couple of buildings with built-in customers.

New Orleans has a subtropical climate, and its citizens are given to siestas and similar Latin habits of relaxation. But they conduct the most efficient major harbor operation in the United States. The Army found that out during the war, when the Southern port was at times handling as much as 40 per cent of military overseas commerce. Army records indicate that New Orleans was the least expensive to operate of all its 13 ports of embarkation: the average cost for handling a measurement ton of general cargo at all POEs during World War II was $1.54. It was only $1.06 in New Orleans, and the next ranking port had an average cost of $1.21.

In 1950, Louis A. Schwartz, head of the New Orleans Traffic & Transportation Bureau, showed Army transportation officials in Washington that New Orleans could handle a measurement ton of export cargo for about $1.01. It was then costing $1.75 to do the same job in New York.



New Orleans' booming maritime commerce has required an addition to its grain elevator. Port handles some 400 classes of commodities



A Norwegian ship cruises majestically up the Mississippi past the docks lining the city. The New Orleans water front totals 42 miles

A 26-ton rock-crushing machine that was transported from flatcar to barge with a floating derrick is hoisted aboard the SS Vilma Dan

With workmen overseeing the operation, corn from rich Mississippi Valley pours like sand from public grain elevator into ship's hold

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...n the water front; profits are not drained away through 'squeeze' and pilferage"

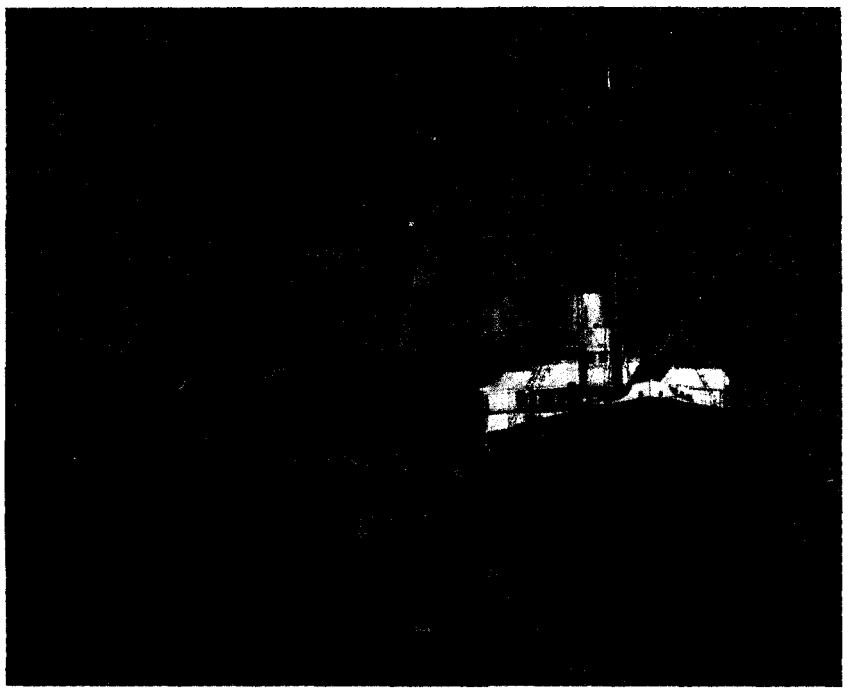
Currently, visiting deputations from other U.S. ports expect to pin the continuing economy of the New Orleans operation to lower pay for stevedores and longshoremen. They can't. Dock workers are unionized as they are elsewhere, and there are just a few pennies difference in the hourly wage between the Southern city and New York. New Orleans shipping company officials point out, moreover, that labor is due a tremendous amount of credit for all efficiency records. There has not been an overall work stoppage on the water front since 1933. And, according to port authorities, there are no organized gangs on the New Orleans' water front; profits are not drained away through "squeeze" and pilferage.

But New Orleans' biggest advantage is gained largely through an ever-increasing amount of mechanization in the handling of cargo. Conveyer belts whir and buzz all up and down the harbor's eleven and a half miles of covered wharfage. And whenever the nature of a shipment allows, goods are packed on flat pallet boards, to be handled swiftly on the wharf as compact units rather than loose cargo. The pallets are pulled off the wharves in long trains by tractors, and are then stacked in sheds or loaded into waiting trucks.

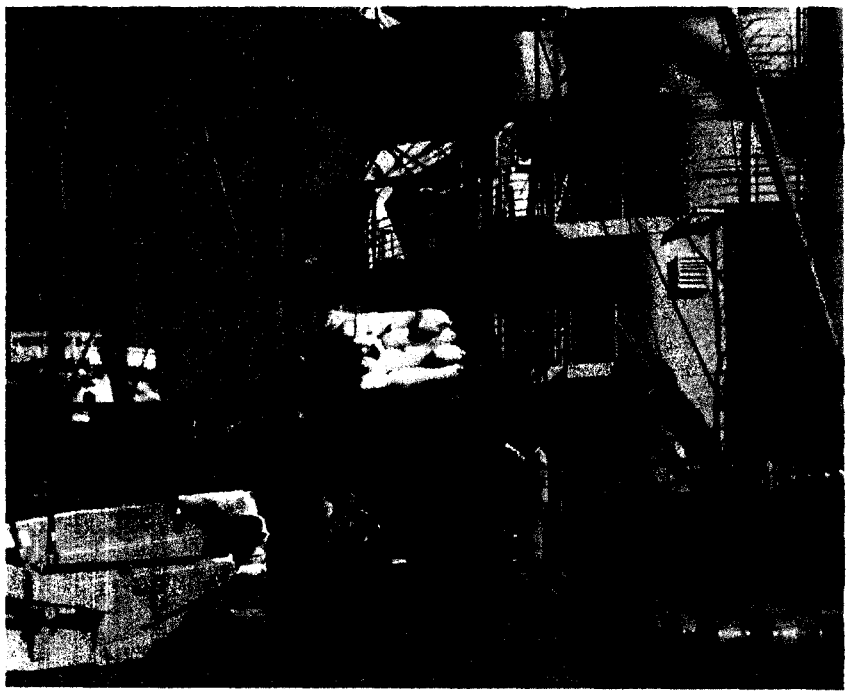
Export cargo is prepalletized, ready for quick handling long before actual loading begins. Finally, the more efficient quay-type wharves in the New Orleans harbor allow ships to come alongside the dock for swifter loading and unloading, and 125 miles of city-owned Public Belt Railroad track bring rail cars to within 50 feet of shipside.

The port of New Orleans is owned by the state, and its fat profits have often stirred unscrupulous imaginations. But long ago—in 1940—reform Governor Sam Houston Jones took the administration of the port out of the realm of greed, and it has never slipped back in. Under Jones's leadership, a five-man Board of Commissioners was created consisting of businessmen who serve on a staggered rotational system. The board is nonpolitical, and the members get no remuneration. They are not allowed to sell any service to the port, even if it works a hardship on all parties. The specter of Longism once hovered over the Commission, but Sam Jones sealed the plan into an amendment to the state constitution. The port belongs to the people of Louisiana—and to no one else.

Jean Baptiste Le Moyne, Sieur de Bienville founded New Orleans in 1718. The port gave the city all of the exotic gifts of custom and culture that the world had to offer. It made the city a marvel of charm and grace. It made it happy-go-lucky and devil-may-care. All of America came to think of New Orleans as a princess, a queen. Now the queen has married a stevedore—and there's money in his pockets and he's ready to show the world who's king. ▲▲▲



Bauxite, the principal raw material in aluminum, is unloaded at one of harbor's 89 wharves. Port is run by a nonpolitical board



As a leading exporter of food, New Orleans is helping to feed the world. Here, some flour is swung over toward a waiting freighter

Everything from banana trucks to receive imports and farm machinery for export lies between Congress and Desire Street wharves

The city-owned Public Belt Railroad runs to the water front. It has 125 miles of track, can bring rail cars to within 50 feet of ships

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILFRED L. D'AQUIN

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She stood facing Garrity, her back to the Bitter Root Kid. Garrity's eyes were narrow. "You damned fool. Get out of here," he said

MAN OF VIOLENCE

By OWEN CAMERON

The story of a man who believed that killing was necessary—and of a woman who didn't

THE railroad spur ended at Big Fork. Under the midday sun the town had a dead look, but it was a major shipping point for a thousand miles of range. From late spring until the coming of winter, it roared with life, with half-wild cattle bawling in the loading pens, and wild men rioting in the back streets, south of Main.

Karen Swenson opened her lunchroom in August on Palmer Street, next to Cat Alley. Palmer was all saloons and gambling houses and honky-tonks, and the small restaurant with its rough stools and plain wooden counter was out of character. So was Karen Swenson—a tall girl with blonde hair, braided and wrapped severely round her head, and eyes that met a man's directly, without coyness or calculation.

One of her first customers was Garrity, the town marshal. The nation's President was Rutherford B. Hayes, but the most illiterate Indian in Big Fork knew that Phil Garrity was a greater man. The city fathers who had appointed him were shadowy figures, but Garrity was solid boot and knuckle. Under his eye, the sinful south side ran wide open without wrecking the town. Garrity was black Irish, moody as all that tribe, and big enough so that he had to duck his head coming into Karen's lunchroom, if he didn't take off his hat—and he didn't. This was not ignorance or simple rudeness, but a part of the man's hard arrogance, his trick of pushing until the other fellow gave ground.

Garrity sat down at the counter, ordered pie and coffee, and looked the room over, as though mapping its interior. The coffee was good, the pie unbeatable, but Garrity might have been eating sawdust. Finished with the food and his examination of the room, he wiped his mouth and glanced at Karen. Then he looked her over impersonally, as if she were part of the furnishings, and she reddened, but said nothing.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I'm earning a living." Karen had a measured way of speaking, not with an accent, but as though she were talking carefully around one.

"Heard of you," Garrity said. Last winter Karen and her mother and father had been caught by a blizzard on the forty-mile trip to town from their homestead on Cache Creek. Karen had come through alive; her parents had not.

"And I have heard of you," Karen said. There was no flattery in her voice.

"This is no place for a decent woman," Garrity told her. "There's the ladies, and the others. You want to be treated like a lady, get off Palmer Street. That's my advice."

Karen met his look levelly. "I think you'd better mind your own business."

There was one other customer, a railroad man. He choked on his coffee, and Garrity turned to glower at him. A long moment of that, and the man hastily laid a dollar on the counter and went out.

Garrity stood up, nodding at Karen. "Suit yourself. But don't expect me to come running when you squeal. I've got a job to do."

He left without paying for his pie and coffee.

That first day Karen did a good business, but no more than she had expected. The town needed a place where railroad men, homesteaders, the so-

ILLUSTRATED BY MATT CLARK

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is my middle name?

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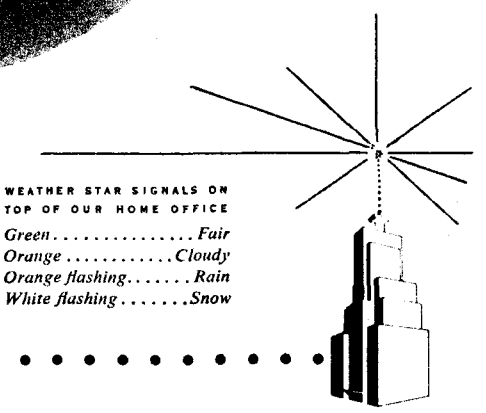

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berer sort of cowboy, and others with small purses and large appetites could eat. The HOME COOKING sign over the door meant something, and her customers would return.

At ten in the evening she locked up. Her bed was in a corner of the kitchen, and a window beside the back door was propped open for air. She had nailed wooden bars across it, but some of the light and most of the sounds from Palmer Street came in; yet she fell asleep almost at once.

SOME time after midnight a man tried the alley door, at first furtively, then with a heave of his shoulder. Karen sat up in bed, her long braids hanging down her back, and for a moment listened to the man's drunken muttering. Like a tall ghost in her white cotton nightgown, she moved to the worktable, then on to the door.

The man tried the window bars, but they were solid, and his arm came through, reaching for the latch on the door. He grunted with the stretching effort, and for a moment his hand rested flat against the wall like a huge, pale spider. Karen stabbed fiercely at it with the carving fork and twisted the sharp tines. The man's yell echoed along the alley. His arm jerked back, the fork in it clattering against the window. She heard his moaning curse, and he ran down the alley away from Palmer Street.

Karen went back to bed, but other men came into the alley, shouting questions, and a lantern gleamed.

Garrity's voice came through the bars. "Trouble in there?"

"No trouble," Karen said.

"Somebody try to break in?"

"He will not come back."

"Get a look at him?" She did not answer, and Garrity added, "You marked him, if this is yours."

The fork clattered inside, to the floor. Still she said nothing, but Garrity was insistent. "Sure you're all right?"

"I would like to sleep, please."

He laughed, and someone—she thought Garrity—made a coarse remark about the wild mare, and the men laughed and moved away. After a while she did sleep. . . .

In the morning she bought her supplies before Palmer Street awoke and while Main still drowsed. Two carpenters worked on a new building, the blacksmith in his shop rhythmically beat metal, and a family of Indians squatted in the shade in front of the Court Hotel, but the town's real life had not yet begun.

As she carried her filled market basket out of Price's store, a man came from the O.K. Barbershop and crossed the street to intercept her. It was Garrity, fresh and clear-eyed as though he had had a full night's sleep.

He fell into step beside her, saying, "Picked up your visitor. Hand swelled and worried him, and he went to Doc Brown with a yarn about a snake bite. Looked some like fang marks, at that. A breed named Joe Blue Tail. Drunk. What'll we do with him?"

Karen shrugged. "For me, nothing. I am sorry he was hurt, but the fork was clean."

"Haven't you got a gun in there?"

She did not look at him. "A gun is for men like you."

In silence they rounded the corner into Palmer, and Garrity waited while she unlocked the front door, followed her into the lunchroom. Karen had made coffee before going out, and she poured herself a cupful without offering any to Garrity, who stood in the middle of the floor watching her.

Abruptly, he asked, "Don't like me much, do you?"

"I don't like what you do." Ingrained honesty caused her to add, "What I am told you do."

"I do my job," Garrity said, adding in his arrogant way, "it's not a job many men could handle. Here, I'm the law."

She said, "Lawless law."

"I'm top dog. You don't stay on top by wagging your tail. My reputation keeps nine out of ten of these wild men in line. The tenth won't respect law or anything else, till he's made to."

Karen set the empty cup down with an angry little clatter, looking at him directly and without friendliness. "It is not that you want men to be lawful. You want danger and fighting. You want men to know you are stronger."

"So? And what do you want?"

"Nothing I would find in this town! Never what you want."

"Peace and quiet and ten kids?" Garrity sneered. "Don't fool yourself. You'd have married some Swede granger instead of coming here to make your own living. You and me are more alike than you think. We see something tough, we go to meet it, even if there's a way around."

She ignored him and began unloading the market basket. Garrity suddenly stepped around the counter, caught her arm and swung her to face him, saying harshly, "Whether you're a lady or a—one of the others—you're a woman."

He kissed her roughly. For a moment she resisted with all her strength, but she was no match for him physically, and submitted with a wooden passiveness. Garrity released her, and she faced him in silence, pale with hate.

"You'd never give in to a man, would you?" Garrity said. "But what would you do with a tame one?"

When he stepped back, she went into the kitchen and scrubbed her mouth.

"Guess I made a mistake." It was the nearest Garrity could come to apology, and when she did not look at him, he shrugged and went out, crossing the dusty street to Paddy Kelly's saloon.

Two mornings later she saw him again; but without appearing to see her, he crossed Main, and was out of sight when she reached Palmer. This was part of his daily routine: from the barbershop to late breakfast in the back room with old Paddy; to the livery stable where his horse waited, saddled, for a ride through the breaks along the river. Garrity swam in the river on hot days, though its slow turbulence, like the boiling of a thick liquid, was treacherously dangerous. Perhaps this was why he swam.

THE lunchroom prospered. Karen hired a dishwasher, a whisky-sodden wreck named Desebro, whose doglike devotion to her kept him sober for days at a time. Within a month she had three proposals of marriage from cowboys and one from a steady rancher named Henry Schott. To the punchers she said, no, thank you; to Henry she said, no, not yet, thank you.

On Sundays, Karen went to church. The merchants' strait-laced wives eyed her dubiously, but she looked presentable and acted respectable, and something in her manner demanded and got courtesy at least. The riffraff of the south side accepted her on her own terms. Girls from the houses sent to the alley door for sandwiches and coffee, and several gamblers took afternoon breakfast at the counter.

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Most of her customers behaved well, though she took the broom to one drunken cowboy, and with the contents of the kettle that simmered always on the stove, she badly scalded another who forced his way into the kitchen.

Steadily she added gold coins to the small hoard under her mattress. The purpose of this saving she confided to old Desebro. When she had saved enough, she would return to the Swenson homestead with a husband—someone like Henry Schott, but not Henry, she was sure—and they would raise cattle and a family on the old place, living in domestic peace forever and ever, amen. Into this dream old Desebro squeezed himself, as a sort of honorary grandfather.

MEANWHILE, the bawling herds came into Big Fork across the endless prairie, to be loaded on cars and shipped East. The men who had trailed them in tried to make up for months of thirst and hardship and loneliness in one wild spree, and the money spent spread from Palmer Street to Main.

The merchants wanted an open town, but within limits, and it was like keeping a roaring fire in a barnful of hay without burning down the building. Garrity managed it, and many said he enjoyed himself. He let a man have his fun, this side of mayhem, but a cowboy full of raw whisky might turn crazy as a rutting elk. Garrity had a trick of appearing at the moment before an explosion, to shatter violence with greater violence. He used fists when he could. Shame to shoot and maybe cripple or kill a man just because his idea of fun was a bit strong, Garrity said; but others believed he enjoyed battering people. The men who ate in Karen's lunchroom argued about that, and she listened without comment, keeping her own opinion to-herself.

In Big Fork, gossip took the place of a newspaper, and Karen heard talk about the friction between Garrity and the Bitter Root Kid before it came to a head. Bitter Root had drifted into town from nowhere specific, and he ate regularly in the lunchroom. He was a slender youngster, perhaps twenty, with a smooth, almost girlish face. He had a trick of raising his long eyelashes and staring in a way that made men uneasy.

There was a town ordinance against carrying weapons, but the Kid wore his holstered revolver nearly a week before Garrity called him about it. This was in Paddy Kelly's place, where Bitter Root was playing draw poker.

Garrity dropped into an empty chair, nodded at the house man, and asked the Kid, "Staying in town?"

Bitter Root looked at him from under the long lashes. "Might be."

"Then leave your gun with me or Paddy, till you move on."

The Kid thought that over. "If I don't?"

"You'll get out of town," Garrity said, smiling. "One way or the other."

Bitter Root knew Garrity's reputation, but he had a reputation of his own, and he hesitated a full minute before lowering his eyes and saying softly, "If that's the rules, I'll leave it with Paddy."

Garrity's smile was wider. "Now."

The house man thought Garrity had pushed the Kid too far, and he braced to throw himself backward, but the Kid stood up slowly, unbuckled his gun belt, and carried it to the bar.

The men nearby relaxed, but Garrity said with unnecessary loudness, "Maybe he'll live to grow up, at that."

FOR a week Bitter Root watched Garrity, and then began making friendly advances, offering Garrity drinks and cigars. The marshal invariably refused, and curtly. Finally he told the Kid, so that half the crowd at Kelly's bar heard, "You can't get on my blind side, boy."

Bitter Root blinked his long lashes. "What do you mean?"

"Want me to lay it out? You brag of killing four-five men. What'd you do? Buy 'em a drink and shoot 'em in the back?"

The Kid would have tried to kill Garrity then, if he had been wearing a gun. He was in no way a coward, as Garrity knew, though he was unstable. Like a Cheyenne buck, he might back down today and tackle an army tomorrow. His

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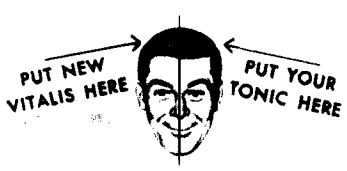

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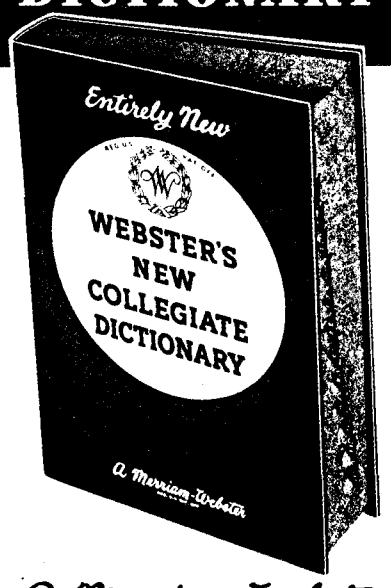

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pride ruled him, just as the Indian's did, and Garrity had rubbed it raw.

Bitter Root could leave town or try to kill the marshal. Garrity knew it, and the town knew it. Next day the Kid called for his gun, though he did not belt it on, paid his hotel bill, and made it known that he was leaving for St. Louis. But he was in no hurry, and he stayed in the hotel's bar until after dark, drinking a little more than was usual for him.

Garrity was warned, but he made his rounds as usual; and he may or may not have known when the Kid tethered his horse in the darkness of Cat Alley. Bitter Root took his stand at the mouth of the alley, just out of the lights of Palmer Street, and he did not have a long wait before the marshal came from the Palace, at the end of the street, striding toward Main.

The Kid let Garrity take ten steps past Karen's lunchroom, until he was under the door lantern of the saloon beyond, and then he stepped into the open, gun in hand, and called the marshal's name.

Garrity was supposed to turn and take a bullet in the chest, but instead he hit the dust, rolling and firing as the Kid got off one hurried shot. Garrity's bullet broke the Kid's arm, and the Kid dropped his gun and ran for the shelter of the lunchroom, colliding with a customer and falling sideways over a stool as Garrity charged in.

Karen's two customers went under the counter, and she backed into the kitchen. Desebro dived under her bed.

Garrity had lost his hat, and his grin was wild. Lifting the Kid off the floor by the hair, he kicked him in the belly and smashed him across the mouth with his six-shooter. Bitter Root screamed with pain and fear, shrill as a woman, and screamed again when Garrity kicked him into the middle of the room.

KILLING fury was so plain on Garrity's face that only a fool would have stepped between him and his victim. But Karen did just that, with a steaming kettle in her right hand.

"Animal!" she cried. "Get out, or I burn you!"

Garrity cursed hoarsely and tipped up the revolver as though to batter her aside, but she showed no fear. He checked himself, shaking his head like a man too suddenly awakened.

"Out! One—two—" Karen's kettle swung back. Garrity broke for the door, and the kettle clanged after him. Karen raised the Bitter Root Kid by his good arm and pushed him toward the kitchen, urging him to run. The Kid staggered through the kitchen and into the alley. Karen heard a yell, the drumming run of a horse, two quick shots, then silence, quickly broken by an uproar from Palmer Street. . . .

Bitter Root escaped. The affray made considerable stir, but the two customers who had been under the counter had only a confused idea of what had happened and Garrity did no bragging about running from a woman with a kettle of hot water, so the truth was not known, then or later.

Next morning, when Karen emerged from Price's with her market basket, Garrity crossed from the barbershop to meet her. His angular face was bleak. "Never meddle with me again," he said. "I came near forgetting you were a woman last night."

Keeping straight on, not even glancing at him, she said, "Then don't brawl in my place."

"A man lies in wait to kill me, and I defend myself. You call that brawling?"

She said, with complete disbelief, "More likely you were in wait for him. You forced the quarrel on him. A boy!"

"I've never gone after a man unless I had to," Garrity told her. "The Kid's blood-hungry, like a weasel. Killing him is a decent act."

She ignored that. "If you lived an honest life, no one would lie in wait for you."

"No one lays for farmers, you mean? So you haven't heard the news?"

This time she refused an answer, and Garrity walked beside her down Main and around the corner of Palmer. When she paused to unlock her door, he said harshly, "The sheriff tracked the Kid to Sim Meeker's place on Sunday Creek. Meeker was out by the corral, clubbed to death, and his wife had been shot in her own kitchen. The Kid got weapons, grub and what money they had."

Karen had opened the door, but she turned away from it to face him, her eyes wide with shock. Garrity tapped the star on his chest. "I'm the law. It's for me to deal with men like him. But you knew better. You set him loose."

He swung away without waiting a reply and crossed the dusty street to Kelly's saloon.

When Desebro came to work he noticed Karen's reddened eyes and subdued manner, and was troubled. He knew about the murder of the Meeker couple, and she confessed her part.

The old man gently reproved her. "You done what you thought right, but you've got Phil Garrity figured wrong. He gave the Kid a crack at him, you see, and he didn't finish him in here. He was kicking him out. What then, I don't know; but Garrity isn't one who kills for the fun of it, though it helps him to have a cruel reputation."

"He was going to kill that boy. I saw it in his face."

Desebro shrugged. "Then he'd judged and condemned the Kid."

"No man has that right."

"Maybe not. But after what happened, can you say he was wrong? It would be a hard decision, needing a hard man. But like Garrity says, he is the law. The sheriff is old, with ten thousand square miles of country to think about."

"Garrity is hard enough," Karen agreed bitterly. "He is not a man with human feelings. Has he one friend?"

Old Desebro nodded. "You'll hear it said otherwise, but those he holds off are not true friends, and he does well not to trust them. Paddy Kelly, Silverman on Main Street, Hon Miller over on the Powder, and others would side with him in any pinch. I would myself, if I could get up nerve. Phil Garrity is on the square."

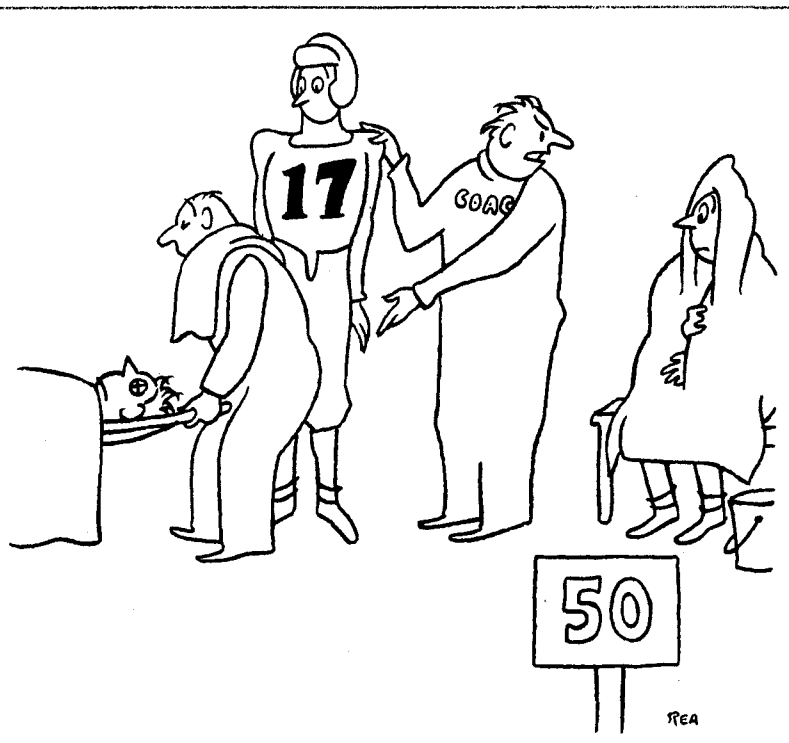
Karen wondered what there was in Garrity to stir the small spark of bravery left in Desebro. Men were not reasonable creatures. They gave their loyalty blindly as dogs, were honest in wickedness, dedicated to the wrong things.

THE sheriff's posse came back from its search for the Bitter Root Kid, tired and empty-handed. The Meekers were buried on their own land. The incident was forgotten. Summer waned, and the first snows fell on the distant Western peaks and melted again, but the harsh winter was coming.

The town prospered, and Karen's lunchroom thrived with it. Her hoard of gold coins grew slowly, though Karen did not think of it as money, but as a milk cow, chickens, a wagon, a good stove, glass windows in the house.

The last of the cattle were shipped, and the town grew quieter. In another month or so, the first blizzard would hit, and the town would draw into itself like a hibernating creature. Palmer and the other back streets would be as quietly decorous as Main. Most of the gamblers and girls would head out to winter in St. Louis or New Orleans or on the West Coast, and only the true core of the town would be left. By now Karen Swenson was part of that core, accepted by merchants and their wives as well as by the less respectable proprietors along Palmer Street. Only Garrity did not accept her. When they met on the street, if he was alone, he did not see her. If he was with others who recognized her, he tipped his hat, but blankly, as if she had been a hitching post. . . .

One October morning when there was a tingle in the air that made a



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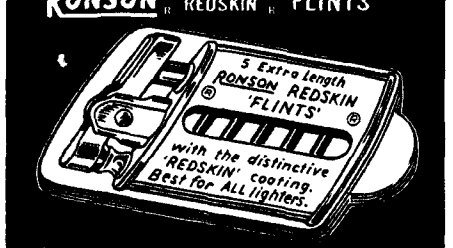

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coat welcome, Karen came from Price's store carrying her market basket just as Garrity left the O.K. Barbershop across the street. If he saw Karen he gave no sign, but crossed through the dust briskly and turned down Palmer a few steps in front of her.

No other person moved on Main, and all doors were closed to contain the stoves' heat; but as she turned the corner of Palmer, she saw two horses tethered in front of the Barrel House, next to Kelly's, and a man had come several paces from them toward her lunchroom, in front of which Garrity had stopped. Another man stood in the alley mouth, also facing Garrity. The three men formed a triangle, with Garrity the apex.

Karen's appearance seemed to freeze the three of them where they were, and as she walked toward the restaurant, she realized they were waiting for her to pass by. The man in midstreet had a scarred mouth that made him look ugly, and it was a moment or two until, with a little shock, she recognized him as the Bitter Root Kid.

Garrity's back was toward her, and he did not move. The Bitter Root Kid's glance flickered at her and returned to the marshal. Tension held the three men rigid, and uneasiness quickened Karen's steps. Then the full meaning of the tableau struck her, and without consciously thinking, she swerved as though to pass in front of Garrity and stopped, facing him, her back to the Bitter Root Kid.

Garrity's face was hardly recognizable, the eyes were so narrow, the mouth so hard. He said gratingly, "You damned fool. Get out of here!"

For answer, she shoved the market basket at him, letting go of it as his hands automatically came forward, at the same time gripping his arm and using her weight to swing him around.

The man in the alley cried, "Watch him! Watch him!"

And the Kid, shrilly: "Hold it, Con!"

TIME stretched as it does in nightmares, with Garrity craning over his shoulder and holding back, but too confused to be determined. Karen kept up a bright, meaningless chatter, loud enough for the others to hear, sensing that the only hope was to prolong their indecision. She fumbled at the door, unlocked, opened it, and shoved Garrity inside. Risking a look backward, she saw that the man was edging from the alley's mouth, across the street to the tethered horses.

As she shut the door, Garrity set down the basket, and in one smooth motion, drew his gun, stepped to the wall, and slid cautiously sideways to peer out the window. "They're going to stick it out," he muttered. "Bitter Root's been eating raw meat. But who's the other?"

He turned and took two long steps toward the kitchen and the back door, when Karen cried sharply, "You will not go out there!"

Garrity stopped, showing faint surprise, as though he had forgotten her presence. Showing her his tight smile, he nodded. "Let 'em stew a minute. The other one is edgy now."

"They will go."

Garrity shook his head and moved back to the window for another wary glance. "The Kid's looked in the mirror till he can't look again, while I'm alive. The other I don't know." He looked round at her. "Between them, they kind of had me euchered. What made you do a crazy thing like stepping in?"

"They would not shoot a woman."

"If the Kid hadn't recognized you—Well, they missed their turn, and now it's mine. Still, why did you take that risk?"

For a moment his attention was full on her. Karen looked straight at him, color rising in her face, but she only said, desperately, "I will not let you go out."

Garrity said, as though it explained everything, "They're waiting for me." He turned again to the window.

Karen moved to his side and caught his arm, trying to shake him, crying, "No!"

He pulled her roughly away from the window. "Watch it!" he warned her. "They're jumpy, now. There's no choice but going out. The Kid's wanted for murder."

"Let someone else go after him!"

"Who?" She merely shook her head, and Garrity said patiently, "They've been spotted, maybe, and someone might've gone after the sheriff. But I have to go out or quit wearing the badge— You see that?"

"Then quit!" She clung to him as if she would hold him by force. "Garrity, listen—this is why I stepped between you! Because there is land I own, land that needs a man. You understand?"

For a long moment, staring at her, he forgot the two outside. "Why, if I do . . . This is a queer time to be telling me."

"No! Because I cannot have a man who will choose violence to peace—a home, a good life. You see? Oh, Garrity!"

For once in his life, Garrity was humble, a little uncertain. "If you knew the times I thought about you—When this is over, I'll come back. But I'm no farmer."

"You could try!"

"If you were a little less the woman for me, maybe," he said, sounding angry about it. "I could lie to get you, and I'd do worse things. But with you and me, no. None of that—no lying. I'm a law officer."

Looking at him, she knew he meant it, and she pulled away, saying fiercely, "Then go. But do not come back! You will not break my heart. You will not drag me into your bad life."

It shook him, but she could not change him, not if she had years instead of these few minutes. Nothing would ever change him. Garrity gave her a long look, as though to remember her face forever, and then appeared to put her out of his mind. He ventured another glance through the window, and Karen moved closer to it, to see also.

The second man had mounted and now sat in the saddle with a revolver in his hand, leaning forward as though listening to the Bitter Root Kid, who stood at the stirrup. Garrity's face was rigid with decision and, without looking at her, he took four long steps toward the kitchen. In panic, she called his name, and Garrity looked over his shoulder, waiting unyieldingly. Nothing could change him.

Karen whispered, "Garrity, come back, will you? It's not the land—I need you."

SHE let him see her complete surrender and, to her amazement, that conquered him. He turned to face her, and she knew that if she took one step toward him, said one word, he would not go out, but she hesitated. The urgency of the moment, the immensity of the split-second decision seized her mind. Garrity was the man, the only man there was for her, but if he did not go out, what would happen to Garrity? To meet danger in the name of the law was his need, his nature and his pride, and if he turned aside for her, he might remember that someday. And if she could sway him, would he be Garrity, the man like no other?

A moment can be an eternity, but in reality she had only breathed twice before she made herself smile and say, "Go do your job. But come back. Oh, my Garrity, come back to me!"

She turned quickly away from him, but not before she saw the irresolution leave his face, the old, proud look return. She pretended to look out the window. When she heard his step and the creak of the back door, she backed into the corner of the wall, huddling forward and covering her face.

Yet she could not shut out hearing—the first crashing shot, the shrill yell, the roll of gunfire and the horse's pounding runaway. She could not look, could not move, even when from the street she heard, so strong and alive, the voice of Garrity.

COLLIER'S "What a racket! At home Mom makes me do this job myself" WILLIAM WHITE

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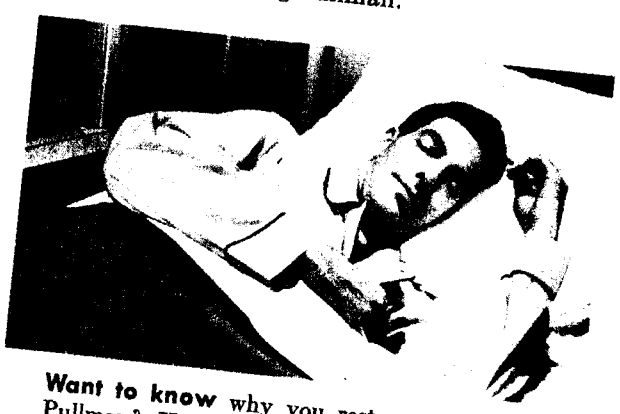

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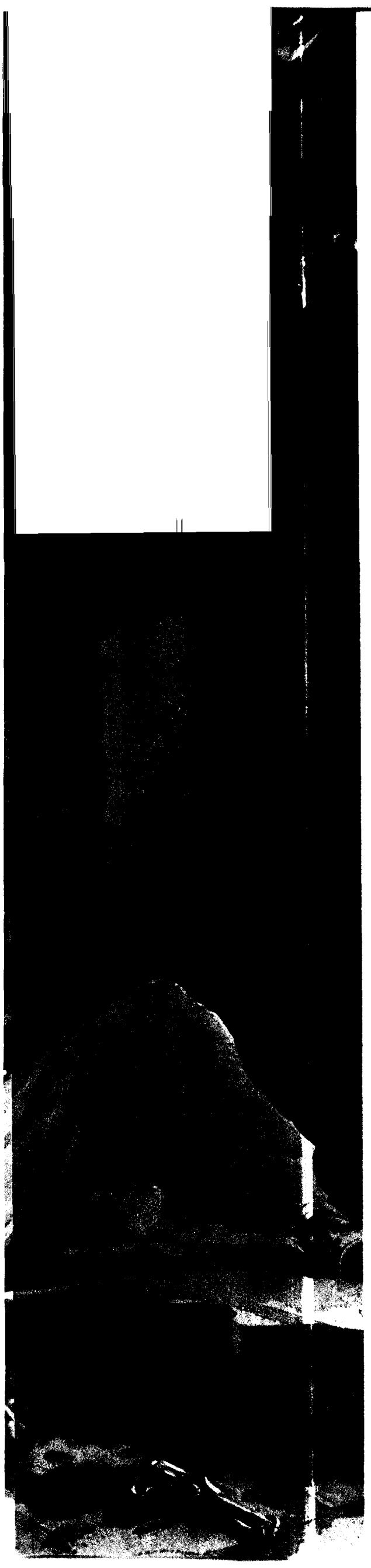
The Web Caught the Spider

By CHARLES B. CHILD

This was treason—murder not of one man but of an entire nation. Inspector Chafik pursued night shadows; he must catch a phantom



INSPECTOR CHAFIK of the Iraqi police climbed the wall and dropped into the grounds of the big estate on the outskirts of Baghdad. He adjusted his polka-dotted tie, brushed his white linen suit, and went over in his mind the instructions that commanded him to attend a high officer of state at midnight.

"A bizarre meeting," the little man said to himself, "but we live in bizarre times. Furthermore, one does not refuse the Minister."

He found a path and walked briskly. A warm breeze caressed him. There was perfume, and he looked down and saw in the starlight the gay carpet of tamarisk blossoms spread by the bending trees. Nearby, he heard the river whisper among the reeds. The look on his thin face softened; he stopped and turned aside from duty to embrace peace.

Something flicked by him with the speed of a serpent's tongue. There was a thud, a vibrating sound. A knife stood quivering in a nearby tree; it had passed within inches of him. Between the columns of the date palms, a shadow moved and vanished. Chafik shrugged and returned the gun he had drawn to the holster under his armpit.

"One might," he said, "find a stationary needle in a haystack, but it would be vain to hunt an active assassin in the gardens of Baghdad."

He plucked the knife from the tree. The blade was beautifully balanced, and when he slipped the knife up his sleeve to carry it, it nestled against his arm cold and deadly, like a viper.

Chafik was more concerned that he might be late than that he had been attacked, and he murmured thankfully when he reached the end of the path and saw the house, majestic as a palace. He compared it with his own small home and reproved himself for envy. The bottom rung of the ladder where I stand, he told himself, is convenient to the ground. So comforted, he crossed the wide lawn and tapped on an open French window, as the clocks of the city chimed midnight.

A man's voice challenged him. He said, "Excellency!" and entered a darkened room. Curtains rustled as they were drawn behind him, and he was blinded as the lights came on. He said, "Excellency!" again and performed the full ritual of a salaam, hand to head.

The Minister said, "So you didn't think my note someone's jest."

"I compared it with a specimen of your handwriting, sir."

They were very much alike—the officer of state and the police inspector—small men, deceptively delicate in build. Their faces were swarthy and wide at the cheekbones, and they had sharp, straight noses and full lips.

The Minister was one of those men who are never publicly addressed by their family or given names. He had the pride of Nebuchadnezzar. As he looked over Chafik's head, the Inspector was unreasonably irritated and told himself: He's no taller than I, not really. All Baghdad knows he wears lifts in his shoes. Embarrassed by the thought, he said humbly, "I am here secretly, as commanded, Excellency, and I am mystified that one so unimportant—"

"You are incorruptible, and that makes you important." The Minister charmed his visitor with a smile and went to a desk, which filled one end of the room. Strangely, it did not dwarf him. He sat for a moment with his chin in his hand and then said, "I sent for you unofficially because of the gravity of the situation."

Chafik said, "Yes, there are signs of a *coup d'état* —a grab for power. The unrest resembles the times of Rashid Ali, sir."

The Inspector did not reach to his shoulder holster—there was no time—nevertheless, the man with the blank face suddenly jackknifed, coughed and fell, his gun unfired

HIS mind wandered back to the dark days of 1940 and 1941 when his young country had been seized by the despot, Rashid Ali al Gailani, who had discarded the Arabic Koran for the German Mein Kampf. Fortunately, the king of Iraq, a five-year-old child was spirited from the country by his uncle, the regent, and Rashid Ali's attempt to govern without constitutional powers had failed. He fell and passed into oblivion after an attack upon Habbaniya, where the British had a Royal Air Force base and a garrison of Assyrian levies.

Chafik returned to the present and to the Minister's frown. The Minister was saying, "I asked you twice what makes you think there is conspiracy."

"Excellency, please think of police as keepers of a temperamental lion—the people. When they are prodded with an experimental finger, there is an unsheathing of claws, a growl. They sleep again —but they might leap next time."

"Whose is the finger that prods?"

"I do not inquire. I am a policeman, and political matters belong to security intelligence, the English classification being M.I.5. The chief of this department is Colonel Rassam."

Chafik wished the floor would open under his chair: he had lectured the Minister. In his discomfort, he began to quote from the store of records in his mind, but he did not know he was speaking aloud—an old habit when he was overwrought.

"Rassam," he murmured softly to himself. "Age, sixty-three. Profession, military. Security intelligence chief since 1949. Manner, brusque. Friends, few. Wife died in 1928. No children. He—"

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"I have told Rassam you are to work with him," the Minister said shortly.

"Excellency?"

"Your department is criminal investigation. Conspiracy is criminal." The Minister hesitated and then went on, "I have not informed your director. This is between us, over my desk."

He gestured, and his elbow touched a photograph in a heavy silver frame, which fell to the floor. Chafik hastened to pick it up and saw that it was a picture of the very beautiful woman of great family whom the Minister had recently married. The Inspector replaced the photograph awkwardly. He had forgotten the assassin's knife hidden in his sleeve, and it slipped and clattered on the rosewood surface of the desk.

"Did you plan to kill me?" the Minister asked coolly. He made a rapid movement and pointed a small black gun at the Inspector.

CHAFIK told him about the knife thrown at him in the garden, and the Minister put the gun away. "You kept to yourself what I wrote?" he asked. "You did not confide to anyone?"

"Not even to Abdullah," said the Inspector, naming the sergeant who had been his right-hand man for years.

"And I spoke only to Colonel Rassam," the Minister said. "My note was sent by someone as trustworthy as your Abdullah." He shrugged. "An incident of no import, in any case. The attack was possibly intended for me; we are alike in build."

He stood up, and Chafik was again made aware of lifts.

"I dismiss you," the Minister said. "Communicate with me through Rassam. You are to consult him about everything, even if you plan arrests."

Chafik said, "Yes, Excellency, but I foresee difficulty. We police are civilians, and the military are apt to consider us intruders, particularly in the department of political security."

"He will forget his pride and co-operate. I have so instructed him. I repeat, tell everything to Rassam; do not come to me—never—not unless it is a matter as confidential as your prayers to God." He came from behind the desk and touched the lapel of Chafik's jacket. "It needs a ribbon," he said, smiling. "An order, perhaps the Rafidain."

The Inspector salaamed twice as he went out through the French windows. When he was on the lawn and in the deep shadow of a plane tree, he stopped and caressed his lapel. He thought of his wife, Leila, and of his small son, Faisal, and how proud they would be if he won a decoration.

He looked back at the room and saw a door open and a woman come in. The silver-framed photograph, he thought, must have been taken by an Englishman —it was an understatement.

Her voice was clear in the still of the night. "You had a visitor?" asked the Minister's wife. "I thought I heard Kadari talking."

"Nobody was here, Nazmi," lied the Minister, and he bowed over her hand.

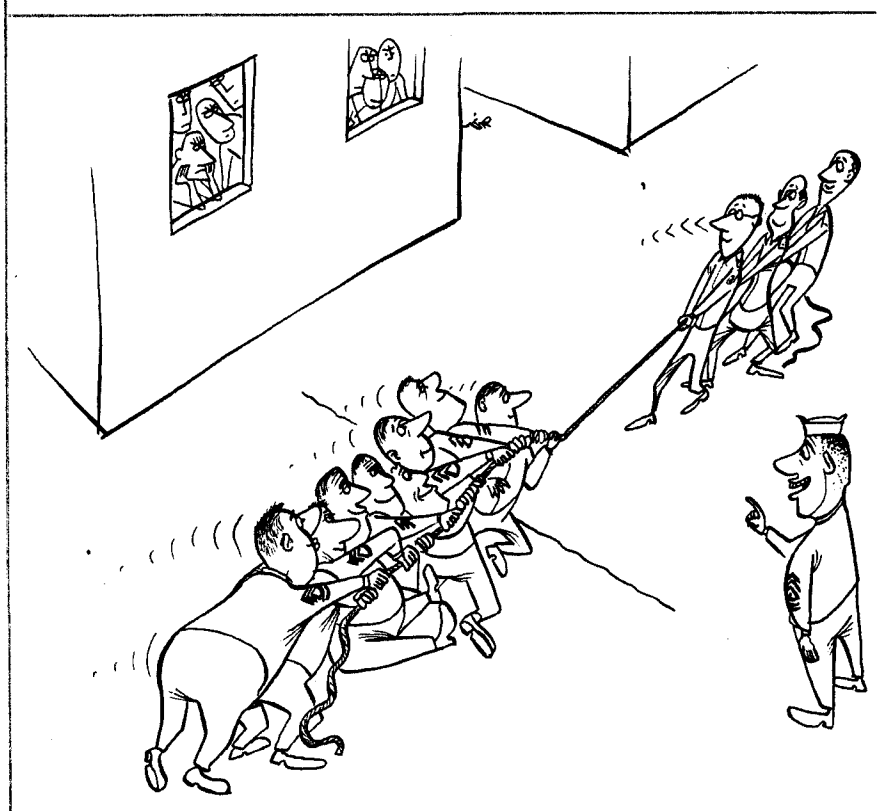
Chafik went away, not by the path but by a new route, muttering to himself, "Kadari, Mohammed. Age, thirty. Profession, military. Rank, captain. Recently appointed aide-de-camp to Colonel Rassam. Handsome. Popular with women."

He climbed the wall and walked along the boulevard. The domes of the city beckoned; there were chaplets of light on the four towers of the sepulcher of Musa Al-Kadhim.

His car was hidden behind a flowering hedge, and he brushed oleander blossoms off it before he drove away. He tried not to think of the order, to concentrate on the special assignment, but he found he was calculating whether it would be the Rafidain of the Second or Third Class. "Chafik J. Chafik," he reprimanded himself, "there are no orders in Paradise!"

In the driving mirror he saw lights, suddenly switched off. A rushing sound, and another car was alongside his. Flame rippled, yellow turning to red. Bullets hammered, a tire was hit, and exploded. He steered to the shoulder of

VIP'S WAR



"I'm afraid the officers have won again, fellows"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

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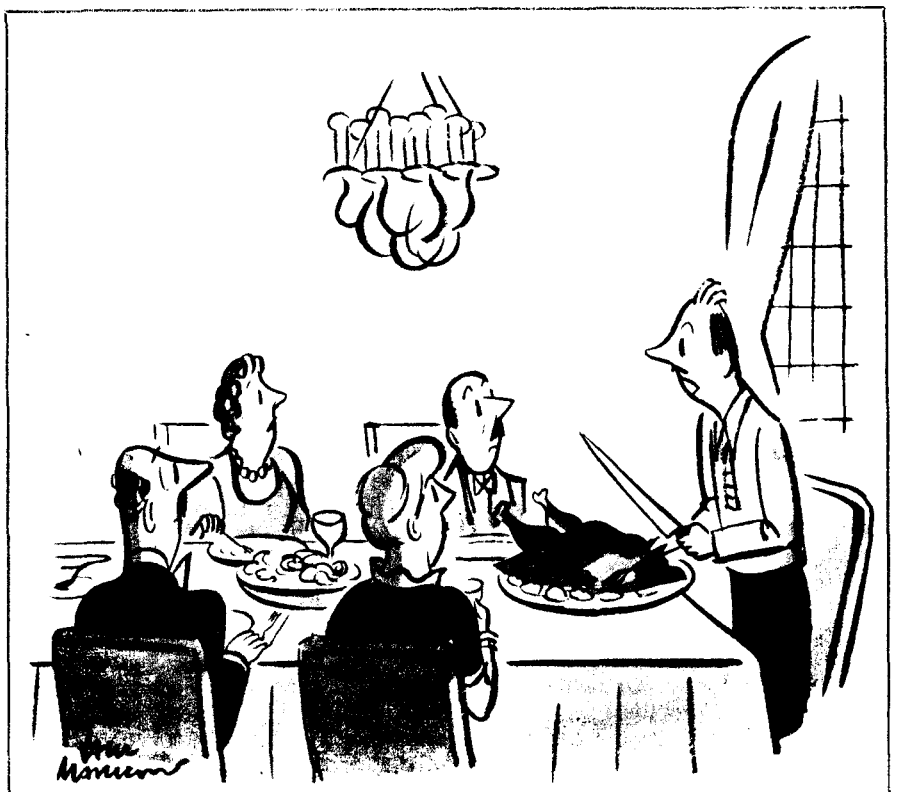

"That enough? Or would you like a couple of dollars' worth more?"

COLLIER'S — JACK MARKOW

the road and stopped. "God," he announced, "favors me for an unfathomable reason. I am not a good man, yet twice this night I have escaped death. How very extraordinary!"

He got out and leaned against the wrecked car and lighted a cigarette. He wondered if the Minister would dismiss this also as an incident.

IN THE morning he went to see Colonel Rassam. The colonel was tall and thin, and his lined face was yellowed by malaria. He had a brushed-up white mustache and cold eyes.

This man was responsible for the internal security of the country. He could, in an emergency, direct the military and police to crush rebellion, but his normal duty was to report on political trends, to recommend arrests and deportations. Rassam had given Iraq stability in the unsettled world of the Middle East and was a hero to the people; only the king and cabinet could dismiss him.

"I do not criticize the Minister," he said, "but I consider it premature to bring you police into this."

"Then there is no immediate danger of a *coup d'état?*"

"None. This is merely a test. If they who conspire find the state too strong, they will not risk it. And I make the state strong!" Rassam added grimly.

His eyes were no longer cold as he looked from his high window over the city and the land. This man is a fanatic, Chafik thought, and reminded himself to make an addition to the secret record. He asked, "Whom do you suspect?"

"Conspirators stay in the shadows," Rassam said.

Chafik nodded. Political conspiracy, unlike murder, is indirect, and a Brutus does not show his dagger until Caesar has fallen. He said, "Nevertheless, there are people to watch. I have records. I keep them here." He touched his head. "Too dangerous to write them down. Shall we compare notes?"

"It is the Minister's wish," Rassam said indifferently.

The policeman talked, and the intelligence chief listened, at first merely politely, then attentively. "I have underrated you," he said. "You have an excellent spy system."

"My eyes and ears go everywhere, like cockroaches."

"I, too, have cockroaches," Rassam said with a thin smile. "They talk with cultured voices and scavenge at the tables of the great."

There was a light knock on the door, which then opened silently as if it had been ajar. The man who entered had wide shoulders, narrow hips, and wore a uniform cut by a master tailor. His smile had the charm of candlelight and careful conversation. The man said to Colonel Rassam, "Sir, I thought you were alone. Excuse me. I will wait."

Rassam said, "Inspector, this is Captain Kadari of my staff. You know who this is, Kadari."

The captain salaamed to Chafik. "Honored! Your name is so well known." He bowed himself out.

"So," Chafik said. "I meet one of your cockroaches." He looked thoughtfully at his signet ring and said softly, "Kadari of Intelligence—second cousin of Nazmi, wife of—" He heard himself and was confused.

Rassam said severely, "It is not discreet to mention the Minister's wife."

"Your reprimand is just. My tongue is a prattling child."

THE Inspector stood and commenced the ceremony of departure; then a thought stopped him, and he asked, "Your cockroach, did he know about my visit to the Minister?"

"I do not gossip."

"A thousand apologies! I only meant that as he is cousin of—"

"Add to your dossier on Kadari that his appointment was made by influence. I did not ask for him, but he is a young man of family."

"Young men of family do not pull strings to join our police force," Chafik said, smiling.

"My department is gilded," Rassam said with the suspicion of a twinkle. He went on, "Be assured if my new cockroach displeases me, I have a heel."

Chafik completed his departure, and when he was in the corridor he hesitated and almost went back; he had not told Colonel Rassam of the two attempts to kill him the previous night. Then he thought: It may not have any-

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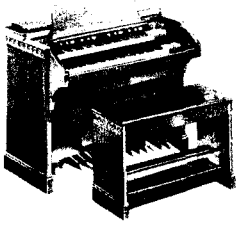

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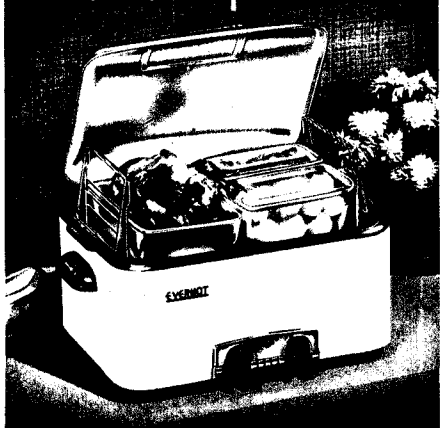

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thing to do with the case. A policeman is never loved, and there are many common criminals who would joyfully pay for the washing of my corpse. He shrugged and left the building.

His headquarters was nearby on Rashid Street, and he walked back. This was the old Turkish quarter, and the overhanging balconies almost met overhead. There were alleyways between the houses—gutters for the monsoon rains—and from one of them ran a man with a dark, blank face, who pointed a gun.

The Inspector did not reach to his shoulder holster—there was no time—nevertheless, the man with the blank face suddenly jackknifed, coughed and fell, his gun unfired.

Chafik said, without turning his head, "Abdullah, was it necessary to submit this individual to final judgment?"

A big man in khaki uniform stepped from a doorway behind him. His face was carved from mahogany and was almost wholly lacking in expression. "Yes, sir," the police sergeant said. "The individual pointed a dangerous weapon at you. I was angered."

"But now we cannot question him," Chafik complained. He turned the corpse over with his foot. "I do not know this one," he announced.

"No, sir. Possibly an imported gunman. I do regret killing him; it is true a man can be encouraged to talk." Sergeant Abdullah extracted the spent cartridge and slid a live one into the chamber. "I will be more careful next time," he said casually.

THE Middle East is the breeding ground of disease, worst of all, the contagion of extreme nationalism. And Chafik, who was aware the plague might be brought to his own country, began to hunt for carriers. He was particularly interested in former members of the Golden Square, the quasi-military organization which had put Rashid Ali into power and had gone underground after the leader's defeat. As always, Chafik was too cautious to commit anything to writing and stored facts in the card index of his mind. Finally he went to Colonel Rassam with his memorized dossiers and a plan.

He said, "I know enough now about certain individuals to make arrests. Only small people, of course, but a policeman's knock in the dawn is like a hammer blow on rotten wood—one never knows what will crawl out."

Rassam smiled. "For myself, I prefer not to strike until I see the snake's head. However, there is merit in your plan. List the raids you plan, and I will inform the Minister."

His Excellency approved, and the Inspector made his first move the next night, surrounding a house where a paid agent had told him he would find certain important documents belonging to the conspirators.

To keep the raid as secret as possible, Chafik did not brief his men until the last moment. Certain emergency powers gave him authority; no search warrant was necessary, and he hit as unexpectedly as a stratosphere rocket.

His men entered the house, took people from their beds in night clothes, and were disappointed because all were registered as residents. They knew exactly where to look for the documents, went straight to the supposed hiding places, and were again disappointed: nothing was incriminating.

Three days later the Inspector struck again, this time at the Taurus Express, which, with connections from Syria, arrived twice a week. He had information that an exiled leader of the Golden Square would attempt to enter the country on that train.

They found the personal baggage of the wanted man, but he had been warned of the trap and had left the train and fled back across the frontier.

Chafik tried twice more; each time he failed, and he sulked in his office. There was a message from the Minister, expressing disapproval, and the Inspector remembered the half-promised order and thought: Now it is reduced to the Third Class. He chewed his nails.

"They even knew His Excellency wanted to see me before I did," he complained. "Surely, too, it was not by chance an assassin lurked when I called on Colonel Rassam."

He was aware of his thoughts shuttling to and fro, weaving facts into fabric. He was positive that leakage was impossible through his own department, and thus was reminded there was only one step between himself and the Minister. He did not like the design his brain was creating, particularly the color, which was somber.

He read a name in the design and said, "All right, let's see if it's true that a cockroach scavenges in its own nest!"

Chafik took his *sidarah* from a peg and adjusted it to flatter his profile. The day was Saturday, and he went to the race track on Muasker Road. He mingled with the crowd, but his interest was not in horses, only in the grandstand where Baghdad society sat.

He looked up from the dust of the public enclosure at a handsome young man who was with a gay party. Reports were confirmed, and he confessed to jealousy when he saw the beautiful woman at the side of Rassam's aide.

"Does His Excellency condone this?" he asked a bewildered tout who was trying to sell stable information. "Of course, he never goes anywhere, affairs of state are so exacting. And Kadari is her second cousin—but such a *constant* escort."

He wondered if the Minister was human like other men and confided secrets to his wife, secrets that a trained interrogator, such as Kadari, would know how to extract.

"Conjecture!" Chafik thundered at himself, but he continued to watch.

ALL at once he had a strong sensation that he, too, was watched, and he took cover behind the bulky figure of a robed Arab and looked about. There were no familiar faces. Then he noticed the tall, thin man who stood on the platform of the steward's box, with binoculars trained on the grandstand.

Chafik recognized Colonel Rassam.

Rassam lowered his glasses. I am oversuspicious, the Inspector thought, and walked away. Immediately, he had the sensation again and this time could not blame the colonel, who had gone to the paddock.

He lighted a cigarette and decided that a homicide investigation, however sordid, was preferable to the world of intrigue in which he now moved; it was getting on his nerves. Spies spied on spies, and he was no better than the others. Embarrassed, he went and risked half a *dinar* on a horse, to excuse himself for being at the track.

The jockey wore somber silks and the tote paid on a winner. . . .

Leila, his wife, had just said, "Welcome home, husband!" and had knelt to

COLLIER'S

"He has a brilliant mind, but nothing I can't cope with . . ."

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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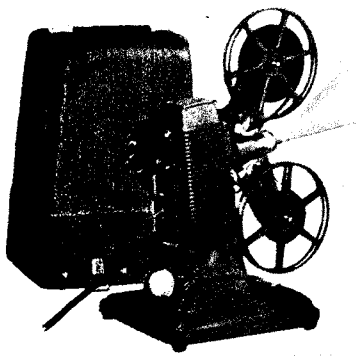

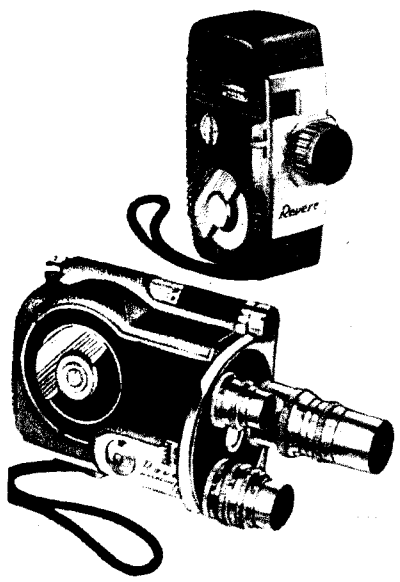

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remove his shoes, when the telephone rang. Faisal, his son, came shouting, "Father, my father, it is Abdullah, and surely there is a murdered one!" The little man went to the bedroom, looked regretfully at the connubial couch, and grasped the receiver.

The voice of Sergeant Abdullah intoned, "Item, a corpse—"

"I told you I was not to be bothered with minor items."

"This one is major, sir. Kadari, Mohammed. Found dead in his car on Muasker Road. Shot, sir."

CHAFIK did not remember leaving the house. He narrowly missed a laden mule on Mansour Avenue and went up Rashid Street, leaving confusion in his wake. It was quieter in the Alwiyah district, and soon he was on the road which led to the race track.

His men were waiting for him at a desolate spot where the dust of the desert was poised in waves like a petrified sea. Kadari's car, a convertible, had plunged off the road and nosed into a dune, which had hidden it from the home-going crowds. The stalled engine was cold.

Chafik looked at the body and said, "This one ceases to be a suspect."

The bullet had come from a rifle, and they had found the place where the sniper had waited.

"Range, seventy yards," Sergeant Abdullah said. "Death, immediate."

"Have you found out what time he left the race track?"

"Yes, sir. The police saw him depart before the last race."

"I left before the fourth race," Chafik said, "and this road was as empty as one followed by a man without sons. Only the ruined leave a track before the last race is run."

A military car lurched through the sand, and the Inspector went to meet Colonel Rassam, who brushed him aside without speaking. Rassam's mustache quivered as he saluted his murdered aide. "Well?" he demanded, turning to Chafik.

The Inspector briefed him. "A trap," he suggested. "Kadari was enticed away, and—"

"He was not enticed," Rassam said. "He left on my orders."

"Eh?"

"You watched him with the Minister's wife as I watched him. I, too, have had reports, and—" The colonel's face darkened. "Such a public exhibition might have reflected upon my department," he finished harshly.

"Yes?" Chafik waited with a policeman's patience.

"I telephoned the grandstand and told him to leave before the last race and go to my office. I intended to reprimand him."

"Why do you tell me this, Colonel?"

"Because others heard me make my call from the steward's box on an open telephone. They would have told you."

"When did you make the call?"

"Following the fourth race."

"There are eight races," Chafik said in a hollow voice. "Kadari gets the call after the fourth and leaves after the seventh. Three races, and each one with preliminaries, takes roughly half an hour. That adds up to one and a half hours, time to arrange an ambush."

He heard himself and was embarrassed, and when he saw Rassam staring, he smiled nervously. "I mean," he said, "that a steward's box is a crowded place. People come and go. So many could have overheard what you said to Kadari. That would provide so many alibis," the Inspector added absently.

"Alibis?"

"I should have said 'suspects.' So many could have set the ambush."

The colonel looked at him for a long minute; then he turned, saluted his dead again, and went away.

"My tongue gets looser every day," Inspector Chafik confessed to Sergeant Abdullah.

THE Minister's wife was stricken, and the Minister was angry. Blame fell on the policeman, and he shrugged and fingered his lapel, thinking: Now not even the Rafidain of the Third Class. There were many trails, no real clues. He explored patiently and was agreeably surprised when he got a lead.

He relayed the information to the Minister in the usual way, through Ras-

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sam, and then surrounded a rooming house in the Bab-el-Sheik district, where he was told a man was in hiding.

The man was gone—it was the old story—but they found a rifle fitted with a telescopic sight, and the ballistics experts said it was the weapon. Chafik traced it to the armory at Hinadi Camp. There, the trail ended.

"A broken thread," Chafik said. "I must stop my loom until I find another loose end, then I can knot them and go on weaving. Alas! I am pockets-down for threads—surely God teaches me how the poor live!"

He heard the prayer callers announcing *el Asr,* the midafternoon prayer, from the mosques of Baghdad. He took his rolled mat and went out to the public garden and asked for help. He rose refreshed and confident.

THE Inspector's mail the next morning included a small package addressed for personal attention. He pushed it with a forefinger and sent it to the laboratory, unopened.

They told him the bomb enclosed was designed to explode on the unknotting of the string. Fortunately the mechanism was at fault, and nothing would have happened if he had been unwise enough to open the package.

Chafik knew his habits had been studied; he was a man who always untied knots and saved string. He admitted he was frightened. There had been four tries. Each had failed, yet the one try on Kadari had given the young man gravestones for his head and feet. "Do I look like a man granted nine lives?" the Inspector demanded of his assistant who had just entered the room. He licked his hand and with a feline gesture soothed a sandfly bite on the nape of his neck.

Sergeant Abdullah said with unexpected warmth, "May you be granted ten thousand lives!" The big man closed his mouth, then said with formality, "An individual to see you, sir. An informer."

"Kindly open a window and bring him in."

The informer was a thin man with a thin voice, and he made his confidence with mouth close to the Inspector's ear. Chafik paid him, and when he had gone, said to Abdullah, "See that Judas is arrested within decent limits of this building. I lack funds to purchase his loyalty." He added, "Furthermore, the other people might cut his throat."

The information, he was sure, was genuine; it had the right sour taste. The conspirators had an armory in the town of Falujah, near Baghdad, and the weapons would be used to arm malcontents when there was a rising. The Inspector thought: This is the greatest discovery yet. Rassam must share the responsibility of the raid. If I fail—He took his *sidarah,* started from the office, then had another thought and turned back and locked the door.

He sat at his desk and smoked steadily through a long day; the pyramid of butts in his ash tray was a feat of engineering. Step by step he traced his failures and then reined in his mind, too eager to take hurdles. Chafik saw ditches behind easy jumps.

Always he came back to the faulty bomb and remembered the other abortive attempts, the thrown knife, the machine gun, the gunman. Near midnight he was in turmoil and interlaced his fingers so that the signet ring bruised him. He sweated, and it was a cool night. He cried out, "Chafik J. Chafik! Let reason enter this emotional conflict like a fireman's hose into a burning building!" All at once he was calm and thought of Kadari, how Kadari had been skillfully murdered, how Chafik J. Chafik had survived.

He told the still room, "It is obvious they never really wanted to kill me. They keep me alive for a purpose."

The Inspector brought loose ends together and tied a knot. His thoughts began to revolve. He got up and went to the window and looked over the rooftops of sleeping Baghdad. "God the Merciful!" he exclaimed. "What a monstrosity—a spider caught in its own web!"

In the morning he called the ministry on the scrambler, asked for the Minister, said, "Over!" and depressed the button on the base of the instrument.

His Excellency was angered. "You should not call me, not even on the secret telephone! You disappoint me, Chafik. Kadari died and—"

Chafik bowed to the storm and said, "His death will be avenged, sir."

"How?" asked the Minister.

"Excellency, when we unmask the conspirators it will be simple to trace the hireling who killed Kadari, and humbly I suggest my latest report will make naked many faces."

"What report?" demanded the Minister. "What report, eh?"

"Sir," Chafik said. "I refer of course to the report I made yesterday to Colonel Rassam concerning the cache of arms at the town of Falujah."

"Rassam told me nothing!"

Perspiration wilted Chafik's collar, and he loosened his tie. "I do not understand," he said in a bewildered voice. "Possibly the colonel wishes to confirm my information before he transmits it to you. However, I do confess—" The little man stammered.

"Speak up!" said the Minister.

"Excellency, I confess I am unhappy about my association with Rassam. That is why I risk your wrath with this telephone call. So many things go wrong when I send you details of my plans through an intermediary. Of course I am not suggesting—"

"What plans have you made about Falujah and this secret arsenal?"

"Excellency, it is a matter of such importance I am using men from Basra and Mosul, not the Baghdad police. I planned to strike tomorrow."

"Then do so!"

"But, Excellency, Colonel Rassam will be angry. He—"

"Act without Rassam! I will say nothing to him about your call. I am mystified about his silence; he can explain that later. So raid! If you fail, I expect your resignation on my desk."

Inspector Chafik remembered the desk. He said, "Yes, Excellency."

The scrambler made barnyard sounds as the Minister hung up.

FALUJAH was on the Euphrates, the greatest of the rivers of Iraq. The river was crossed by a single-track bridge, always guarded, this time by Chafik's men. He enclosed the rest of the small town with police debarked from trucks, and no one knew the purpose of the raid until Falujah was surrounded.

They went up the rutted main street and invaded a café where men sprawled on green-painted benches, enjoying the cool of the evening. They broke into ancient vaults and found nothing except splintered crates and a few weapons dropped in confusion.

The tracks of trucks were will-o'-the-wisps in the desert sands. Nobody knew anything, and Inspector Chafik inhaled the smoke of his cigarette and said in

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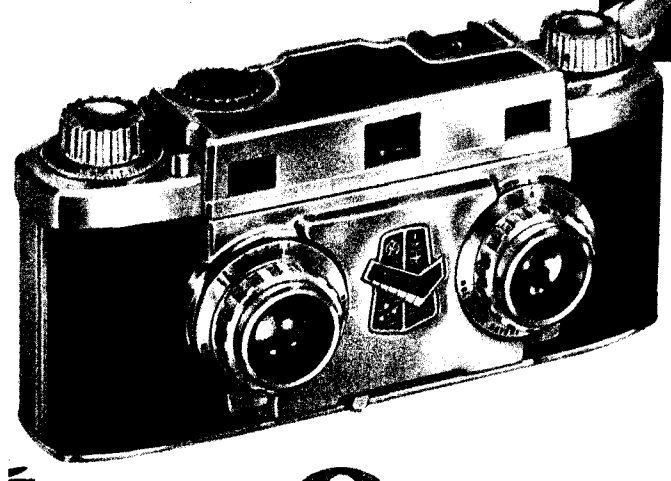

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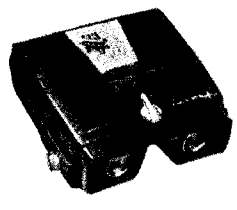

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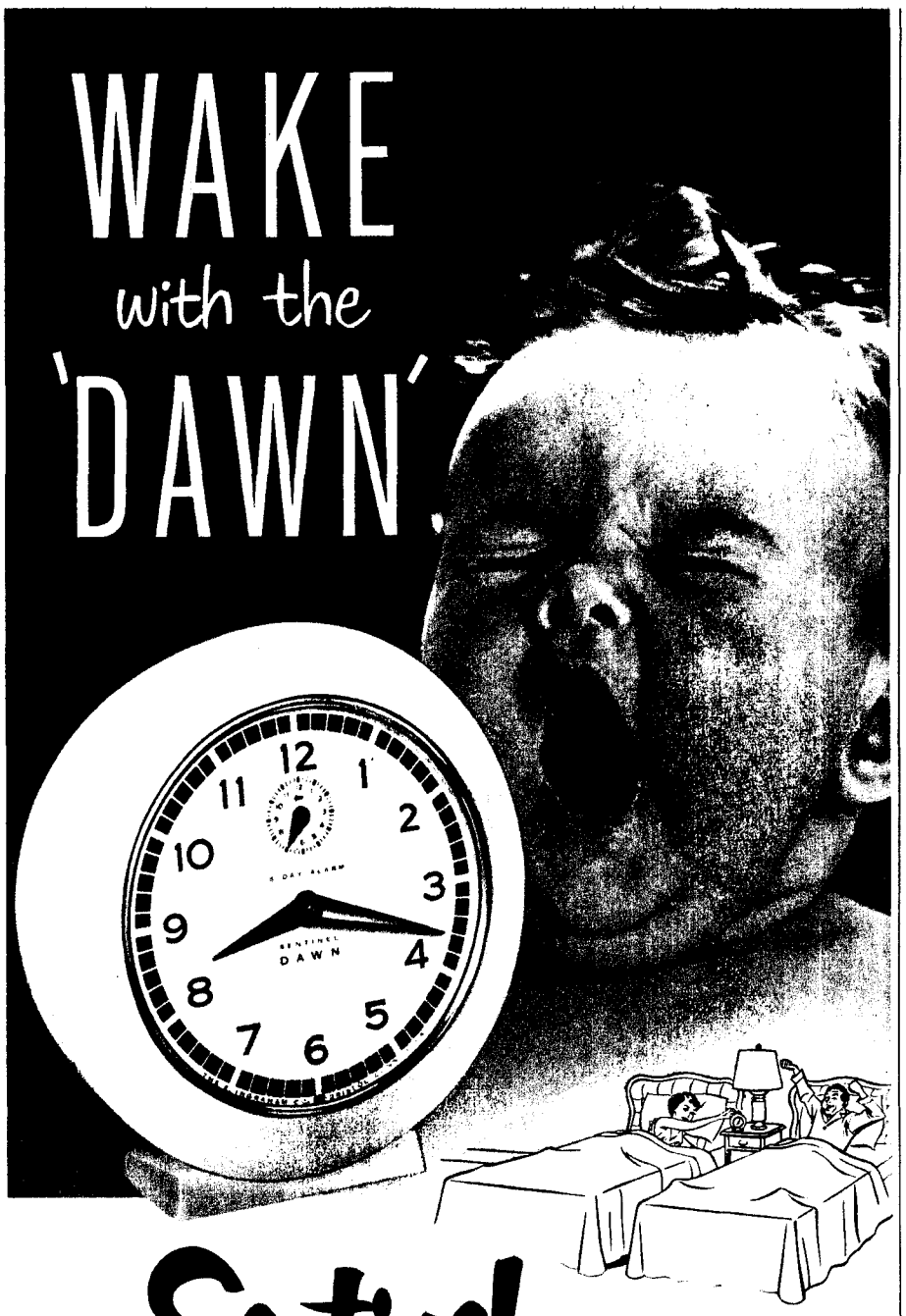

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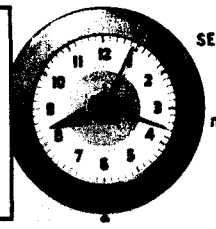

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precise English, "With salaams to Oscar Wilde, who first said it, this is the precise psychological moment when to say nothing—"

"Sir, it is perdition!" exclaimed Sergeant Abdullah, and put an arm like an oak-tree bough around the slight shoulders of the Inspector.

Chafik patted the big man's cheek. "My friend, let us look forward with hope." He produced a sealed envelope and placed it in the sergeant's hand. "Take this to Colonel Rassam," he said. "Swiftly, my Abdullah!"

"Sir!"

"There are knots in your windpipe; you strangle yourself with an unasked question. Be patient, and all will be made clear. I go now to report failure."

CHAFIK went to his car, dismissed the driver, and plunged into the bowl of light on the horizon which was Baghdad.

He turned left on the outskirts of the city, went by the tomb of Queen Zobeide, legendary figure of the Arabian Nights, and finally halted the car on the edge of a wide boulevard. He walked until he came to a wall, climbed it, and dropped into the grounds of the Minister's estate.

The path was carpeted with tamarisk blossoms, and he heard the river gurgling among the reeds, but found no peace. A warm breeze caressed him, and he thought its breath was foul.

He reached the great house and saw there was a light in the room. He climbed the terrace and tapped lightly on the open French window, then went in and salaamed to the man who rose in surprise from his great desk.

"Excellency!" said Chafik, and completed the ritual.

The Minister had a lock of hair which fell over his forehead, and he brushed it back and said, "I commanded you never to come to me."

"Not unless the matter was as confidential as my prayers to God."

"I remember what I said," answered the Minister, impatiently. He had the pride of Nebuchadnezzar and looked over Chafik's head.

The Inspector rose tiptoe to match the height of the lifts worn by His Excellency. "I failed at Falujah," he said. "They knew about the raid before I got there. Always the same story."

"There is no excuse for failure!"

"I know! I know!" Chafik was humble, yet eager. He took a document from his pocket and put it on the rosewood mirror of the Minister's desk. "A report," he said. "Honor me by reading it, Excellency."

The Minister took the official blue folios and read aloud, "Most Secret and Confidential. Report on Colonel Rassam." He raised his head and looked at Chafik and then went on reading. "No!" he said finally. "I cannot believe this! You trace every failure back to the information you gave Rassam to transmit to me? You suggest that he is in league with the conspirators?"

"I thought that," Chafik said softly, "until the last failure."

He snatched the report from the Minister's hand and tore it up. "You see," he went on in the same quiet voice, "the information I gave you over the telephone about the cache of arms at Falujah was between us and us only. I lied to you, Excellency. Rassam did not transmit the facts to you because I did not give them to him. No whipping boy for you this time. Only one person could have warned the conspirators —you, Excellency."

Chafik continued: "Rassam is the rock on which the state stands. He is the man you dare not assassinate. The country would rise to seek his murderer. But disgrace him, let the eagle be seen decked in cuckoo feathers, and then—"

"You are quite mad."

"So," Chafik went on, "you looked for a simple policeman and promised him decorations and gave him a free hand, with the proviso that everything he found out, or planned, went to you through the channel of Rassam. You made fake attempts on my life to titillate my ego and to encourage me to suspect Rassam. They were overdone, Excellency, and led me to ask myself *why* I was not to be killed. There was only one answer. You expected me to present the report I have just torn up, and you would have gone to the cabinet with it and had the man you feai removed. Your own creature, whoeve1 he is, would have filled the key post; then you would have been free to complete your plans for the *coup d'état,* your grab for power."

"What madness you talk!" said the Minister.

"A foolish man got in your way, one Kadari," continued the Inspector. "He was harmless, but your plot to use me to destroy Rassam was endangered because I suspected Kadari instead of suspecting the colonel. So you had him removed."

"He was too attentive to my wife!"

Chafik shook his head. "You never loved Nazmi. A man like you loves nobody. Confess to God you really married into your wife's great family to favor your ambition."

The Minister made a sudden movement, and a small black gun showed in his hand. "I can kill you," he said. "I can say you threatened me after I dismissed you for the Falujah failure. Who would doubt me?"

"Rassam," Chafik told him. "I sent him a full report before I came here."

THE Minister lowered the gun and said in a wheedling voice, "Deny it. Rewrite the report you tore up. I can make you my chief of police."

"We started with the Rafidain, possibly of the Second Class; we end with nothing. That's what happens when you get the reputation of being incorruptible."

Chafik looked into the eye of the gun and then at the very little man huddled behind the big desk. He knew compassion and said, "Oh, Excellency, what a great man you might have been! How tragic your ambition! With what surety, step by step, you have ascended into hell!"

Chafik turned his back and walked slowly to the door. He half expected a bullet in his back and hoped it would find his spine and so numb pain. No bullet came. He closed the door and leaned against the wall and tried to light a cigarette; his hand shook too much. He closed his eyes and prayed.

Behind the door, ambition ended with a revolver shot.

The Inspector ignored the startled servants who came running. He heard the sound of that shot go ringing over Baghdad and over Iraq, as water makes rings when a stone is thrown into a still pool. There would be echoes and a scuttling of the little men and the gunmen who had taken His Excellency's pay. Some would escape; some would be taken.

Chafik squared his shoulders and went to meet Colonel Rassam, whose car had just roared up the drive. ▲▲▲

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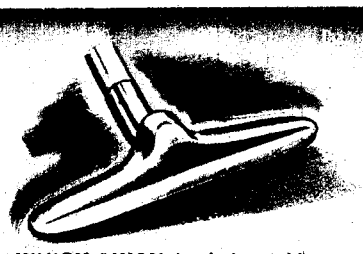

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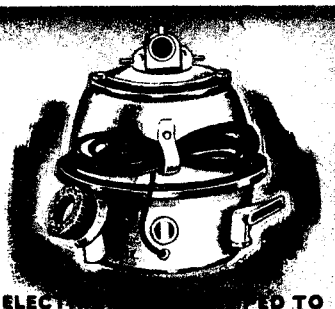

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Miss Phinney's Temptation

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

minute. I believe, gentlemen, I really do believe we near our destination." Phinney held back their pleas for more pig with a flow of words. "The map, out with the map. 'Take right fork at gas station.' We obey. To Grandmother's house we go. 'The fourth house on the right.' One—come on, boys, count—two . . . three . . . or is that a chicken house?" A long houseless stretch. What would Grandmother be like? Grandmothers were the hazard of baby sitting, such strange creatures these days. The Abbott grandmother wore boy's shorts and won badminton cups. Parents were usually easygoing, pleasant young things, but grandmothers could be bad. But the house would be warm and comfortable. Phinney's old bones were chilled through and through; from November to May they rarely thawed thoroughly. An evening in heavenly luxury and then—at twelve or one—the cold ride home and her icy, little room. A week here would be a lifesaver.

PHINNEY bellowed, "Four," and slowed the car. A beautiful, ivy-covered, brick house. "Our voyage is over, mates, and the good ship Chevrolet pulls into harbor. Heave out the anchor."

"Heave out wha-at, Phinney?" Jonno asked.

"What's a yanker, Phinney?" Jamie shrilled.

"Just Phinney's nonsense. We made it. Never say die. Victory is ours. And there is Grandmother at the door."

The boys hadn't seen their grandmother in six months and they held back. Mrs. Julian—small, pretty, youthful, stylish—hugged the two. "And this is Miss Phinney." Like a lady she hid her shock at the huge, homely creature—warned in advance no doubt.

"Not *Miss* Phinney," Jonno and Jamie said. "Just Phinney."

"Just Phinney," the baby sitter confirmed with a deep ha-ha. "Phinney, with a Ph." She shook Grandmother's little hand in her big, bony flipper. Her mannish voice had come out harsh and rasping.

"You must be tired—that long ride," Mrs. Julian said.

Phinney cleared her throat. "Just my voice," she said. "We had a jolly singing bee, and I rather overdid it."

"I'll take you right to your rooms. I do think it was good of you to bring my babies up to me."

Bring them up? Surely Mrs. Julian knew she was supposed to stay a while? Stay as long as you are needed, the boys' mother had said. She thought Phinney should stick around for at least a week, because Mrs. Julian wasn't used to small children.

"I hope they were good driving up," Grandmother said.

Thick rug on the stairs, the smell of flowers, softly ticking clock, heavenly warmth. "It's my philosophy that children are good by nature and by inclination, "Phinney shot out. "When they act contrary, look to the people handling them." Go slow, Phinney, she told herself. Take it easy.

"This is your room, Phinney, and the boys are next door. The bathroom connects. Mandy will bring your tea right up, and the boys' supper will be ready when you ring."

Phinney advanced gingerly. A beige rug, a chaise longue covered in blue satin, with lacy pillows. The fourposter should have had a princess sleeping in it—the mattress was two feet thick,

KENNESAW

"Our well sure has been behavin' funny, Bessie, since the railroad ran that tunnel through the mountain"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

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covered with a pink satin comforter. Phinney sat stiffly on the edge of the chaise longue and drank her tea from a porcelain cup.

When she had rented that dreary room at Mrs. Moody's, she told herself it didn't matter, she would be in her clients' homes most of the time. But she found there were a good many hours left over to freeze in. She piled coats on the cot; she made a blanket of newspapers sewed together. In the daytime she wore two sweaters. Hateful cold!

FOR twenty-five years Phinney had been a bookkeeper for an old Scrooge—saving for her old age, skimping to insure comfort when her bones would be brittle and her blood thin.

The year before she planned to retire, her Aunt Dora wrote about a wonderful tip Ed, her husband, had been given—an orange grove in Florida. It could be picked up for a song, her money combined with theirs. Phinney bit. The word Florida was all that was needed. In six months they lost the grove, and she was penniless.

"Come on, whales, flop out onto dry land. Supper is coming." People said she had a fine sense of make-believe. Why not? When you don't have much of anything in your life, you have to make believe. Not much make-believe needed in Mrs. Julian's life. Warmth, comfort, pretty things, good food—they'd probably have red roast beef tonight, or chicken, or roast lamb with gravy. Seven dinners ought to include almost everything Phinney liked best.

Mrs. Julian came up and watched the boys eat, then offered to read to them before they got into bed.

"No-o-o. Phinney reads to us, not *you*."

"You don't have to listen even."

"That's Phinney's chair."

Phinney didn't exult. Children like the familiar; still it was odd they would prefer an old scarecrow like her to a pretty grandmother. God dispenses with an even hand.

"So he *huffed* and he *puffed* and he *blew* the house down. Crash, bang, con*fusion!*" No one had written a story yet that Phinney couldn't improve on. The boys sighed with contentment. Strange quarters but the same old story, the same old Phinney.

The boys' father and mother phoned that evening, just before their plane left for the South.

"Trip okay?" Mr. Dill asked Phinney.

"Okay. Mission completed. Without incident."

"Good girl. Carry on."

Mr. Dill was a fine young man. He and Phinney understood each other perfectly.

Mrs. Julian said, "They are darlings, good as gold. I'm sure I'll have no trouble at all with them."

Phinney's week began to shrink. . . .

It snowed in the night, and next morning the boys were wild to get out. "I'll get right into my duds," Phinney said.

"You don't have to go out with them," Mrs. Julian told her. "You can watch them from the window."

I'm not paid to watch from windows, Phinney said, but not aloud.

Mrs. Julian looked away quickly when Phinney appeared in her winter-sports costume. The ski pants were greenish blue, the patch on the right knee a brighter color. Her sweater had a turtle neck indeed. The plaid, man's cap was a little large, but it held all her hair in. *They don't make galoshes that big!* Phinney read Mrs. Julian's thoughts. She didn't care. She was out to have fun, not to look pretty.

"Come on, boys," Phinney called. "Last one to roll in the snow is a rotten egg." She illustrated belly floppers for them, curled up forward and back on the small sled, like a fish in a hot pan. She'd pay for this with every bone in her body!

"What cheeks!" Mrs. Julian cried. "Come, boys, let me kiss you. They are like roses."

"Phinney's nose is redder than roses," the boys said. "Look at it." They screamed with laughter.

That's the way children are: they sense things, pick ideas out of the air. It didn't matter. This time they accepted their grandmother's offer to read to them, and she made the most of it.

"This is the very book I used to read to your mother when she was your age. Now, my darlings, one on one side, and one on the other." She read in a high, dramatic voice.

"You smell nice," they said. "Your shoes are much smaller than Phinney's." They followed her about the house; they watched her brush her pretty white hair; they delved into her jewel box.

"I like you very much," Jonno's high, thin voice reached Phinney's room. "I like you so much I think I'll buy you a little dress."

"Dear, dear," laughed Mrs. Julian.

"I like you so much"—Jamie had to better it—"I'll buy you a hat and some mittens and some little panties."

That evening Mrs. Julian said, "Haven't the boys been perfect lambs today? I don't know why their mother thought I couldn't handle them." Silence. No more. But obviously Mrs. Julian was thinking there was no need for Phinney to stay on. Well, a grandmother was a grandmother, wasn't she, with all the rights and privileges? You'd think in a perfect world the ones who never got to be mothers would be made grandmothers. Still, being a baby sitter was better than nothing.

MR. DILL phoned the next morning from Florida. Mrs. Julian could have gone upstairs, if she wanted to be private. She talked right there in the living room, so maybe she wouldn't suggest that Phinney might go on home. The boys were under the rug pretending they hadn't been born yet. There are lots of ways of keeping children quiet, if you put your mind to it. Phinney hoped Mr. Dill would talk to her. She'd like to be able to say she had talked to someone who was standing right in Florida.

"Good," Mrs. Julian said. "Angels. Yes. Wonderful. Good idea. No, I can't. I really can't. I think she could go. Yes, any day. I think it's a splendid idea. Yes. No. Yes. I'll talk it over with her. Call me tomorrow."

Well, that made it plain enough. She could leave any day.

Mrs. Julian hung up.

"We're born!" the twins shrieked and burst from under the rug. "We're born, Phinney. Are you glad? Do you like us?"

Phinney leaped up. "Hurrah, hurrah!" she cried. "I never was so happy in my life. What wonderful boys have been born!"

"I'm afraid you'll trip," Mrs. Julian said. "That rug. I think perhaps it is better to play games upstairs. Phinney, just a minute. I wonder if you would be able to go to Florida with the boys?"

Phinney sat down fast, and Mrs. Ju-

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lian explained. Mr. Dill's office wanted him to stay down there for perhaps two months, so of course they wanted the boys to come down. He might even stay permanently. Mrs. Dill wanted to be free to drive around with him—his job had something to do with traveling —so he thought if he could find a little cottage on a beach . . .

"You could stay at the cottage," Mrs. Julian went on, "and they would come down now and then—week ends, I suppose. They wanted me to come, but I really can't. I'm reading a paper at our club, the annual meeting. I've been working months on it. They'd never forgive me. So I thought maybe you could go, Phinney."

"And stay?" Phinney asked. "And stay there in Florida?"

"A month. Maybe two."

"Why, yes. Yes, I could go."

All the way up the stairs Phinney kept saying: "Yes, yes, I could go all right." A cottage on a beach, the boys playing in the sand. Hot sun, blue water. No one, not God himself, knew what it would mean to her.

UP IN her room she went into a regular tizzy of nervous planning. What clothes would she take? Did she have enough? Would they fly? Or go by train? Sleeping on a train! Perhaps Mr. Dill would want her to drive his car down, the big convertible. She hastily jotted down a list of all the clothes she had and then scratched them off. She would buy all new ones. A bathing suit. She couldn't buy that. On her a boughten bathing suit looked like a flag waving from two white flagpoles. She'd have to make one.

While the boys napped, she hurried to town and bought some red material and a pattern. Red! Was she crazy? If she wore red the boys could see her better, she told herself. She would get one of those white toweling coats. And Hollywood sunglasses. Maybe even a big straw hat and sandals.

The bathing suit was cut and basted. As she read to the boys that night, her exhilaration burst right through the story. "So he *huffed* and he *puffed,* and he couldn't blow their house down, so they stayed right in the little house on the beach under the palm tree, and every day they picked up shells and ate oranges and got so *sunburned!*"

"That isn't right," they scoffed. "Phinney, that isn't right."

"Oh, yes, it is. And who knows who else will be living on a beach next!"

"Oh, Phinney," Mrs. Julian called, coming in. "The most extraordinary thing. Elga Trumball, our club president, just called me. Our monthly meeting has been entirely changed. A speaker is coming from outside. I won't have to read my paper, and so I can take the boys to Florida after all."

When glass breaks, there is a crash. When buildings fall, there is noise and confusion. When dreams break, they break in silence—silence that is more paralyzing than sound.

"I'll tell them when they telephone tonight," Mrs. Julian went on. "Mr. Dill can make the reservations at that end. I'd rather go by train." She raised her eyes to Phinney's expressionless face. "I think the boys will be good with me, don't you?"

Phinney nodded. "I'm sure they will." In her room she looked for something to occupy her shaking hands until she got control of herself. The red bathing suit. She pulled out the bastings and smoothed each piece back to just cloth. Not quite the way it was before—when things are cut into, they are cut into.

She started to pack and then decided it could wait until morning. It wouldn't take long to throw her things into a suitcase. The long, cold drive home. On the table was a letter she had written to Mrs. Moody, her landlady, saying she was leaving for Florida and would send her a picture post card. Phinney tore it up. Mrs. Moody re-

DON'T

let the family

see page 74!

(Their Christmas Gift is there . . .)

BUTCH

COLLIER'S "Butch is in there, all right" LARRY REYNOLDS

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fused to consider baby sitting as a profession, just something for high-school girls to do for pin money. Maybe she was right.

In bed, Mrs. Julian's question came echoing back to her. "I think the boys will be good with me, don't you?" There had been a little doubt in her voice. Phinney had said yes, but of course they might not be. They might be little devils. Twins have a greater potential for badness than one child, or even two children. If they started acting up in the next day or so, Mrs. Julian would probably hesitate to go.

AT THAT, the devil walked right into her room and put the proposition to her. Nothing would be easier than to make the children naughty. She could do it so subtly it would hardly hurt her conscience—just a little extra-tight rein, a little unjustified scolding. *Why can't you be good like your brother?* A sure way to make trouble, setting one against the other. Ignoring them, then a raised voice, exasperation, and the quick, easy spiral to tantrums.

Mrs. Julian would say, "I had no idea they could be so naughty. If they should behave like this on the train! They would exhaust me in a week, down there alone with them. I am afraid you will have to accompany the boys to Florida, Phinney."

Mrs. Julian didn't really want to go. She had been saying that the strangest people had taken over Florida recently. She had been there many times. And the boys would rather have Phinney. The infatuation with their grandmother had been a passing fancy. "I am sure the Lord means me to go," Phinney said. Shouldn't she help out just a little? The Lord helps those who help themselves.

She would make it up to them once they were away. Honesty, justice, temperance, love would be in every word she uttered. The stories she would tell them, the games she would invent, the educational talks! *That is cotton growing there, boys. Your shirts came from this very cotton. And that is tobacco, not so essential to the welfare of mankind, perhaps. That little boy's skin is black and yours is white, just the way your hair is light and your father's dark.*

Once there—Phinney stopped, hesitating to probe into the perfection of those blue-and-white days. Her old bones on hot sand. And perhaps—a new idea came to her—perhaps she would never come back. If these, her boys, were to stay there . . . She could baby-sit in Florida just as well as in a cold country.

All this—and she had but to put out her hand and take it.

From their graves her Presbyterian ancestors rose up and circled her bed. *Augusta Mae Phinney. You are setting your feet on the road to damnation.* All the sin in the world was caused by someone yielding to temptation just a little, Phinney thought. The evil goings on in high places that the papers were always so full of started with someone saying: *Just this once, just a little bit. I will be good later.* She who had pledged herself to such high-principled conduct, sacrificing her children that she might benefit! Her motto, emblazoned on her heart, had been: "They, dear Lord, not I." And now she was putting it backward—I, not they. Never, never so long as there was breath in her lanky, old body.

Phinney thrust the devil away violently. Not only would she not make them bad, she would, as a penance, work to make them good. She would stay another day and concentrate on seeing that the boys were angels. With all her skill, with all her talents, Phinney would make those boys good.

"That for you, old Beelzebub," Phinney said to the dark corner of the room.

She woke late, with a raging headache, her sinuses looking for trouble. The boys had no reason to sleep late; they stood beside her bed.

"You were making funny noises," Jonno said.

"With your nose," Jamie added. "Like your grandfather's pig."

"Do it again," they both said.

Here was the first of her dilemmas. If she refused they might start fussing. Easier to keep trouble from starting. She snored, a snort that brought tears to her eyes and pain to her sinuses.

"But you didn't sing the part about your grandfather. That's not fair."

"Boys, Phinney will do any other animal, any other animal you can name, but today the pig has a vacation. He was such a good pig they said he needn't snort all day. Now, what animal do you choose?"

"Er . . . er . . . er . . . a stunk!"

"Skunks make no noise," Phinney said. "No noise at all."

"Yes, they do. My father said they did. He heard one once. It made such a terrible noise he ran and ran."

Children's lying is not remotely connected with adults' lying. Often they believe what they are saying, or they misunderstand. And why wouldn't they? So short a time to learn such a complicated world. How natural they should confuse one attribute of a skunk with another attribute! Why try to argue it and upset them? Especially today. And yet one could certainly not allow oneself to descend to lying to children.

"It is my understanding," Phinney said, with complete honesty, "that skunks make no noise. Maybe they do. Bats, it is said, make a noise too high for the human ear to record. Perhaps skunks do also. If skunks should make an audible noise, it might possibly be a noise like this:

"My grandfather had a very fine farm,
A very fine farm had he,
With a—"

With a what? To make them happy and hence good, she bent herself to inventing a superlative skunk cry. In her earnestness, forgetting everything else—she let out a penetrating wee-wee-ee-ee-ee, coming down the scale like a dying banshee.

The boys were filled with delight. Their faces shone. Such happiness should ensure good behavior for hours and hours.

There was a knock at the door, and Mrs. Julian entered.

"Come in, come in," the boys called, cordially. "Phinney was being a stunk. Do it again, Phinney."

"I could hardly believe my ears," Mrs. Julian said. "I did not think the boys were capable of such a sound. It is very late. I suggest you all get dressed."

WHEN Phinney came downstairs she said, looking down at Mrs. Julian, "I wish to apoligize for that bit of tomfoolery. I did it to keep them quiet. It is my earnest endeavor to have them be very good today."

Mrs. Julian considered the explanation. "I suppose one can keep children quiet by outdoing them to such an extent that they lose heart and refuse to compete." She smiled at her neat analy-

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sis. "When my children were young, I never found it necessary to pretend I was a child and rival them in their wild behavior. But times change."

Phinney could have answered that, quoting from the child-psychology books she had read when she first took up baby sitting, but baby sitters do not argue with grandmothers. She jerked her mouth into what was meant to be a smile.

The boys had been furious when their grandmother interrupted the skunk-squealing, but by the time they arrived at the breakfast table, Phinney had cajoled them out of it. She beamed at them across the yellow linen tablecloth. Goodness shone from their faces. Their wet, slicked hair gave them an alert look; there was a potential of active, vigorous naughtiness there, but all seemed peaceful in the mysterious, psychic regions where storms brew. Two wide smiles returned her smile as two hands reached for orange juice.

The first day, Jonno had spilled his orange juice and been sent to his room with a lecture. Jamie, ignored, demanded he be sent to his room also. Mrs. Julian refused—Jamie had done no wrong, she said. He quickly fixed that by pouring *his* orange juice out, considerately adding to Jonno's puddle.

Mrs. Julian was very proud of her linens; she saw nothing but defiance in his behavior. Crime and punishment is a touchy question with adults, harder with children, and with twins almost insoluble. The boys demanded, and received, equality in all dispensations to the measured sixteenth of an inch—in ginger ale; in the identical size, shape and color of apples; in the measured heartiness of Phinney's good-night pat. Why should Jonno receive this interesting punishment and Jamie be left out? Phinney had worked out various schemes for handling this. Mrs. Julian refused to acknowledge it as a problem.

"Oh, do not, do not let them spill today," Phinney prayed.

HER eyes nervously on the boys, she reached for her own glass, took a sip and put it down, but alas, on the edge of the plate and not in the center. Over it went, a stream of orange juice shooting straight toward the boys.

Two wild whoops of joy.

"Wow! She spilled her juice."

"Phinney has to go to her room."

"Boys," Mrs. Julian said angrily, "be quiet. Just leave it, Phinney. I wouldn't take your napkin to it. Mandy will bring a cloth."

"I cannot *tell* you how sorry I am. I thought the boys might spill—" And so she did it first? "I really think I should go to my room. I really do. In all fairness."

"Sit down, Phinney. Boys!"

"It isn't fair, it isn't fair."

"I'll go," Phinney said. Five minutes would have quieted them, settled everything.

"Phinney, come back. I cannot allow such nonsense. Now, boys, not another word. Grownups do not get punished." What a statement! "Phinney did not *mean* to spill her orange juice."

Mrs. Julian was really angry. The boys were sullen. Jonno bit his spoon and snapped the handle up to his nose. By wiggling his jaw he could make the handle move rhythmically. Jamie was eying the cream pitcher. To make a more immediate test case?

"Oh, God, let them be good!"

JAMIE'S hand went out to the cream pitcher. Phinney reached for it too, and it was her hand—her clumsy, well-meaning hand—which batted the little pitcher clean off the table.

It couldn't have happened! Twice in five minutes! Let death strike!

The boys leaped to their feet. "Wow! Did that pitcher smash to pieces! Look at that puddle!"

They seemed to think this was one of Phinney's amusing attempts at entertainment. Goodness knows what Mrs. Julian thought! She had not seen Jamie's hand stealthily advancing, only the clumsy hand of Phinney suddenly reaching across the table and for no reason at all sending the lovely little pitcher off into space.

Phinney sat with her eyes covered. She arose. "I cannot explain—I did not intend—I have nothing to say. I am going to my room. Whether I go as punishment or because I am upset seems immaterial." She bolted.

A weaker woman would have thrown herself onto the bed and broken into tears. Phinney allowed herself to lean back on the satin chaise longue and tried to make sense of the situation.

Things were bad below. The boys had wanted Phinney to be punished; now that she was, they resented it. "She didn't mean to do it. You don't have to be so cross."

"Boys, boys." Mrs. Julian's voice was shrill. That was a mistake; chil-

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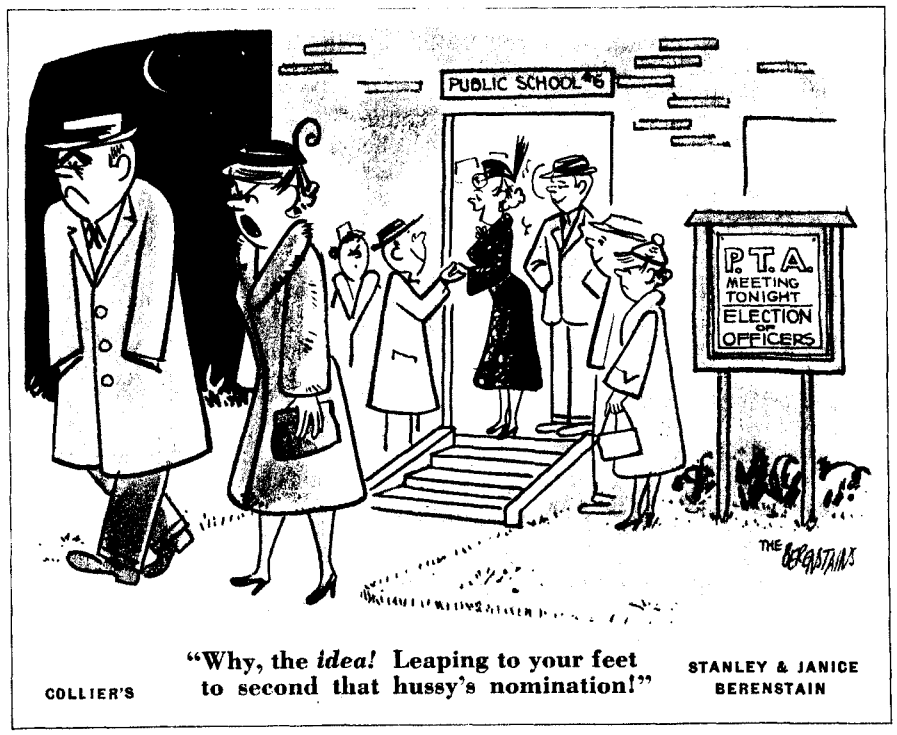

COLLIER'S

"Why, the *idea!* Leaping to your feet to second that hussy's nomination!"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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dren's nerves are so high-strung. "I do not intend to speak again!" What an odd threat! She really should go down and take over. Phinney went into the hall.

"Phinney is *not* coming down. There is no reason why you cannot eat your breakfast without her."

Phinney turned back.

"You're not our boss, Phinney is," Jonno said.

"You're an ugly old lady. I want to go home," Jamie chimed in.

There was probably kicking, biting perhaps, total rebellion. Poor boys, it was all too confusing.

Shortly, she saw the boys playing outside. Then there was a knock on the door. "I think we had better have a little talk," Mrs. Julian said. She was completely recovered, calm, dignified, smiling. Phinney had to admit she was a fine woman, even if she did not understand children. She stood at the window a moment watching the boys, perhaps giving Phinney that moment to gain control over herself.

"Little fiends," she said, and laughed. Then she sat down. "Phinney, I confess defeat. I wouldn't go to Florida with them for a million dollars. One child is one child, but twins—twins are a gang. Their loyalty to each other is very touching, but this rivalry, this chain reaction—Jonno kicked once, so Jamie kicked twice. I marvel at your control of them. I can see there may have been reason behind many of your methods."

Kind words, but surf was roaring in Phinney's ears; sun was beating on her head.

". . . And so I am afraid you will have to accompany them to Florida, Phinney."

Phinney sat with her eyes closed. Mrs. Julian waited. Phinney's mouth tightened, one finger escaped from her clasped hands and was forced back into place. "I'm sorry," she said. "I am unable to go."

MRS. JULIAN was astonished at the refusal. She asked if Phinney was not well. "I think you would enjoy Florida. I notice you feel the cold; a few months of warm weather would be good for you. And of course the children would not be so difficult, living right on a beach, able to work off their energies. There would be very little work for you."

Phinney shook her head. "I'm sorry." No one would have guessed, seeing her rigid body and tightly drawn mouth, how her fingers were clutching and slipping and clutching at the crumbling edges of her resolution.

Mrs. Julian muttered that she was sorry too, and went out, tiptoeing. Phinney might never see Florida; she might die of sinusitis; she might freeze under her newspaper blanket, but she had resisted temptation. She had been resolute.

It was all very well to say she had tried to make the boys good, but subconsciously she had obviously been wishing them to be bad. Mrs. Julian had sat there in the flesh, and the invitation issued from her mouth, the words, the identical words Phinney had willed her to say the night before.

Mrs. Julian telephoned an agency and asked for a nursemaid to take two children to Florida. Phinney packed to go home. She wrapped her galoshes in the red bathing suit—it would make a good dust rag. She exulted that she was not going to Florida. She waved a flag. She blew a bugle. Strong. Incorruptible.

"You'd better do your celebrating now, Phinney," she told herself. "You're going to be singing a different song once you get back to Mrs. Moody's establishment."

She would leave while the boys were napping. It meant getting home after dark, but it would spare them a farewell scene. Then she stopped her packing and sat staring at nothing. She suddenly realized she might never see them again.

BABY sitting is just pulling wool over your own eyes; it's all just a lie and a delusion—pretending the children are yours, pretending they love you. But she was an old simpleton. All her life she had been a clown, back in school even. She had known she would never be loved, and she'd told herself being laughed at was almost the same thing. *Good old Phinney, she's a scream.* It wasn't true; there's no substitute for being loved. And children love their own flesh and blood, not baby sitters. In a year or two the boys would forget she had ever existed. She'd get another job—maybe some old lady would take her on as a companion. Some cranky old lady. . . .

"Come on, boys. Nap time. Time for the bears to crawl into the old, hollow tree. Winter's coming." She laid out socks, shoes, so it would be easy for Mrs. Julian when they woke up. They'd be upset for a while, finding Phinney gone.

The boys fell asleep before she left the room. Weak, she took a last look. They lay, identical even in sleep. Both with an arm flung over the head, both with lips slightly open. "Oh, the beauty of it," Phinney whispered, "the beauty and the wonder!" For the first time in thirty years, tears ran down her face.

"Phinney, will you come to the telephone?" Mrs. Julian called. "Mr. Dill wants to talk to you."

Phinney tried to explain. "So I *determined* that the boys would be good, and with all my conscious will I tried to make them good. But the wicked wish was in my heart, and it is the heart that children respond to. If for that *infamy* I was rewarded with a trip to—Florida!" The "Florida" came out with a sigh, as Ponce de León might have breathed it, believing in the fountain he had heard about.

"I see," Mr. Dill said, slowly. "I understand exactly, Phinney." And probably he did; he was a very fine young man. "Even though you do not come to Florida, you have the satisfaction of knowing you made the right decision."

"Yes, yes, exactly."

"You have the—*joy* of knowing you were strong in the face of temptation."

"Yes, yes, I do."

"Remember when you first came to us, Phinney? You told me you had a little motto for your baby sitting? 'They, not I.' Now look, Phinney, couldn't you put the pleasure they—the boys—would receive in having their Phinney in Florida with them, above your desire to resist temptation?"

"What's that?" Phinney asked. "*Their* pleasure in having me, above *my* desire to resist temptation?" It was a little hard to figure, but it sounded right. "Why, of course. How selfish I have been! We'll leave right away. Oh, one thing, Mr. Dill. It's warm there—we should bring bathing suits? I thought so. Mine's red!" Phinney cackled. It was so silly, so giddy to say that. But Mr. Dill had hung up. Maybe he didn't hear eternal youth affecting her already. ▲▲▲

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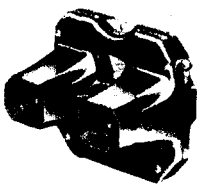

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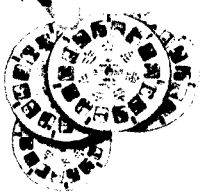

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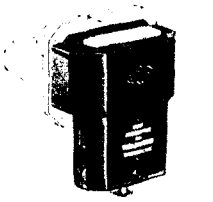

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THIS WAY
Football's

Each year, a harassed officer moves into a booth behind Gate 6 at Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium. As the man who runs the Army-Navy game, he has a more trying day than the players

THERE will be 100,000 spectators, more or less, in Philadelphia's vast Municipal Stadium for the forthcoming fifty-third meeting of the Army and Navy football squads. Millions more will see the game over a coast-to-coast television hookup. Yet the man most vitally concerned with the smooth operation of the great spectacle will be too busy to see much of it.

He is Captain Morris D. Gilmore, USN, Annapolis '11. Navy is the host team and Captain Gilmore is the goat. Next year the burden of all work and no play for the Army-Navy game will fall on the shoulders of Colonel Elliot W. Amick, USA, West Point '38.

The 1952 Army-Navy game will be the twentieth Gilmore has attended, but not seen, in his job as ticket manager for the Naval Academy Athletic Association. His opposite number, Colonel Amick, is in his seventh year on the job and therefore hasn't amassed as much experience, nor as many headaches.

In all football games, in any stadium, the headaches are the same. They vary in size with the seating capacity of the stadium in which they are played. Army-Navy isn't quite typical, because over 90 per cent of the tickets are sold by mail, rather than at the gate—a fact which accounts for the existence of what Gilmore and Amick call "the trouble gate." It is no misnomer.

On the blueprints of Municipal Stadium, the trouble gate appears prosaically as "Gate 6, Section SC," but it's different from the others. Two ticket takers and a special policeman guard the entrance. There are reservation booths for both Army and Navy on the *outside* of the stadium proper. If an unhappy customer appears at the game with a story of a ticket lost, strayed or stolen, he is sent to Gate 6, where his tale is listened to by one of two men stationed in one of the outside booths.

Should the story pass muster at the outside booth, the details are phoned to Captain Gilmore in a booth just 25 feet *inside* Gate 6. A special policeman escorts the fan with the tale of woe to Captain Gilmore. If a history is ever written of all the zealots who have attempted to crash the "trouble gate," credit for the most spectacular try might go to an Army officer. Gilmore recalls an occasion when a platoon of MPs was marched up to the gate by a young captain who announced that they had been sent to "stand guard" over the dignitaries of both services. The officer was quite authoritative, but no more so than Gilmore, who reminded him that it is seldom necessary to maintain order among generals and admirals. The MPs about-faced and marched off sadly.

Some Typical Hard-Luck Stories

"In my time," says Captain Gilmore, "I've listened to more hard-luck stories than any bartender in America. One year a man came up and displayed a handful of crumpled cardboard under my nose.

" 'My baby daughter,' he told me, 'chewed up my tickets. What are you going to do about it?'

"Another time a fellow came up and said, 'I left my tickets on top of the sideboard back home. If you'll let me call my wife collect in Des Moines, she'll read off the locations of the seats to you.'

"Checking the truth of these stories is not difficult. I move the files from the athletic office out to the stadium early on the morning of the game. On the application blank of each purchaser are marked the locations of the tickets mailed him. It also bears his signature, so it isn't much trouble to determine if he is the McCoy or just an imaginative gate-crasher."

As a precaution, Army-Navy tickets carry this notice on the back: "Once delivered this ticket will not be replaced if lost, mislaid, stolen, mutilated or destroyed. This ticket not redeemable. NO RETURNS."

The disclaimer protects the schools against any and all claims, and the trouble gate is merely a courtesy extended to the customer who has had a mishap with his tickets. If a story rings true, a duplicate ticket for the seats is written out with the warning that if the person or persons already seated have the original tickets, the seats are theirs by right of occupation.

"We do what we can," explains Gilmore, "but you couldn't play Solomon to every dispute over a seat."

Not all of the headaches that arrive at the trouble gate are caused by missing tickets. At the 1950 game, when Navy was the host school, a serious-minded but misguided spectator showed up with a document sufficiently legal to impress the men at the trouble gate! The spectator had decided the Army-Navy game was a waste of the taxpayers' money and should be called off. The cops brought him and his document to Captain Gilmore.

"When this chap showed me the paper he had, I realized why there was such consternation among the special Pinkerton police," said Gilmore. "It was an injunction to have the game called off or else to have President Truman, against whom the injunction was made out, show cause why it was permissible to let the game be played.

"The man with the injunction also asked to see Captain Gilmore, not knowing he was speaking to me. I turned him over to the special police with instructions that they take the complainant to Captain Gilmore, if they could find him. I stressed the 'if' and it was the last I saw of the man who wanted to call off the Army-Navy game."

Army and Navy run what is known in promotional circles as a "tight gate" at Municipal Stadium, which simply means that everybody must have a ticket. And that goes for the President of the United States, generals, admirals, all the way down to the concession vendors, the special cops and even the members of the Secret Service assigned to the protection of the President.

No sporting event has had the honor of the presence of various Presidents as often as the Army-Navy game. It is a distinction which has its headaches. The Secret Service is understandably concerned about the measures taken for the protection of the chief executive. The day before the game, the agents make a dry run over the route

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TO THE TROUBLE GATE—

Biggest Headache

By TOM MEANY

to be taken by the President from his special train on its siding to his seat in the stadium.

They also take a good look at the seats to be occupied by the President and his party. They inspect them personally in what Captain Gilmore calls "the laying on of hands." And it is literally that, for the Secret Service men inspect them for concealed explosives, time bombs or maybe merely splinters.

The Presidential party gets its coffee, pop, hot dogs and bouillon from a private concession stand, supervised by the Secret Service. There are usually about 50 in the President's party, and the six or ten persons who serve it are investigated months in advance by the Secret Service.

"Don'ts" for Intermission Stunts

In addition, the agents demand a list in advance of precisely what between-the-halves stunts will be used by the rival cheerleaders. There are two important don'ts for the mid-game stunts—don't stop too close to the Presidential box and don't shoot off firecrackers or anything that sounds like a gun.

The average spectator at an Army-Navy game doesn't know it, but there are eight other types of tickets as well as the one used by him. There is one for the special officers, one for the working press, one for the telegraphers, one for radio and television men, one for still photographers, one for runners who rush the photos away for development, one for newsreel photographers and one for the employees. The latter contains a stern admonition on the reverse side that its holder shall not "crowd in the way of spectators, occupy a reserved seat or loiter in the aisles."

Gilmore and Amick have their problems with the press, radio and camera men, usually over matters of location in the press, radio-TV or photographers stands, precisely as the promoters of other sports events. Most of the tangles are straightened out by two civilians—John Cox for Navy and Joe Cahill for Army. In charge of press relations for their respective athletic associations, Cox and Cahill have a national acquaintance among writers who cover sports events and are masters at pouring oil on troubled waters.

Gilmore and Amick began discussing plans for the game last spring. Gilmore, with the advantage of his longer experience, usually prepares an agenda for their meetings, with the surprisingly stuffy title of Matters of Mutual Concern—surprising because there is nothing of the stuffed shirt in the salty old sea dog who commanded a submarine in World War I and was called out of retirement and made a captain in World War II.

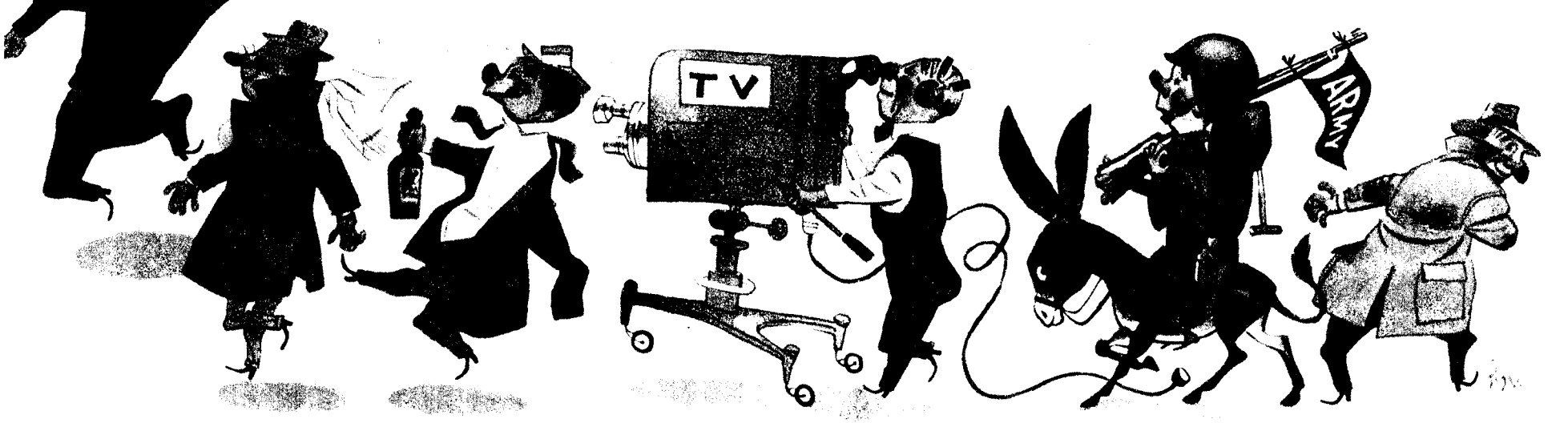
The items listed as matters of mutual concern expand as the meetings progress and grow from year to year. The last time the list was exposed to public view it contained no fewer than 127 items, some of which were truly astonishing. They ranged from the keys to the gates of Municipal Stadium to such matters as to where protocol demands the seating of Air Force generals who are not alumni of either service school. But one fact remains constant—the game is now always scheduled for the Saturday after Thanksgiving.

No detail is too small to command the combined attention of Gilmore and Amick and none too self-obvious, such as the precaution of having the keys to the stadium on hand. The offer of the concessionaire to furnish box lunches is considered and his bid weighed.

One item concerns having available two silver dollars for the President, or ranking dignitary, to flip when the rival captains call the pregame toss for choice of goal. And having two silver dollars is not an inflationary trend but simply a way to maintain the traditional custom of the President of presenting one to each of the captains.

Although Gilmore or Amick has to unlock the stadium with the all-important keys, it is the duty of the man in charge of the Pinkerton police to close it and make a complete report on the day's work of his men after the game is over. The reports are invariably entertaining reading. They record all articles recovered, with overshoes enjoying a comfortable lead in the list of items left behind. Last year, there were 31 overshoes found (17 for the left foot, only four matching pairs). Women's earrings rank second on the list, again running to singletons rather than pairs. At the 1950 game, two filled five-gallon gasoline cans, one leaking badly, were found. They were never claimed nor was their presence ever explained.

One of the most engaging items in the Pinkerton report a few years back told of the discovery in one of the rest rooms of a young woman who was still asleep some hours after the game had ended and who could give neither her name, her address nor the names or addresses of those who had been in her party. She was sent off in a radio car to await identification. "Seemed intoxicated," the report noted cautiously. ▲▲▲



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Where We're Losing to the Reds . . . THE BUDGET

THE first and most urgent task of the new President is to establish the armed power of the United States on a permanent basis. His whole foreign policy depends on having enough military power to command the respect of foes and the confidence of friends. His whole domestic policy depends on keeping the cost of his military program within limits that will permit the steady and healthy growth of our civilian economy.

He can't even begin to examine this problem by looking at it in one-year sections. He has to think it through to the end of his term. Otherwise, he becomes vulnerable to the shifting moods of successive Congresses. For example, a section of the program which one Congress had inaugurated might be eliminated by the next, with resulting waste of money and damage to long-range planning. He needs a Four-Year Military Plan, not a succession of one-year military budgets.

He needs a four-year plan because modern armament is based in large part on weapons which take years to design, produce and manufacture, and which become obsolete at an alarming rate.

Revolutionary changes are taking place in the character of armaments: a whole series of revolutions—the atomic revolution, the electronic revolution, the jet-propulsion revolution. If we had to fight today, we'd fight with weapons that were designed and ordered several years ago. If we have to fight five years from now, we would be in serious danger of defeat if we then should have to depend wholly on the weapons we have today—if we hadn't been producing a steady flow of new ones and yet newer ones in the meantime.

Of course, I mean not only new weapons, but a constantly evolving production capacity, backed up by constant research and development—reaching out still further into the future to grasp and control miracles at which today we can barely guess, but which will be the grim realities of tomorrow.

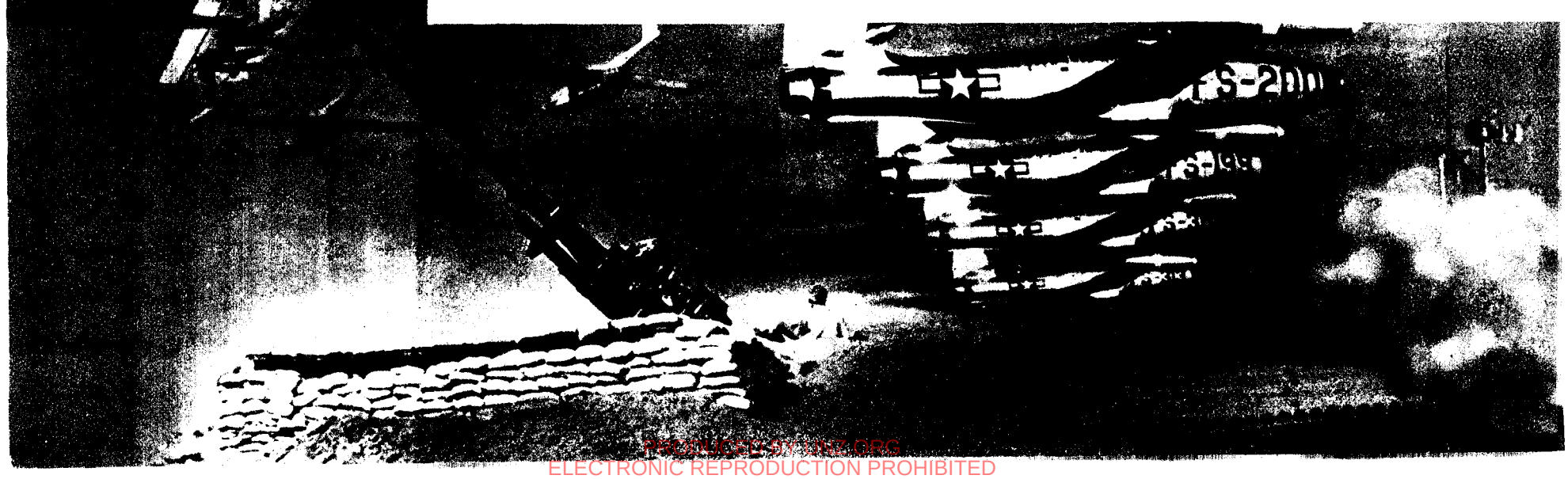
But our new President doesn't know when he may have to fight. His job isn't to be ready for war at such-and-such a date. That job would be comparatively simple. His problem is to maintain a constant state of readiness over the period of his term of office—and to be able to hand over both a sound structure of military power and a sound civilian economy to his successor.

He will have to have a careful, well-considered four-year program, a military timetable which won't be "subject to change without notice." To get the needed quality of permanence, such a program will have to be sponsored by the President, accepted by Congressional leaders of both parties, understood and supported by the American people. It will have to be militarily sufficient for its purpose. It will have to be within our capacity to pay for year after year. It will have to be sufficiently flexible to permit adjustment in detail, but it must prescribe a minimum level of armed power which all the world will know we are going to maintain, and which we are clearly and visibly capable of maintaining without suffering economic decline.

The mechanics of such a program can be simple enough at the beginning. Three things are needed: (1) a sound plan; (2) agreement by Congressional leaders of both parties to stick with it through the next four years (most of the key members will be there that long whatever happens at the mid-term elections); (3) a vigorous campaign to win public understanding and support. Changes in the budgetary laws will be necessary eventually to put our military budgeting on a permanent four-year basis, but such changes should be left for thorough study as we go along. The new President can't risk getting bogged down in a long word hassel; what he needs is action.

And there is no time to waste. For, as Senator Lyndon Johnson's Preparedness Subcommittee reported last June, "As long as the Soviets hold as terrifying an edge in military readiness as they do today, there is little hope of peace in the world."

The Soviets gained that edge, despite our superior resources, by careful and determined long-range planning based on a fixed and implacable purpose: a Soviet world. Where we are losing to the Reds is in the budget battle. They went to work on their plan as soon as the last war was over. They've been plugging right along ever since. Their fourth Five-Year Plan, which among other military accomplishments brought the MIG-15 fighter plane into



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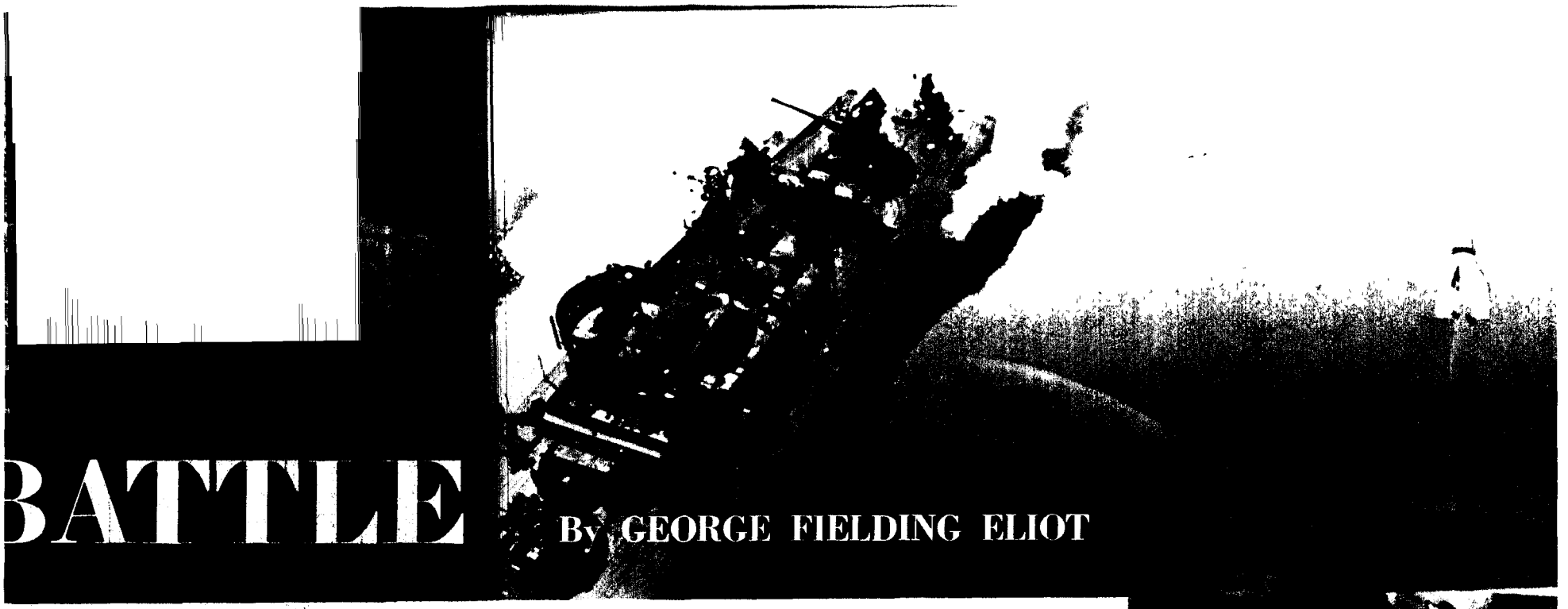

BATTLE

By GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

quantity production last year, began in 1946—at the very time we were optimistically demobilizing the most powerful military force that America ever possessed. The fifth Five-Year Plan is now well under way—still with heavy emphasis on arms production. When it ends in 1955, the sixth Five-Year Plan will begin; it is even now being blueprinted.

We can't overtake and surpass that kind of nonstop military program by what Chairman J. H. Kindelberger of North American Aviation calls "the stop-and-start, hot-and-cold, do-and-don't" methods which we've clung to so long. We can't do it on the basis of jumping from "emergency" to "emergency," or of annual knock-down-and-drag-out budget battles.

We can do it only by opposing to the enemy's parade of Five-Year Plans a succession of successful four-year plans, one of each Presidential term—plans supported by the sustained effort of our people and based on a sound civilian economy.

If we start now the job can be done. We have the resources, we have the know-how, and we have some remaining momentum from the Korean shot-in-the-arm.

We can't match the Soviets man for man—we don't need to. "We're not," said Defense Secretary Robert A. Lovett, "planning to square dance with them." The American conception of war is a matter of machines first and men second: of firepower rather than muscle power. We can build more and better war machines than the Soviets can, capable of producing a far greater and more terrible volume of firepower on any battlefield than they can produce. We can maintain superiority in the air, with flying machines, some with human pilots in them and some without. We can maintain command of the seas of the world—71 per cent of the earth's surface.

We can't keep enough military force for all these purposes in being all the time, year in and year out. We'd go broke trying to do that. But we *can* do these three necessary things:

(1) Have enough "ready force" always on hand to protect ourselves against fatal injury by any surprise attack of which the enemy is capable, and to hit back hard if such an attack is launched.

(2) Maintain a steady annual production of weapons and equipment, so controlled as to provide both for the systematic flow of new material to the ready force, and for rapid expansion to full-scale production of current types if necessary.

(3) Accumulate a modest reserve of weapons and trained man power sufficient to bridge the time gap between any future M day and the attainment of full-scale mobilization, while avoiding wasteful obsolescence.

These are the objectives of our present (post-Korea) defense program.

Their end purpose is to provide the essential element of force in what Harvard University's McGeorge Bundy, writing in the October issue of Foreign Affairs, calls "the new imperatives" of our national policy: (1) that our principles and purposes require us to oppose and restrain Soviet imperialism; (2) that we cannot do this alone; (3) that we must do it without a third world war. "In short," Bundy writes, "the United States must act with friends and against enemies, for freedom and peace."

We have come to acceptance of the new imperatives with reluctance. We think and act in terms of "emergencies" because we've been clinging to the idea that a quiet, peaceful world is the normal state of affairs, to which—when the particular emergency at hand has been dealt with—we may joyously return.

But in the mind of the average American there has been growing the realization that something is wrong with this picture. He is now beginning to see that Soviet hostility and Soviet threat represent the new normalcy, with which Americans must learn to live as their pioneer forefathers once had to live: one hand on the plow and the other holding a loaded rifle.

The new President is the beneficiary of the new dawn of realism. He can do what Mr. Truman probably could not have done—he can arm the United States on a long-term basis, he can give adequate military expression to the national necessities without having to stand in the market

The author has been a writer on military affairs since 1930, when he completed eight years' service with the Military Intelligence Reserve. He is now president of the Association of Radio News Analysts, and a syndicated columnist

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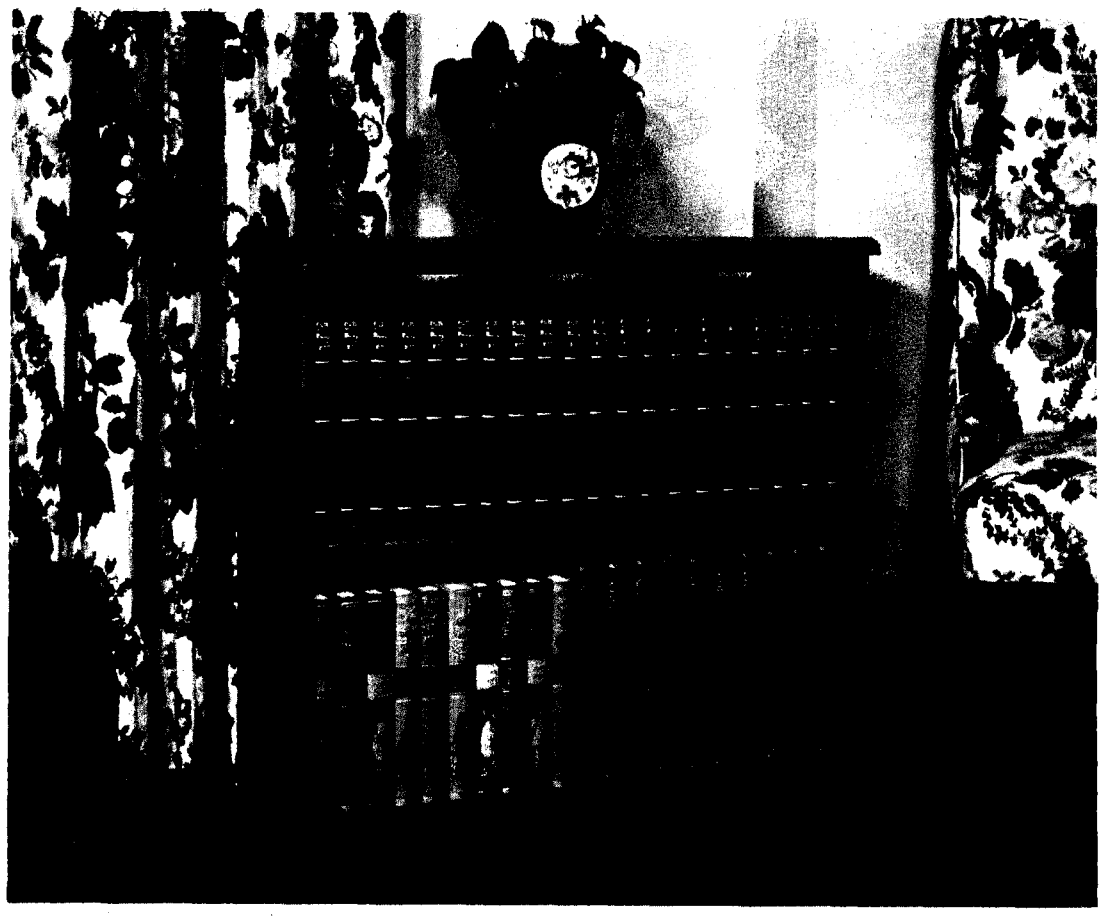

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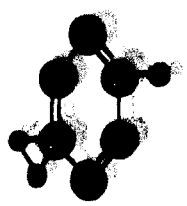

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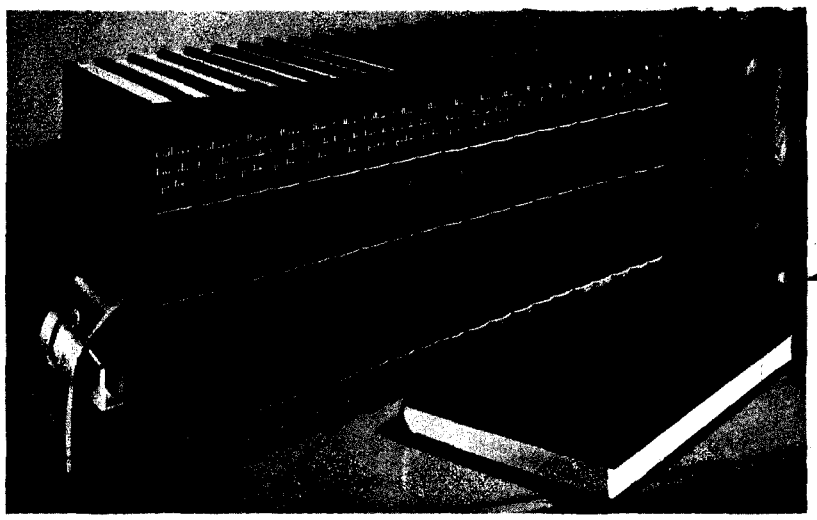

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Long-range planning can build our defenses up—while it cuts our taxes down

place yelling, *"Aux armes, citoyens!"* every time the Kremlin shows signs of misbehavior.

But his program cannot be just a military blueprint. It will have to take the civilian economy into account. It is the civilian economy that has to support the armaments, and to provide the sound base for expansion if the danger of war increases. Today, the defense program is big business—the biggest business the world has ever seen. The civilian economy has to pay the expenses of that business, which means that all of us have to pay for it out of taxes. We're coming to realize that we're going to have to go on paying for it for a long time to come—how long nobody knows.

We're worried and confused—and with reason. It is a tremendous burden that we're assuming. We want to be sure it's no heavier than it need be; that we're getting a dollar's worth of security for every dollar we spend. We want to be sure that our money isn't being wasted by extravagance, bad management or faulty planning.

It is up to the new President to meet both our defense needs and our fiscal anxieties by proposing a sound program which the majority of us can understand and go along with, and which will be within our means.

At the outset, he has one big asset and one big headache. He has a reasonably good military program actually in process. But the impulsion that started it is wearing off.

Following a Churchill Formula

Our present military program really started moving in a burst of energy in 1950, sparked by the electric shock of Korea. It has followed Winston Churchill's classic formula for a military build-up: "The first year you get nothing, the second year a trickle, the third year a flood." By the spring of 1953, we'll be getting what amounts to a flood of weapons and military equipment, all right. But then comes the problem of throttling down that flood to a good steady flow—and keeping the flow going thereafter as long as the Soviet peril continues to exist.

The undertaking will require more than a temporary burst of energy. It will take sustained purpose, sustained effort, sustained sacrifice. It will take intelligent understanding, too, of the hard fact that military power cannot be stockpiled these days.

The huge and cruelly expensive machines of modern war are quickly outclassed. The "simple" solution of piling up huge reserve stocks of weapons simply leads to an expensive arsenal of obsolescent weapons in a few years. The only long-range solution is the maintenance of "production in being"—which involves operating facilities at throttled-down, artificial, sometimes overcostly rates. Thus, a constant flow of new weapons can be maintained, with each production order embodying the latest improvements.

This process is far from simple. Not only does it involve tens of thousands of contractors—failure by just one of whom, producing an essential gadget, could tie up a whole production schedule—but it involves the complicated question of "lead time." Lead time is the time it takes from the placing of an order until the delivery of the completed item. It is 21 to 24 months for fighter aircraft, 30 to 36 months for bombers, about 18 months for tanks.

These figures apply to items that are actually in production.

To get production started on, say a new aircraft which is just coming out of the experimental stage takes much longer—usually three to five years. The full bomber cycle, for example—from the preliminary sketches through design, experiment, test, tooling up and finally to actual quantity production—is 8 to 10 years. The accumulation of essential reserves must take these time intervals into account: on long lead-time items you need a larger reserve than you do on short lead-time items. All of which, said Major General William O. Reeder rather plaintively to a Congressional committee last spring, "I guess is one of the main excuses for people like me—to use some judgment in differentiating between all these items."

General Reeder—who is the Army's Deputy Assistant Chief of Staff, G-4—has only Army procurement to trouble him. When you extend the problem of "using some judgment" to the arms program as a whole, and to its relationship to the civilian economy which must support it, the demands on sound judgment are enough to appall the stoutest mind and the most serene self-confidence. Nor are the complications confined to the area of executive decision.

Congress has to be resold on the program every year and in grueling detail. Already Congressional feet are dragging. Anyone who reads the 1952 hearings on the military appropriations can see the handwriting on the wall. The Korean momentum is evaporating—and not in Congress alone, as witness the so-called stretch-out, decided upon by President Truman and the Bureau of the Budget for fiscal reasons, which has postponed the date for attaining our needed force levels from mid-1954 to late 1955.

There are plenty of voices calling for further postponements, amid a clamor of contradictions about how to pay the bill. "We're acting," says Bernard M. Baruch, "like a family party starting out for an afternoon ride in a convertible, and spending so much time arguing whether the top should be up or down that they never get anywhere."

The spectacle of shilly-shallying is alarming our friends and—we may be sure—encouraging our enemies.

One cause of our recent differences with the French, for example, was our inability to give Defense Minister René Pleven definite assurance that our program of purchasing arms in Europe would continue during a two- or three-year period.

As for the Soviets, by 1954 they will begin to acquire a long-range jet bomber force, and their atomic production will have made what the Pentagon calls "significant" progress. And in the meantime, they watch us.

A Hardheaded Soviet Opinion

The Soviet leaders are practical people. They believe in the tangible evidence of facts and deeds. W. Averell Harriman, who has the distinction of nearly always having been right about the Soviets, says they are still convinced that the "contradictions of the capitalist system" will in the end render the free world incapable of unified effort, but that they still retain a healthy respect for American productive capacity—as Stalin testified at the end of the last war.

Nothing could be more important than to convince the men in the Kremlin that despite the "contradictions of the capitalist system" we can and will channel that industrial potential of ours into an orderly, cohesive, long-term military program. They will be waiting to see what happens after January 20th. If what they see arouses certain misgivings, they quite likely will tone down their policies and take a long new look at any proposal involving the risk of war.

For all these reasons, it is not too much to say that the fate of America and of the world may be decided in the next Presidential term.

Hence the challenge—and the opportunity—which the new President must face.

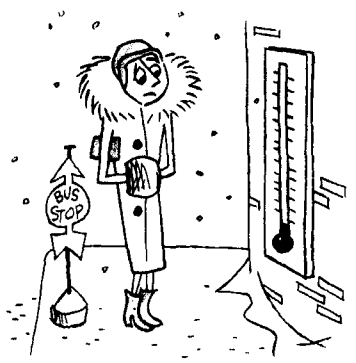
He can't meet the challenge or grasp the opportunity by using Soviet methods. He cannot compel sustained effort and sustained sacrifice from his fellow citizens as the men in the Kremlin can compel their slaves. Where they command, he must persuade. Where they can by decree deprive the civilian economy of all but the barest necessities of life in order to devote the bulk of its national production to military ends, he must make crystal clear to the American people not only what he wants, but why he wants it and why it is in their interest to give it to him.

"It would be better," says Mr. Baruch, "if he could do that on his first day in office. The psychological approach in these things is just as important as the material substance. Maybe more important."

As the new President takes office next January, the period of peak military production under the post-Korea schedules will just be getting under way—the "flood." The rate of production will reach from ten to ten and a half billions a quarter, and will continue at that rate throughout 1953 and most of 1954.

By June 30, 1953, modernization of the weapons of the active Army will have been substantially completed. More important, perhaps, than the actual new weapons is the fact that the

Brrr-ometer Reading



FRANK IRWIN

I am loud in springtime's praise,
On summer, too, I'm sold;
Fall—I love her mellow days,
But winter leaves me cold.

—JEAN LEEDALE KNIGHT

COLLIER'S

"Oh, why can't you be like the other husbands, Ed, and just sit around drinking and playing cards before a roaring fire when you go hunting?"

JEFF KEATE

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whole Army will have been brought within the scope of a harmonious and well-planned "weapons system" of interlocking and interdependent elements instead of having an armament that "just grew."

Also in 1953, the new antiaircraft guided missiles will begin to appear in significant numbers, greatly increasing our home security against surprise atomic attack. The Air Force will still be in the build-up period toward its stretched-out 1955 goal of 143 wings; and the Navy will be far along in its work on the world's first atom-powered submarine. The Eniwetok atomic experiments scheduled for this fall will be undergoing evaluation; and some tactical atomic weapons may be in the hands of troops.

These are notable advances, all told. But they obviously represent—save for the modernization of the Army—way stations in our timetable and not terminal points marking the completion of definite stages in our never-ending journey toward the goal of national security.

Looking Two Years Ahead

In 1954, peak production will begin to taper off in the last quarter. By that time, the Army will have added the weapons that it needs to provide 50 per cent equipment for the National Guard and 10 per cent for the Class A Organized Reserve units. The Navy, possibly in the late summer, perhaps a little earlier, will commission the USS Forrestal, first of the new series of giant aircraft carriers which are expected greatly to extend our atomic striking power. The fall of 1954 will also see the modernization of the last of the 24 fleet aircraft carriers of the Essex type, and the rearmament of 195 destroyers with the new three-inch 50-caliber antiaircraft gun. The Air Force will probably reach a level of 120 operating groups by the end of '54.

Abroad, 1954 is notable as the first year in which we can hope to see German divisions added to the defenses of Western Europe—provided there are no political roadblocks and provided reasonable American aid continues available.

Now, let's be really optimistic for one happy moment.

Let us imagine that in the spring of 1953, the President of the United States has consulted with his advisers—military, economic and political—and has settled on the general outlines of a four-year military program. Let's imagine that this program involves reaching the present force-levels as now planned (in 1955) plus a reasonable four-year military-aid program for our allies, and that it also proposes to maintain, right through 1956 and 1957, a steady flow of controlled production to *keep* all these forces modernly armed, to provide suitable reserves, to keep in being a "production base" capable of rapid and orderly wartime expansion and to continue research and development.

Let's imagine that, having determined the general scope and direction of this program, the President has called in the Congressional leaders of both parties (the majority and minority leaders in each House, the chairmen and senior minority members of the Foreign Relations, Foreign Affairs, Armed Services and Appropriations Committees) outlined the program to them, submitted estimates of its cost, and invited their concurrence. And let's imagine that, after a certain amount of backing and filling, he has succeeded in his persuasions; and thereafter published the whole program to the country and the world as America's pledge of readiness to face and meet the new imperatives of her destiny.

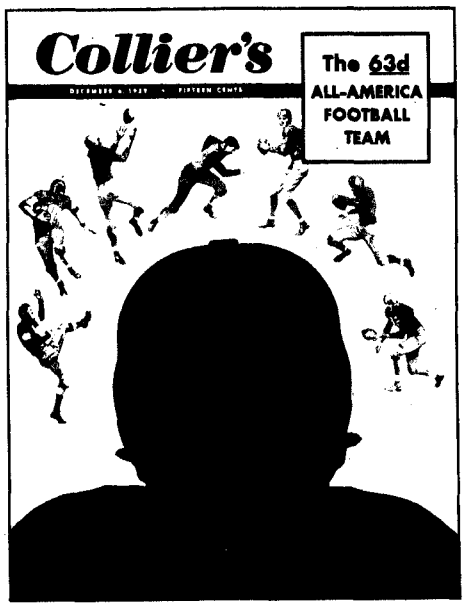
What, under these conditions, would be the prospects he might see before him as he looked forward from 1954 to 1955?

They would be something like this:

Our Army will in 1955 not only have its active forces fully ready, but in that year will for the first time see its "ready reserve" reach the proposed force-level necessary for the quick mobilization, with fully trained personnel, of the National Guard and Class A reserve units.

Our Navy will have the second Forrestal-class carrier in commission, will have substantially completed its reserve program and would therefore be able to back up its first-line ships with a swift and orderly mobilization which would at full strength include no fewer than 32 fleet aircraft carriers, completely armed with jet aircraft.

Next Week



THE 63d ALL-AMERICA

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Our Air Force will have reached its full planned strength of 143 wings, of which 126 are to be combat wings. The new long-range B-52 jet bombers will be almost ready, backed by B-47 mediums and by long-range escort fighters. The Air Defense Command plus the Army's Antiaircraft Command, with new guns and newer guided missiles, will be able to make any air attack on this country a risky enterprise indeed. The Tactical Air Command will be able to give good jet air cover to our ground troops and some help to our Allies too.

And our atomic program will have made notable advances.

Effects on European Morale

Best of all, everybody would know that this was no flash in the pan, that having put on this military muscle we were firmly committed to keep feeding it with a sustaining diet. It would be a fair guess that the effect on our allies of this visible resolve would have already been electric; that the goals of the Lisbon conference would have been attained, that the new European army would be close to reality (including its 12 German divisions) and that a rising scale of military production in Europe would mark the advance of our European friends toward a new level of military self-sufficiency, and hence a scaling off of the need for direct American contribution to their defense.

Very fine indeed, I can hear somebody remarking. But what about the American taxpayer, and the civilian economy you've mentioned so tenderly? Will this four-year idea save tax payers any money? Will it help to cut *my* tax bill?

Long-range planning of military procurement based on established force-levels is the *only* way that any really significant sums can be saved in military expenditures. Certainly, waste and extravagance can be searched out and eliminated. Much is already being done along that line. Millions, even tens of millions, are being saved. But *big* savings, in terms of tax cuts of any size, mean billions, not millions.

Points out Secretary Lovett, "The area of big savings still lies in the area of big costs." There are only two such areas—man power and procurement. Real saving in either area is inseparable from long-range planning and financing.

The military program will always be expensive, however economically administered, but we must remember that we are living under conditions which no American generation has had to face before. "We are not," the late Admiral Forrest Sherman once said, "living in the white zone of peace, or the black zone of war, but in the gray zone in between. It's a tough spot to be in." It is indeed, and it has its own peculiar problems, mostly new and unpleasant. For new problems, new solutions are indicated. If they are to be successful solutions over the long pull, they must be understood and supported by us all.

If they are not successful solutions over the long pull, the future passes into the hands of the enemy. ▲▲▲

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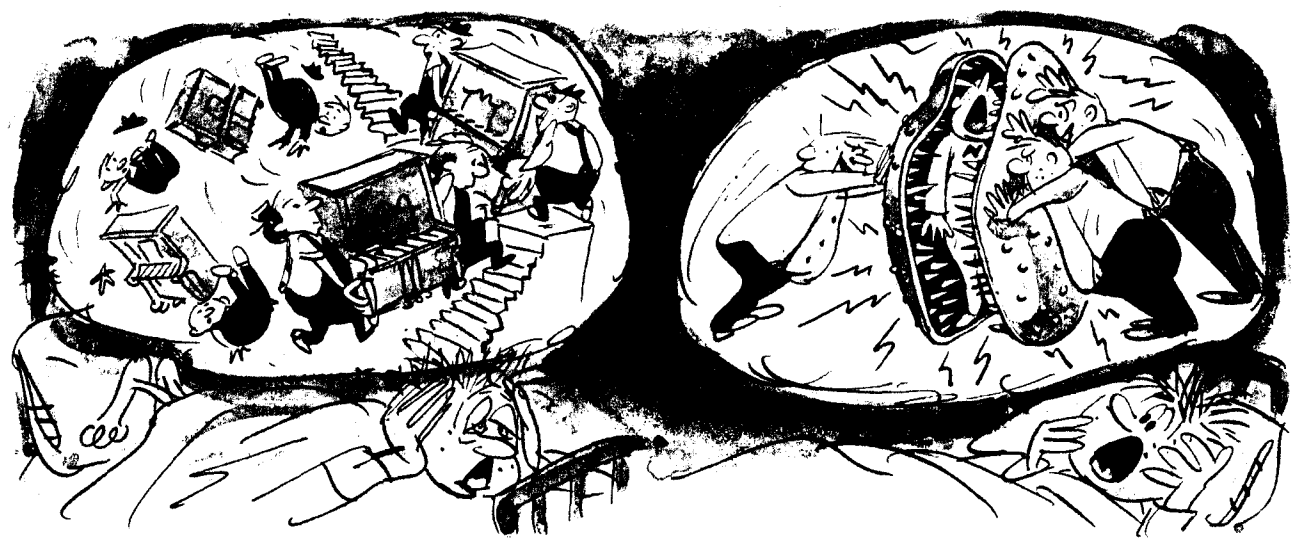
DO NOT DISTURB

A Night in a Motel

By REAMER KELLER

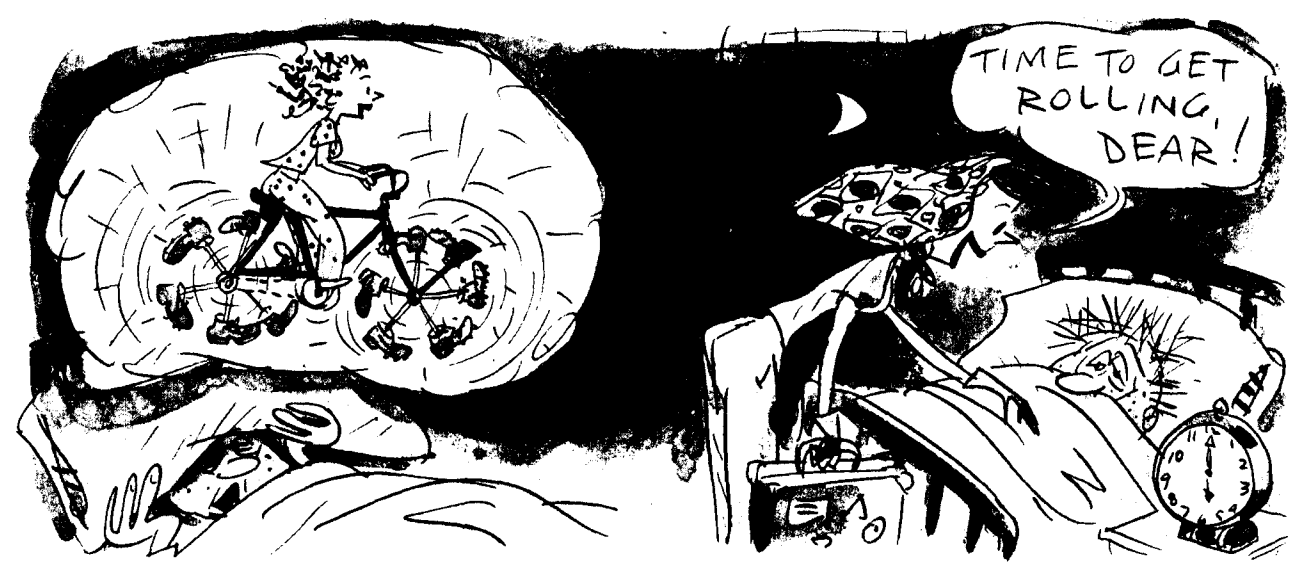
Manager's keys jangling

Manager opening up next apartment



Late arrival getting bags out of car

Guy in next room gargling



Woman next door patting on beauty cream

And then, when you finally drop off to sleep . . . !

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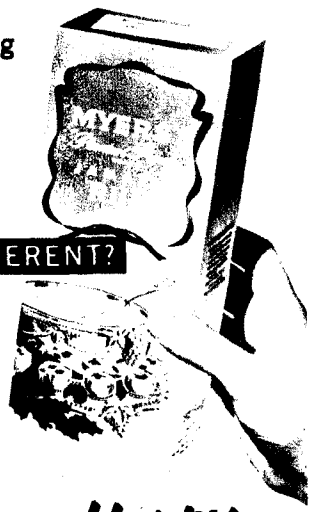

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HARRY DEVLIN

Give 'Em Time to Co-operate

AN AMERICAN INDUSTRIALIST recently made an off-the-record remark which, although it was rather grimly facetious, was painfully true. "There's nothing wrong with our military production," he said, "that a third world war wouldn't cure." Needless to say, a third world war is the last thing that he or any other American industrialist wants.

What he meant, of course, was that this country still has the physical and mechanical capabilities to arm itself for total war, in spite of the lags and drags of the stop-and-start policy which Mr. Truman and the last three Congresses have followed since 1946. But how to put military production on an effective basis without the terrible compulsion of total war is another matter. And it is a matter which George Fielding Eliot takes up in this issue of Collier's. His four-year plan of procurement and production, to coincide with the start of each new Presidential term, seems to us sound and balanced. We believe it deserves the serious attention of the American people, and particularly of the new government that takes over in January.

Mr. Eliot does not minimize the difficulties of trying to make up for lost time, or of trying to provide butter for the table as well as arms for the arsenal. He doesn't kid himself or his readers about the tremendous job of aiding our friends throughout the world and building up our own strength without breaking the American taxpayer's back.

He doesn't overlook the fact that the Russians have a head start in such military items as jet aircraft. He recognizes that the Soviet government has a superficial advantage over the free nations because it can order rather than persuade, and because it supports its enslaved subjects at a low level of subsistence. Yet he is not pessimistic, and his readers should not be. We Americans don't need to despair. We need to face the facts of mid-twentieth-century life.

Somebody once defined middle age as a time when you think you'll be feeling better in a couple of weeks. And it seems to us that the United States has taken a sort of middle-aged attitude toward Communist aggression since the end of World War II. It has gone from emergency to emergency, always hoping that things would quiet down so it could go back to a peaceful, untroubled life. And its President and postwar Congresses have helped to encourage that attitude. They know better.

After seven years of uneasy peace and now limited war, it is clear that there will be no overnight miracle. It is also clear that the United States must do better than it has been doing if it is to gain the strength that promises peace. There has been consistent talk about this since the Korean fighting started, but not consistent action. Mr. Eliot thinks that year-to-year, haphazard budgeting and procuring are largely responsible for this lack. We are sure that our readers will agree with his reasonable suggestion that the United States should at least try to match Soviet Russia in orderly, long-range planning.

But besides consistent action the country also needs consistent leadership. It needs a President who will tell the people the blunt truth about what must be done, even if the truth is unpleasant. If the new President, with the new Congress' support, will do this, and if both will do their honest best to divorce this supremely important task of defense from politics and vote-currying, we feel confident that industry and labor and, in fact, the great majority of all Americans will do what is required of them, and do it willingly.

Maybe that's a Utopian four-year plan. But it's certainly worth hoping for and working for.

How Our Heart Bleeds

THE IMPERIALIST, Wall Street-dominated lackeys of capitalism are giving a grievous hard time to the Daily Worker, New York's Communist newspaper. The Worker owes a lot of bills to those lackeys, and it needs dough—something like $50,000, but quick, according to a front-page appeal for funds.

This state of fiscal frustration is more or less chronic with the Commie mouthpiece. Last year it passed the hat to the tune of $200,000. This year it has already asked for $100,000 from its readers, and has collected $95,000. But the paper just isn't prospering. Daily average circulation is down from 20,336 last year to 13,212 in 1952. The Sunday edition has dropped in a year from 67,199 to 43,937. And that readership is by no means confined to party members.

For instance, we get the Daily Worker here at Collier's. We find it quite a fascinating source of information, amusement and aggravation. So do a lot of other magazines, newspapers and libraries. So, undoubtedly, do the State Department, the FBI and numerous other government agencies. So do a good many members of Congress. We don't know what percentage of the paper's circulation we non-Communists account for, but it must be considerable.

We don't know how many dues-paying members subscribe to this course in required reading. But whatever the figure is, the Worker's circulation doesn't speak very well for Communism's popular appeal. The American branch of the party is thirty-three years old. In its lifetime the population of the U.S. has increased by about 50,000,000. But if the Worker's circulation is a criterion, the party has declined.

We don't minimize the Communist party's actual and potential power as an instrument of espionage and sabotage. We don't discount the danger of allowing its members in strategic posts, both military and civilian. But we do think that Communism can be combated most successfully by making a careful search for and taking careful aim at the small, disciplined, dedicated, hard core of the party, rather than by firing bird shot indiscriminately at the boobs, saps and suckers who have flirted with Communism at one time or another.

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